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A NEW CHAPTER OF BOSWELL

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

IN August, 1764, James Boswell, aged twenty-three and still very much of a boy, was sojourning for a season in Berlin. He had fled from the study of the law in Holland, which had been his serious purpose in coming abroad, and had set out to see the world. His father had consented that he should travel in Germany and see something of life in the German courts, which were commonly supposed to have an improving effect on insular manners. The consent was the more easily given as the boy was to have, as guide, Lord Keith, better known as the Earl Marischal of Scotland and the favorite of Frederick the Great. He had long been Governor of the Principality of Neuchâtel, and had become the intimate friend and the protector of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Lord Keith, who, despite his notoriety as a Stuart sympathizer, had been permitted to visit Scotland in 1764, was now about to rejoin his Prussian master.

It was during the last weeks of June and the first of July that young James Boswell had had the privilege of traveling in his company as far as Berlin. But now, toward the end of August, he had grown bored. He cared nothing for

the German courts. Not there did he find the *Great*, in the glory of whose presence he longed to stand and shine — if not with a radiance of his own, at least thereafter in a reflected light. 'I can see,' he writes, 'little advantage to be had at Berlin. I shall, however, remain here a fortnight, after which I intend passing by Manheim and one or two more of the German courts, to Geneva. I am there at the point from whence I may either steer to Italy or to France. I shall see Voltaire. I shall also see Switzerland and Rousseau. These two men are to me greater objects than most statues or pictures.'

And so, having extracted from his father the necessary permission and the necessary money, he set out once more upon his travels, this time with no other guide than his own sure instincts. The winter of 1764 and 1765 has hitherto been almost a blank page in the biography of Boswell; but with the aid of his letters to Rousseau, which have never been published or even read over by scholars, but copies of which have, by great good fortune, come into my hands, we are enabled to tell in outline the story of his life during this period,

and to see the influence of events in fixing the literary ambitions of him who was to be the Prince of Biographers.

Boswell departed from Germany, then, disgusted with courts, and repining at the dearth of great men in that country, and went to Switzerland. He went first to the Val de Travers, where he proposed to meet Rousseau. He had decided to approach him with no other recommendation than his own social genius. Now, inasmuch as this was not, in general, Boswell's method of approach to a great man, we are justified, I think, in assuming that he had failed to find anyone who could give him the necessary letter of introduction. Lord Keith might have done it, but he knew Rousseau all too well to care to do it. It is clear that he explained to Boswell that Rousseau was living in retreat from the world and denying himself to all visitors. Boswell had better give up the attempt to meet him. But the young Scot was not easily discouraged. He had never yet failed to meet anyone whom he had made up his mind to meet. There must be ways of prevailing even upon a Rousseau. There are a thousand kinds of appeal that may be made to a philosopher: one might, for example, rest one's case on one's dire need of spiritual counsel. It is only necessary to show a philosopher that one is a worthy disciple, that one has lived a life not unlike that of the master. And so the artful creature composed the following letter, which I render into English, since it is somewhat difficult to see the implications of Boswell's tortured French phrases.

VAL DE TRAVER, 3 December 1764.

MONSIEUR, —

I am a gentleman of an old Scotch family [*un ancien gentilhomme écossois*]. You know my rank. I am twenty-four years old. You know my age. It is sixteen months since I left Great Britain,

completely insular, knowing hardly a word of French. I have been in Holland and in Germany, but not yet in France. You will therefore excuse my language. I am on my travels, and have a genuine desire to perfect myself. I have come here in the hope of seeing you.

I have heard, Sir, that it is difficult to meet you [*que vous êtes fort difficile*] and that you have refused the visits of several persons of the highest distinction. For that, Sir, I respect you all the more. If you were to receive everyone who came to you just to be able to say boastingly, 'I have seen him,' your house would no longer be the retreat of exquisite Genius nor of elevated Piety; and I should not be enthusiastically eager to be received there.

I present myself, Sir, as a man of unique merit, as a man with a sensitive heart, a spirit lively yet melancholy. Ah! if all I have suffered gives me no special merit in the eyes of M. Rousseau, why was I ever so created, and why did he ever write as he has done? [*a-t-il tellement écrit?*]

Do you ask me for letters of recommendation? Is there need of any with a man like you? An introduction is necessary in the world of affairs, in order to protect those who have no insight for impostors. But, Sir, can you, who have studied human nature, be deceived in a man's character? My idea of you is this: aside from the unknowable essence of the human soul, you have a perfect knowledge of all the principles of body and mind; their actions, their sentiments, in short, of whatever they can accomplish or acquire in the way of influence over man. In spite of all this, Sir, I dare to present myself before you. I dare to submit myself to the proof. In cities and in courts where there is a numerous society, it is possible to disguise one's self; it is possible even to dazzle the eyes of the greatest philosophers. But I put myself to the severest

proof. It is in the silence and the solitude of your hallowed retreat that you shall judge of me; think you that in such circumstances I should be capable of dissimulation?

Your writings, Sir, have softened my heart, raised my spirits, and kindled my imagination. Believe me, you will be glad to see me. You know Scotch pride. Sir, I come to you to make myself worthy to belong to a nation that has produced a Fletcher of Saltoun, and an Earl Marischal. Pardon me, Sir, but I am moved! I can no longer refrain. O beloved St. Preux! Inspired Mentor! Eloquent and amiable Rousseau! I have a presentiment that a noble friendship shall be born this day.

I learn with great regret, Sir, that you are frequently indisposed. You may be so at present; but I implore you not to let that prevent your receiving me. You will find in me a simplicity which will in no wise disturb you and a cordiality which may assist you in forgetting your pains.

I have much to say to you. Although but a young man, I have had a variety of experiences, with which you will be impressed. I am in serious and delicate circumstances, and am most ardently desirous of having the counsels of the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. If you are the benevolent man that I think you, you will not hesitate to bestow them upon me. Open your door, then, Sir, to a man who dares to say that he deserves to enter there. Trust a unique foreigner. You will never repent it. But, I beg of you, be alone. In spite of my enthusiasm, after having written you in this manner, I am not sure that I would not rather forego seeing you than meet you for the first time in company. I await your reply with impatience.

BOSWELL.

Who could refuse such a request? Certainly not a Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Apparently the interview came off exactly as Boswell desired it. From remarks in later letters and hints dropped here and there, it is possible to reconstruct the general scheme of their association. Since romantic melancholy had become, thanks to Rousseau, the fashionable pose, Boswell told of the temperamental gloom that frequently descended upon him; of the hypochondria that had afflicted him in Utrecht, whither he had gone to study the law. (It is noteworthy that, with Boswell as with ourselves, the sharpest fits of melancholia were coincident with confinement in harness.) He told him all this, and elicited from Rousseau the compliment which he never tired of quoting, 'Il y a des points où nos ames sont liés.'

He told him, moreover, of his affairs of the heart, and explained that he was in doubt with regard to his latest flame, Mlle. Isabella de Zuylen (whom he called 'Zelide'), as being the final choice of his heart. He even sent Zelide's letters to the philosopher! 'You are the only one to whom I have shown them. I could trust you with anything in the world.' He would like to have Rousseau's impressions regarding the character of Zelide. He sent him a sketch of his own life, — which would be worth its weight in gold to-day if it could be turned up, — in order that the great man might be thoroughly acquainted with his new friend. They conversed about the Earl Marischal, and Boswell proposed to write a 'Portrait' (as it was called in the salons) or character sketch of him. (It would appear that Rousseau's genius recognized the youngster's fitness for this kind of composition). He got a promise from him of a letter to his philosophic friend, De Leyre, the librarian of the Duke of Parma, destined to achieve a certain prominence in the French Revolution — a man whose acquaintance Boswell promptly cultivated in Italy.

He begged Rousseau to correspond with him. He demanded his advice with regard to the employment of his time in Italy. Inasmuch as Rousseau was a musician, Boswell, in the third of his letters, discovered in himself a penchant for that art. He tells Rousseau that he likes to sing, confesses that he plays a bit on the flute, but that he despises it. Some two years before, he had tried the violin, but found it a difficult instrument and gave it up. 'Tell me, would it not be well for me to apply myself seriously to music — up to a certain point? Tell me which instrument I should take up. It is late, I admit; but should I not have the pleasure of making continuous progress, and —' But it is no longer fair to conceal from the reader the *ipsissima verba* of the French original: 'Ne serais-je pas capable d'adoucir ma vieillesse par les sons de ma lyre?' The vision of James Boswell in the rôle of Ossian, with white beard streaming to the winds, amid the romantic glades of Auchinleck, soothing his stricken age with a lyre, is one that no kindly imagination will reject.

But Rousseau was more than musician, more than a philosopher retired from the world. He was a teacher of conduct, and his influence had long since been felt as a force in the daily lives of men. Therefore Boswell submits to him a practical question of morals. He cites, with a vividness of narrative that was later to become the most distinguished mark of his literary achievement, an *affaire d'honneur* in which he had become involved the summer before, and from which he had escaped with more skill than glory. I give it without abbreviation.

'Last summer in Germany I found myself in the midst of a large company, a company very disagreeable to me and in which I was sorry to be losing my time. The talk was all in praise of the French. Thereupon I declaimed against

that nation in the rudest terms. An officer rose, came to my side and said, "Monsieur, I am a Frenchman, and none but a scoundrel would speak as you have done of that nation." We were still at dinner. I made him a bow. I had half an hour for reflection. After dinner I led the captain out into the garden. I said to him, "Sir, I am greatly embarrassed. I have been very impolite. I am sincerely sorry. But you have made use of a word which a man of honor cannot endure, and I must have satisfaction. If it be possible to avoid a quarrel, I should be delighted, for I was in the wrong. Will you be so good as to beg my pardon before the company? I will first beg yours. If you cannot agree to my proposal, we must fight, although I admit to you that I shall do so with repugnance." I addressed him with the *sang-froid* of a philosopher determined to do his duty. The officer was a fine fellow. He said to me, "Sir, I will do as you wish." We returned to the company, and made our apologies, one to the other. We embraced. The affair was ended. I could not, however, rest content without consulting two or three Scotsmen. I said to them, "Gentlemen, I am a simple man. I am not in touch with your social rules, but I believe that I have acted like a man. You are my compatriots. I ask your advice." They assured me that the affair had been honorably adjusted between us. They advised me to take this experience as a lesson for the future.'

But still the young man's mind is not at rest. He charges himself at times with cowardice — 'Je suis d'un tempérament craintif.' The philosopher's opinion is sought. 'What do you seriously think of duels?' There is the peculiarly Boswellian touch, the conscious art of the interviewer disguising itself under the mask of naïveté. In dealing with Boswell, nothing is easier than to let

our attention dwell on his apparent simplicity, or vanity, or even folly, to the point of entirely missing the thing that he would be at. What Rousseau happens to think about Boswell's valor of strictly secondary importance com- in this particular incident is, of course, pared with the primary intention of getting the great man to express himself. One may sacrifice a great deal of personal esteem if one can draw forth from Rousseau a dissertation on dueling. And so Boswell adds to the question I have quoted this skillful observation: 'You have not said enough of the matter in your *Héloïse*. There are people who think that the Gospel teaches us to be too supine in this regard.' Clearly the young man has prepared the ground. If Rousseau replies at all, he can hardly avoid the expression of his views on dueling, and the pages of Boswell's notebook (and of his future 'Reminiscences of Rousseau') will be enriched with a unique morsel.

But the ending of this third letter from which I have been quoting is, in truth, one of the most delightful and characteristic bits that our biographical adventurer ever penned. His busy mind had discovered yet another avenue of approach to the retired sage, which would lead (could one but get started upon it) straight into the domestic privacies of life which Boswell so dearly prized. Obviously one means of approach to a man is through his mistress. Therefore Boswell ends his letter thus, 'You will not take offense if I write occasionally to Mlle. Vasseur. I swear that I have no intention of carrying off your duenna [*d'enlever votre gouvernante*]. I sometimes form romantic plans; never impossible plans.'

What reply—if any—Jean Jacques made to this attractive proposal I cannot tell. Nor, alas, have any letters from Boswell to Thérèse LeVasseur as yet rewarded my search. But certain

it is that the proposal gave no offense. For when, some thirteen months later, Rousseau crossed the Channel to England, he went in company with his philosophic friend, David Hume, and entrusted Thérèse to the care of Boswell, who crossed some weeks later.

But there was another philosophic retreat for our young enthusiast to penetrate—Ferney. There dwelt a man who interested him no less than Rousseau—Voltaire, now in his seventy first year, but brilliant still, brilliant as a meteor which, with fear of change, perplexes monarchs. Just how the genial young tuft-hunter got into the presence we cannot tell, but it is probable that he brought a letter of introduction from the Earl Marischal, who must have had less scruple about exposing Voltaire to the Boswellian bacillus than the hypochondriac Rousseau. Be this as it may, Boswell was received, and by his own statement—and he was not given to inaccuracy—spent an hour with the aged philosopher, in conversation *tête-à-tête*.

Can you imagine the scene—the withered, but still sinister, Son of the Morning, with his satirical smile and his benevolent eye, confronting the busy, inquisitive, entertaining young Scot? 'It was,' says Boswell in describing the interview to Rousseau, 'a most serious conversation. He talked of his natural religion in a striking manner.' James, you see, had introduced the subject of religion—doubtless by means of citing his own infidelities. Already he has in mind an account of his discussion with Voltaire, which shall correct the popular impression of him as devoid of the religious instinct.

After Voltaire had talked for a time, the young man said to himself (and on the principle that James Boswell uttered whatever came into his head, I do not scruple to assert that he cried aloud), 'Aut Erasmus, aut diabolus!' In

discussing his favorite theme of the nature of the soul, Boswell asked Voltaire a question which well indicates the skill with which he ensnared his destined prey, and which, indeed, has a very modern ring to it. 'I asked him if he could give me any notion of the situation of our ideas which we have totally forgotten at the time, yet shall afterwards recollect. He paused, meditated a little, and acknowledged his ignorance in the spirit of a philosophical poet, by repeating as a very happy allusion a passage in Thomson's *Seasons*, "Aye," said he, "'Where sleep the winds when it is calm?'"

Of course he got Voltaire to express an opinion of Rousseau; and tells us, in his *Tour to Corsica*, that the older philosopher consistently spoke of the younger with a 'satirical smile.' Yet Boswell let his romantic imagination (as he would have called it) play with the notion of bringing the two men together, and even had the temerity to say to Rousseau, 'In spite of all that has happened, you would have loved him that evening'. An astute remark, which may lead to much. For, if Rousseau replies to the letter, he may assent to this pious opinion or he may reject it, but in either case there begins new matter for a biographer. As we know, neither James Boswell nor anybody else reconciled the two philosophers; but James, I regret to say, did something to increase the asperity between them. In the spring of 1776, after Rousseau had quarreled with his English friends, Boswell designed and published a 'ludicrous print,' into which he introduced his three philosophical friends, Rousseau, Hume, and Voltaire. Rousseau in the shaggy attire of a 'wild man' (as conceived in the reign of George III) occupies the centre of the picture, while Voltaire smiles cynically in the background, as one of the bystanders cries out, 'Wip 'im, Voltaire!'

On New Year's Day, 1765, James Boswell departed from Geneva, in search of new worlds to conquer and other great men to record. He had come into conjunction with two of the major planets of the literary heavens. He had filled notebooks with his accounts of their conversation — notebooks whose loss the world will long deplore. He passed from Geneva to Turin with his social and anecdotal soul aflame, rapt away, one fancies, in a vision of all the glory that might be his.

On the tenth of January, he learned that John Wilkes, in political exile from his native land, was, for the moment, in Turin. At once he prepared himself for the attack. O reader, do you perchance know the ballet of *Tamar*? If you do, you will recall the close of that vivid drama. Tamar, having finished off one victim, beholds from her window, as she sinks back into momentary ease, the approach of another wayfarer. She lifts herself from cushioned luxury, and beckons to him afar. And so the piece ends as it had begun. Or are you, perchance, a reader of M. Benoit's sultry romance, *L'Atlantide*? If so, you will recall the cruel loveliness of the princess, whose malign ambition is to surround herself with the glistening images of her lovers, preserved forever, actual yet golden. Now such a passion as that of Tamar or the Atlantide possessed the innocent soul of James Boswell, biographer. It is a paltry business to think of him as a parasite who attacked but a single victim. Nay, rather, his was the golden hand of the realist, who preserves human life in its actuality, yet ever at its best and fullest. And if it be that there mingled with his vision of an Atlantidean circle of the golden great a baser ambition to shine in the reflected light of his splendid victims, who shall begrudge it him? Is not the artist worthy of his fame?

And so John Wilkes, demagogue, 'Apostle of Liberty,' esteemed the wit-tiest and the most dangerous man of his day, comes within James Boswell's ken. He is not to be won as were the philosophers. But our artist knows many wiles, and the approach which he will make in this case will be of a quite

different kind. We will not attempt to reduce the fine art of the great biographer to a formula, nor do we at present care to emphasize the mere contrast of method exhibited in James Boswell's conquest of John Wilkes. For that, to make use of a time-honored phrase, *is another story.*

THE BIOLOGIST SPEAKS OF LIFE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

WHILE engaged in the work of Mr. Hoover's relief organizations, I saw a good deal at very close range of the behavior of men at war. I saw a constant struggle, in the case of some of these men in positions of authority, between two elements in their make-up: a brute element inherent in them as a biologically inherited vestige of prehistoric days, and a strictly human element more recently acquired and transmitted to them by education and social inheritance. Sometimes one element dictated their behavior, sometimes the other. Sometimes, unfortunately, the element of education reinforced the element of brute inheritance. The existence and influence of these two usually conflicting parts of human make-up were made especially clear and sharp because of the unwonted continuous stress of the whole situation. It was an unusual opportunity for the biologist student of human life to observe the relative strength of these two factors, which play their parts in the determination of the behavior and fate of us all. Are we, in our

present evolutionary stage, more animal than human, or more human than animal? And why? And can any attempt at scientific analysis of present human make-up give us knowledge that will enable us to live more rationally, more successfully, more happily?

As detached and cool-blooded as he can possibly be in his contemplation of the make-up and the capacities and behavior of human beings, the biologist is, nevertheless, often overcome by those same feelings of awe and reverence in the face of the 'wonders of human life,' which overcome other less cool-blooded persons. In his laboratory and study he may assure himself that he is dealing only with an unusually complex, highly endowed, and, in every way, remarkable animal, and reassure himself, in the face of the difficulties of the biological analysis of this animal, by remembering how he has been able to reveal, and, in some measure, to explain, the make-up and capacities of other at first baffling animals. But in his home with his family, and in social intercourse

with his friends and acquaintances, he sometimes loses the confidence of his laboratory hours. There is something, or many things, in all the human beings I know personally, and something in myself, which make them and me very different from the samples of the species that I study in the laboratory.

I started studying human life as a biologist by studying, first, plants, then, birds, and finally, and for a long time, insects. This might be called my undergraduate course in human life. I began my graduate course with a baby — my own — for special subject; and then, as she grew older, I turned to something easier — just men and women with whom I had less personal relations and whom I knew only as representatives of the animal species man. I found that I could not advisedly let my serious biological studies be interfered with by such incidental, but, in some ways, very confusing, things as sympathy and love and pride and hope.

II

The biologist pays much attention to origins — often, too much. Two things can have a common or related origin and yet acquire, in the course of their development, differences that make, for all practical purposes, two very different things out of them. Quantitative differences may come to be so great that they have all the practical effect of qualitative differences. Or qualitative differences, very small, indeed, when measured by the chemist or physicist and described in the terminology of their sciences, may have very large effects in the practical relation of the substances or things exhibiting them.

Nevertheless, the biologist has good grounds for paying much attention to commonness of origin and similarities of structural make-up in his attempts to read the riddle of life — even human

life. Things that have come from the same thing, or that have a fundamental likeness of structure, are bound to have some commonness of capacity and behavior. And so the biologist, in his approach to man as a subject of scientific scrutiny, is deeply interested in the possible unraveling of the tangled and broken skein of his biological history. Whence and how has he come into being? And into being in the particular form and condition which now characterize him? Can human characteristics be found in a less complex stage of development and organization elsewhere in the world of life? And if the human body shows no radical qualitative differences from other animal bodies, what will be the significance of this to the biologist in his attempt to study and appraise human life?

As to human origin, the biologist finds no tangible evidence to support any other explanation than the now familiar and widely accepted one of evolution from preëxisting lower animal kinds. For this explanation he does find what is, to him, practically convincing evidence. It is of no very great interest, certainly of no very great importance, to most of us, if we once accept the evolutionary explanation of origin, whether man is traced back to this or that particular kind of anthropoid ape, or other less anthropoid ancestor. However, when we watch a chimpanzee for some time, we come to have a hope that he is not the particular anthropoid that the biologist would ask us to recognize with any filial admiration or affection. The feeling is even more marked when the orangutan or the gorilla is the object of our curiosity. It is true, though, that, if we watch a chimpanzee long enough, a rather unsettling feeling is likely to grow on us that there is something all too familiar about him. He seems to be a caricature of some people whom we know; he behaves curiously like some children

(other people's children) whom we recall.

I had an experience with a chimpanzee once in Berlin, which sticks always in my memory. I was giving at the time, as a student of zoölogy, some special attention to anthropoids, and used to go out almost daily to the Zoölogical Gardens, where I had become acquainted with the keeper of the apes. He had a favorite chimpanzee, which he used to keep with him a great deal in his own room or office; and I got into the habit of dropping in frequently for an afternoon chat with the friendly pair. The keeper was a rather stolid sort of person, who seemed to me to possess a marked paucity of human feeling and expression. On the other hand, the chimpanzee seemed possessed of a wide range of human-like interests and feelings, and was fascinatingly varied and interesting in his expression of them. The conviction grew on me that he was almost the more human of the two.

But he rarely paid me the compliment of showing any special recognition of me or interest in me. I seemed to lack any special traits of attractiveness for him. One day, however, with the permission of the keeper, I brought an American family with me, who had with them a coal-black, extremely African negress as nurse-maid; and the chimpanzee was so animatedly friendly to this dear old mammy from the very moment of her entrance, that she soon fled, screaming with horror and fright. I shall never forget the strong impression made on me of the chimpanzee's immediate apparent recognition of Matilda as an old acquaintance; she was the kind of human being he knew about and was interested in. Yet, as he had been brought to the Gardens as a baby and had had really no personal acquaintanceship with negroes, if he really knew Matilda, or had some sense of relationship with her, it must have been a case of biological memory.

However, the biologist does not claim that we are directly descended from the chimpanzee, or any other particular anthropoid, or particular lower kind of monkey that we know, either living or extinct. But that anthropoid and human structure are too fundamentally and minutely similar to be a result of mere coincidence or convergence, or anything else than true homology based on commonness of origin, he simply accepts as a biological fact, without regard to his feelings of friendliness or unfriendliness for chimpanzees and their immediate relatives.

This structural evidence of ancestral relationship between the anthropoids and man is added to by several other well-known kinds of likenesses, physiological, psychological, even ecological. The similarity of the chemical character of the blood of the two groups, as shown by the approximate identity of its reactions in the face of certain stimulation, — the so-called precipitin reactions, — these differing from those of the blood of other higher mammals, is a notable modern addition to the biological evidence of anthropoid and human relationships. For the same identities or close similarities in blood-character occur in other kinds of animals well known to be closely related, as the wolf and dog, or the horse and ass, and do not occur when the blood of two less closely related animals is tested.

A less important and less well-known added bit of evidence is one that came under my own observation a few years ago, during the course of some study of certain highly specialized external insect parasites of man and some other mammals. In this study it became apparent that the kinds of these parasites characteristic of and limited to men and apes are more closely related to each other than they are to parasitic kinds characteristic of the other quadrumana or of any other mammals. This points

to a probable commonness of origin of the now slightly differentiated parasites of men and apes from some parasite ancestor, which may have helped to make life uncomfortable for certain common ancestors of the anthropoids and early men.

III

The biologist finds another evidence of man's place in nature as simply one among the various groups of mammals in the conditions of the physical variation among different human races — or species, as they would probably be called by any entirely disinterested student of human kind. If an expedition of scientific gentlemen from the Academy of Sciences of Mars, say, should some day find its way to our planet, the members would doubtless report to their colleagues, on their return home, the discovery of a considerable number of earth-inhabiting different species of man, and might issue a classificatory monograph on them, not unlike one of our own monographs* on the various species of bears. Our attempts at classifying the bears, you know, are attended by a good deal of discussion as to whether some of the different kinds are just different races or varieties of one species, or whether they truly represent different species. As a matter of fact, I suppose this does not much worry the bears: it worries only the scientists.

There is also some suggestive evidence about man's position in nature to be derived from the facts of the geographical distribution of his different races. The suggestiveness comes from the interesting resemblance of the status of this distribution to that obtaining generally among the higher vertebrates. Dr. J. C. Merriam, the distinguished palæontologist and student of the history of the human species, has especially stressed this fact and its significance. Just as the distribution of

the members of a group of mammals or birds indicates in fairly clear outlines a classification of these members such as would be made on a basis of their comparative structure, so the different subdivisions of human kind show a similar parallel in their distribution and structural similarities or dissimilarities.

Now, the essential point of all that has just been said concerning man's striking structural similarity to certain higher animals, and concerning his likenesses to them in other ways, physiological, variational, and distributional, is that in these similarities the biologist finds convincing proof of man's origin from, and definite relation to, other forms of life. And this must be ever in our minds in all our subsequent discussion. But before pointing out any of the probable special significances, to the biologist-student of human life, of the undoubted evolutionary derivation of man from lower, non-human forms of life, let us glance briefly at another aspect of the consideration of human origin, namely, the pre-history of man as a creature unmistakably man, but of much more primitive human culture than he possesses at present — a history that the discoveries and investigations of the last score of years have done more to reveal, than had all study previous to the beginning of this century.

It is to the palæontologist and historical anthropologist, that we look for facts concerning the very earliest days of man's existence. How far back in geologic time, how long ago as estimated in years and centuries, does man seem to have lived on this earth? Where did he live? Does he first appear as scattered over all the land-surface of the globe, as he now is; or was he originally limited to a certain part or parts of it? What sort of man was he in those first-man days? What of his body? What of his habits, his culture, his relation as individual to others of his kind?

Before we listen to any of the answers, let us note that the anthropologist, in his attempts to satisfy his and our curiosity about primitive man, has a second string to his bow, in addition to that provided him primarily by the paleontologist. He recognizes in his study of the man-group, just as the general biologist does in his study of any group of animals or plants, that the present existing members of his group are not all of equal evolutionary advancement or chronology. There are always some of a type less advanced or specialized, and some of types more advanced. The less advanced are usually presumed to be older in their evolutionary origin than the more advanced; so that, although they all live now side by side and at the same time, some may be looked on as in a form or stage of greater primitiveness or antiquity, as compared with others. This is, indeed, quite true of the various living kinds, or races, of man. The native Australians, the Veddahs of Ceylon, the lost Tasmanians, the Ainus of Japan, the Bushmen of Central Africa, and several other scattered similar small groups, do represent, in their physical structure, mental capacity, and general culture, more primitive stages in human evolution than those represented by the larger Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, and Polynesian groups, which comprise the great majority of living men.

In comparing the physical and mental character and the culture of these living primitive types, and the character and culture of various extinct types of men, as indicated by their recovered bones and articles of handiwork, the anthropologist finds such similarities, that he can refer with some confidence to these living primitive types as paralleling in many characteristics some of the more recent types of prehistoric man. He has not yet found alive that missing link between men and the an-

thropoids which some anthropologists have fondly imagined may still be living in unexplored regions of Africa, Asia, or Malaysia, and to find which, expeditions have occasionally been sent out, only, so far, to return empty-handed. Nor does he find any living types that can possibly be construed to parallel in their condition, or actually to be persisting remnants of, the most ancient or most primitive types of real men. But he gets nearer to understanding the life of man in those days when types of men now extinct were the highest types, by looking at human life as exhibited by the lowest types now living.

I must recall to your minds that geologists divide the eight hundred million years, more or less, of earth-time into a series of successive ages, characterized by differing kinds of rocks and by different floras and faunas, all, with the exception of the flora and fauna of the present age, now extinct. It is with only a few of the more recent of these ages that we need concern ourselves in our search for the geologic evidence of man's origin. Of course, recent is a comparative term. It means, as used by geologists, anything that happened within anywhere from the last few hundred thousand to the last few million years.

In the rocks of these more recent ages, beginning with an age called Lower Oligocene, and running on up through Upper Oligocene, Lower, Mid, and Upper Miocene and Pliocene, have been found the fossil remains of numerous now extinct anthropoid apes. These have been found, not only in Asia and Africa, to which continents the few living anthropoids are now restricted, but also in Europe, which so far has been the source of all but one of the most ancient human relics. I speak of these fossils as representing numerous anthropoids; but numerous also is a comparative term; I mean by it simply considerably more kinds of anthropoids

than now exist; and some of these extinct forms seem to be of a higher specialization than any now existing ones. But the rocks of none of these ages — that is, up to and including the Pliocene Age — have revealed any fossils of indubitable human creatures. The one case that may possibly constitute an exception to this statement is that of the famous *Pithecanthropus*, a creature of which a few bones, — to be specific, a skull-cap, a femur, and two molar teeth — probably belonging to a single individual, were found nearly thirty years ago in Java, by Dubois. These relics were found in a situation which, if it does not allow the fossils to be ascribed definitively to the Pliocene Age, in its very latest days, at least proves this relic to be an antiquity as old as the very beginning of the Pleistocene, or Glacial, Age, which is the age immediately succeeding the Pliocene, and is the most recent of the geologic series, unless the period since the last great continental glaciers existed is given a special name, such as Recent (with a capital letter), or Present, to distinguish it from that period which included the several glacial and interglacial times now recognized as comprised in the so-called Glacial Age.

Pithecanthropus has been variously hailed with joy as the long-sought missing link, regarded with scorn as an individual degenerate human reversion, or looked on, with less emotion but more judgment, as a creature of very great interest and importance in the study of man's origin, whether it be called highest of apes or lowest of men, or whether it be excluded from the direct line of human genealogy and called an offshoot from this direct line, but one arising just before the line had culminated in undoubted human kind. In a famous discussion held around the actual fossils (brought by their discoverer to the Zoölogical Congress at Leyden

in 1895), and participated in by an extraordinary gathering of the most eminent anthropologists of the world, five of these experts maintained that *Pithecanthropus* was an ape, seven that it was a man, and seven others that it was a transition form between man and the anthropoids. The discussion was, you see, primarily one of precise classification: there was practical agreement that this creature of uppermost Pliocene or lowest Pleistocene time was so much like an ape, and at the same time so much like a man, that it proved, if proof were still needed, that, so far as structure, at least, is concerned, the anthropoids and man differ only quantitatively and not qualitatively.

Now *Pithecanthropus* lived at least one million years ago; so that, if he really represents man in lowest human terms, we have had a human history on this earth of which the period since the earliest historically known civilization of Egypt and Crete is a very small fraction. But that is not necessarily to disparage the possibility of a great deal of important human history occurring during that small fraction of time. The biologist is not so foolish as to suggest that extent of time alone is a measure of the importance of epochs in human history: for most of us, that last one hundred thousandth of the period of man's existence has a hundred thousand times more interest than all the rest; but the biologist believes that paying a little attention to prehistoric man may make the greater attention we pay to historic man more fruitful of a sounder understanding of human character, capacity, and possibility.

We seem rather to have taken for granted that *Pithecanthropus* was the first man, or obviously near-man, type. If this is to be our starting-point, we ask the palæontologist if he has found a more or less continuous series of human fossils running forward from *Pithe-*

canthropus, both as to time and evolutionary development, up to now. His answer inclines to be, Yes. But, in truth, he has found comparatively few actual fossils or relics of human bodies, and very considerable gaps exist in the series, both as to gradations in structure and as to time-periods represented. In fact, only one of his undoubted human relics goes back in geologic time to a period approaching that represented by *Pithecanthropus*.

This oldest one is known as the 'Heidelberg Jaw,' — because it was found in the Elsenz Valley not far from Heidelberg, — and is a lower jaw-bone, with almost all the teeth in place. Compared with the present human jaw, it is notable for its unusual size, the lack of a protruding chin, and its great strength and thickness, combined with unusual width of the region for the attachment of the muscles used in mastication. The teeth are large, but not out of proportion to the size of the jaw. The jaw-bone itself is more simian than human, but the teeth are more human than simian. Particularly notable in this respect are the canines, which are not large and long, as simian and many other mammal canines are, but small, and not extending above the level of the other teeth. However, in their size, heavy roots, and wide pulp-cavities, all the teeth present characters which distinguish them readily from human teeth of to-day.

In addition to these very earliest actual remains of the bodies of man or man-ape, there have been found, in various localities in Portugal, France, Belgium, England, and perhaps elsewhere, a large number of flaked flints, in positions which undeniably refer them to a geologic time ranging back through Pleistocene into Pliocene and probably into an even earlier age. These flaked flints, which in higher or more complex stages of flaking are commonly known

in connection with all of prehistoric man's later Pleistocene life, and even with present human life as exhibited by the more primitive living peoples, are, in their earliest forms, — known as *eo-liths*, — the subject of much discussion. It has been shown that a certain simple flaking of flint stones can occur by natural physical means without the aid of living creatures. But many of these Pliocene, or very early Pleistocene, *eo-liths* show such a kind of flaking, affording cutting edges and grips for firm holding in the hand, fitting them to be very simple weapons or tools, that many competent anthropologists insist that they must have been produced by living creatures, of sufficient wit and dexterity to make tools out of the material at hand most available for this purpose. Indeed, we can well imagine the first human beings picking up flints naturally flaked, and then moving on to better tools or weapons by intelligently and deliberately further flaking them, or flaking other flints, which are still found in the form of heavy, rounded pebbles of various sizes.

The great importance of these *eo-liths* to the student of early man is that, if they are really man-made, they help substantiate the evidence of *Pithecanthropus* and the Heidelberg Jaw as to man's probable origin in Pliocene time, or even earlier. If man did arise in Pliocene time, then, his antiquity is carried back by many hundred thousand years behind that later Pleistocene period in which we can be certain of his existence on the basis of undoubted human fossils.

This Pleistocene, or Glacial, Age, of which our present time may be reckoned the latest part, was a period of several hundred thousand years, characterized by a succession of great continental glaciers sweeping down from the north, probably three on this continent and four in Europe, with separating inter-

glacial times of considerably higher average temperature, and consequent climatic amelioration. In the times of the glaciers, animals of the colder regions — as the mammoth, aurochs, and the like, — occurred all over Europe, even to its present southern boundaries; while in the warmer interglacial times, animals characteristic of lower latitudes, even considerably lower than those of present Southern Europe, replaced them. It is to this interesting age of alternating cold and warm periods that all the known actual human fossils so far found in Europe, with the exception of the probably older Heidelberg Jaw already mentioned, are assigned.

The careful study of all these Pleistocene relics of early man's body has enabled anthropologists to distinguish certain successive types of prehistoric man, differing in some measure structurally and evolutionally; so that an older type, like Neanderthal man, distinctly shows stronger simian characters, such as smaller brain-case and more projecting orbital ridges, less chin and more jaw, more curving thigh-bones and more opposed great toe, than a later type, like Cro-Magnon man. And the exhaustive study of the collected thousands of specimens of early man's handiwork have enabled anthropologists to distinguish a series of successive human cultural stages, marked by obvious differences in the variety and degree of elaboration of the weapons and tools and ornaments made and used by prehistoric man during Palæolithic, Neolithic, and the early metal ages. They even know what other animals he knew, from actual remains of these animals found with his own bones, and from crude carvings and drawings of these animals on cave-walls, made by prehistoric man himself. There are certain limestone caverns in Southern France whose walls are veritable picture galleries of prehistoric art.

Students of prehistoric man know also that many things that were a part of human life as we first know it historically formed no part of human life in Pleistocene time. Among the many thousand recovered specimens of prehistoric man's handiwork, there is a singular paucity of variety: a few kinds are repeated over and over again with superficial changes — a fact that reveals the limited resources and variety of occupations of this early human life.

IV

Now, all this consideration of man's origin prepares, even compels, the biological student of present-day human life to recognize many characteristics of this life as vestigial, that is, as carried over from pre-human life and from prehistoric human life. It compels him also to face the fact that, if the human body and its capacities are recognized as derived by the more or less understood processes of organic evolution from other lower animal bodies and endowments, with no introduction of super-natural means to give human life qualitatively different capacities, — super-natural ones, they might be called, — then he must not only expect to find present human life influenced by inherited carry-overs from man's animal ancestors, but he must expect to find the human body and its behavior and its fate subject, in greater or less degree, to the influence of all the general conditions and so-called laws of biology, such as those of heredity, variation, selection, mutation, growth, the influence of environment, and the like, which apply to all living things, to all substance and capacities of substance organized as living matter.

But he must be prepared to go even further. The bio-chemists and physiologists have made much progress recently in showing that many of the long-

accepted familiar distinctions between living and non-living matter must be given up, and that living matter is fundamentally only a much more complex association or state of the same substances that compose other matter, and that, therefore, it is largely controlled in its behavior just as other matter is controlled, namely by physical and chemical conditions and stimuli. So that the biological student of human life must be prepared to take constantly into account the results of the investigations, and the significance of the claims, of the upholders of the physico-chemical, or mechanistic, conception of life.

Facing all this, one can see at once how necessary it is for the biological student of human life to have, if he is not to be carried off his feet at once into the camp of the cynical and hopeless complete mechanists, a wife and child at home to return to from his laboratory. If I myself am not yet convinced that all of humanism is to be dumped, together with all the rest of nature, into the common pot of chemicalism, it is chiefly due to my wife and child. Not that I cannot recognize in them the presence of bodies composed of engines, and of living tissues and organs composed of substances, mostly very complex, but at bottom made up of the same chemical elements that make up the less complex substances of non-living matter; nor that I cannot perceive in them the results of the influences of the biological laws that I find also in the various lower forms of life. But I find *more* in them; so much more, indeed, that, although my scientific training and knowledge urge me to look on this more as only quantitatively more, my common sense and general experience, to say nothing of my recognition of the limitations of scientific knowledge, compel me to see in them the manifestations of natural possibilities so far removed from, or in advance

of, those manifestations as revealed in non-living matter or in the whole range of the rest of the world of life, that, for all practical purposes, these two human beings, and hence all others, must be looked on as possessed of at least some qualities and capacities essentially different from those found anywhere else in nature.

But this is not at all to say that I must recognize anything supernatural in these qualities. They may simply be such different and such extraordinary natural qualities, that all the study of the most widely versed and wisest student of all the rest of nature will not enable him to understand these special human qualities and capacities on the basis of this study alone. I am still not necessarily driven to look on man as something out of or beyond nature. In fact, I see so much in him that is familiar elsewhere in nature, that I should have quite as much difficulty in explaining why this is so, if he is supernatural, as I now have in trying to explain all of him in terms of the nature that is revealed in studying physics, chemistry, and the natural history of plants and the lower animals.

Altogether, then, in approaching the study of human life from the standpoint of the biologist who is not a bigot, but who is, after all, a biologist and not a theologian or metaphysician, we must take fairly into account all that the study of the rest of nature allows us to make use of in understanding certain aspects of human life, and yet must guard ourselves against the assumption that, because we understand the life of starfishes pretty well, we are sufficiently equipped with knowledge to be confident of explaining human life in terms of magnified starfish life. Even if I can declare with almost perfect certainty what will be the color of the eyes of the children of two blue-eyed parents, and with much confidence what kind of mental

equipment the children of two congenitally feeble-minded parents will have, because I am familiar with a biological law discovered by a naturalist who studied heredity in garden peas, and because I have noted that this law applies equally well to certain silkworm characters and, finally, to various human traits, I am in no position to say whether your children will believe in God or not, be Republicans or Democrats or Bolsheviks, write poetry or rob banks, or live in settlement houses. I may be able to make a fair prognosis of the degree of resistance to tuberculosis which your children will exhibit during their life, but I can make no least guess as to their probability of dying in a future war with Germany. I feel pretty certain about what will happen to the human body after death; but whether that is the whole significance of death in relation to a human being, I, not being a scientific bigot, am not at all certain. I am not a spiritist, but if I claimed to be able to say that there are and can be no spirits, I should be claiming to know the whole order of nature. And that, no naturalist, or anyone else, does know. All that the naturalist can claim is that he knows a part of the order of nature; and if some part of human life comes within that known part of the order of nature, then he insists that anyone seriously considering human life must take cognizance of this knowledge of his. Men who, in discussing the possibility of a league of nations doing away with war, argue against such possibility on the assumed premises that fighting is inherent in human nature and that human nature does not change, are not taking into account the biologist's certain knowledge that human nature does change. The educator or prison reformer who claims that you can do anything with any man by education and environment, does not take into account the biologist's knowledge

of the unescapable influence on human fate of inherited traits. He knows that it is perfectly true that you cannot put a thousand-dollar education into a fifty-dollar boy. But well-meaning people keep trying to do this all the time.

V

We have, then, to face, in our further consideration of human life from the point of view of the biologist, two rather sharply contrasted things. One thing is, that the biologist does have a certain positive knowledge of some conditions or factors that do help to determine the course of human life. The other thing is, that the course of human life is partly determined by a set of conditions which are, so far, at least, quite outside the special knowledge of the biologist. He can guess and wonder about them just as other people do, but he has no right to claim that he knows about them. If some biologists do make this claim, it must be because they are carried away by the interesting sensation of knowing anything at all about what has been so long called 'the mystery of life.'

A famous biologist of the mechanistic-conception-of-life school once said to me, as he saw me find my way to a certain corner seat in a restaurant with bench seats along the walls, that the reason why I tried to find a corner seat was because I was positively thigmotropic — that is, because I was irresistibly impelled, as a sand flea is, to get my body into as much contact as possible with solid surroundings. The fact is that I had made an appointment with a friend to meet him in that corner.

The human being has such power of dislocating his reactions to stimuli as regards both time and space, that his behavior cannot be prophesied by any naturalist with ever so complete knowledge of the reflexes and tropisms exhibited by very simple animals. That is,

the inevitable and immediate responses of *Paramœcium*, or house-flies, or of just-hatched spiderlings, to physical and chemical stimuli, which responses, in sum, compose their behavior, may have their vestiges in man, and do have certain parallels, as in the behavior of the internal organs and certain external reflexes. But, for the most part, man turns toward or away from light, or finds a seat in a corner or away from the room-walls, because he is influenced by factors very different from simple physical and chemical ones — factors which may be of a week ago or a mile away. It is these non-mechanistic factors or conditions in human life, and their results, that constitute that part of human life — which is peculiarly the human

part — that the biologist must hesitate to be dogmatic about. Yet this part must have a seizing interest for him — that is, if he is himself human and not made over, by too much association with *Paramœcium*, to be more like his Protozoan pet than like the rest of his own species.

In our continuing consideration of human life, therefore, as the biologist sees it, we shall not hesitate to touch upon any of the phenomena and problems presented by this life, whether they be clearly within the province which the biologist can pretty confidently claim as his, or in that other province which less clearly belongs to him, but which he may believe he has at least as much right as anyone else to venture into.

(The Biologist and Death will be the subject of Mr. Kellogg's next paper.)

HOME-BOUND

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE moon is a wavering rim where one fish slips,
 The water makes a quietness of sound;
 Night is an anchoring of many ships
 Home-bound.

There are strange tunnelers in the dark, and whirs
 Of wings that die, and hairy spiders spin
 The silence into nets, and tenants
 Move softly in.

I step on shadows riding through the grass,
 And feel the night lean cool against my face;
 And challenged by the sentinel of space,
 I pass.

A FARMER ON HIS OWN BUSINESS

BY JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.

I AM not planning to write a history of agriculture or a dissertation on farm conditions, but rather to set down some of the thoughts that have drifted across my farm horizon, and to record some of my questions concerning the business by which I live. Possibly I have a certain vantage-ground in my point of view, because we have been farm-folk for a long, long time, and since 1800 our hopes and ambitions and labors have been centred around one old farm snug-gled away among the glaciated limestone drumlins up in the hill country of eastern New York.

My father, when he left us, was a patient, wise old man, who possessed much inherited farm wisdom, and who added to it much of experience during more than eighty years. His life covered an agricultural span that linked the pioneer farmer with the present. In his boyhood he lived close to what Horace Bushnell lingeringly and lovingly called 'The Golden Age of Home-spun,' and he remained to see the tractor on the fields that the slow ox-team once tilled, and electricity applied to the everyday purposes of the farm. Through many years he told me of much that he had seen and remembered, and he handed down to me many things that he had received from others. His life linked with that of his grandfather — the stout-hearted pioneer who laid the foundations of our farm. So I think I have a pretty fair perspective of agricultural life — different from, and perhaps more human and personal than any that can be derived from books.

Sometimes, when I walk these old fields and muse on these moss-grown stone walls, I feel that I can repeople the past and make live again old scenes and forgotten memories.

The community of which I write is, in a very special sense, an American community. It is old as things go in America, for in our county men have been turning the furrows and reaping the harvests for more than two full centuries.

In 1833, the site of Chicago was marked by twelve frontier cabins; but in this old New York State county there were more people then than there are to-day. About seventy years ago we received a considerable influx of Irish immigration, mostly Protestant; but from then until recently the alien-born has been an almost unknown quantity. We have within our bounds two large quarries and a cement plant, where Italians and Eastern European races do dray-horse work; and on a few of our rough hill-farms, where the natives have grown weary of the struggle, an occasional newly arrived foreigner is trying to satisfy his traditional land-hunger.

Our county population is rapidly declining, and has been since 1860. It is less now than in 1835, and it is only about one half greater than in 1800. Ours is probably the most exclusively agricultural county in the state, — small in population, and without large wealth or even a single great individual fortune, — and yet a county where agriculture is on the whole fairly prosperous, although, in common with most

of the East, we have been spared the wild land-boom that only a short year ago ran its predestined course in the Corn-Belt states. It is a land of hill and dale — some of it belonging to the Catskill Mountains, with steep escarpments and narrow valleys of denudation; some of it made up of long, billowy drumlins, the furrows from the glacial plough. It is a topography hopelessly rugged to the man born to the prairie states; but about us the hills are fertile hills, full of limestone drift where neither wheat nor alfalfa needs any special coaxing to succeed. It is on the past and the future of this particular countryside that I am led to muse — aided, perhaps, by hereditary memories.

From earliest pioneer times, almost until the Civil War, agriculture in this section remained typically a primitive art. There were so few things for which there was a recognized market and a definite price. Families lived mainly by their own production and by exchange with neighbors, supplemented by a system of barter at the country store. Every farm was a little kingdom in itself. We were too far from tide-water to sell much grain except wheat. Eggs were an uncertain and exceedingly cheap commodity. In New York City, butter from anywhere beyond Orange County was classed as 'Western' and sold at a greatly reduced price — for proof of which see the market reports of the *Country Gentleman* for 1847. We fattened some steers. I believe they must have been good ones, for my father has told me how they were sometimes fed until four quarts of oats could be poured on their broad backs without running off. They were not baby beef, but four-year-olds — thoroughly finished at the last. These readily traveled to market at Albany on their own legs, and sold for real money. Here too, in winter, fat dressed pork was a stand-

ard commodity — the buyers meeting the farmer on the one-time imperial highway, the Great Western Turnpike, two miles west of the Capitol, and swarming upon and examining his load without a word of permission or by-your-leave — a procedure far more suggestive of highwaymen making an organized attack than of honest merchants examining the wares.

The years of the Civil War brought us the first hay-press and a cash demand for hay; and a little later a great hop industry overspread our county. Hops were always a strange sort of a gambler's chance, with lean years and fat years beyond any other crop. The industry — it was at certain periods almost a craze — lost some men their farms, and to others it brought what by our farm standards we think of as modest wealth; and it well nigh disappeared, even before the Eighteenth Amendment. To-day we are engaged principally in ministering to the needs of New York City for its milk-supply — the activity which seems to be the ultimate end of all New York State lands that are not level, fertile, and easily tilled.

As a county, we had once our brief heyday of industrial prosperity, which flowered three quarters of a century ago. The western slopes of the Catskill Mountains had then a superb covering of hemlock timber, — probably there was none better, — and this brought to the upper Schoharie Valley what was for that time a wonderful tannery development. The story has in it the making of a romance — stirring and pathetic. Those splendid stretches of dark hemlock forests were cut down for the bark alone, and the stripped white trunks were left where they fell, to provide material for great forest fires or to moulder back again into the soil from whence they came. A little — a very little — of the choicest pine was

sawed, and teamed the long haul of forty miles, to tide-water on the Hudson; but an old man, who in his youth had been a part of what he told, said to me, 'We never took a plank that had a little knot or even a gum-spot in it.'

Those halcyon days were not for long. A generation worked out the claim, the tanneries, every last one, fell into decay, and there is the making of another story — not a very romantic one — of how the bark-peelers and tanners remained behind, and in some cases became the foundation stock of certain communities which, as examples of arrested development, are a repetition of the mountain whites of the Southern Alleghany.

Then there is no doubt that our agriculture, like that of all the old East, was profoundly affected by the Civil War. So far as our remote farms are concerned, the recent world-war was merely an episode, compared with the tremendous struggle that convulsed this country between 1860 and 1865. Until then, American rural life had been ultra-conservative and stationary. But marching and counter-marching for years over Southern battlefields made foot-loose soldiers of fortune out of tens of thousands of farm boys, who otherwise would surely have contentedly followed the plough on the family acres. It was the beginning of our since much-lamented drift to the cities and the exodus to the Corn-Belt States. The proof of this is the fact that nearly everywhere in our old agricultural communities population reached its high-water mark in the census of 1860.

As a matter of fact, we have really no data of any value concerning the population or the economics of farm communities. The smallest unit, so far as our census returns go, is the township or the incorporated village, while the Federal government declares all communities of less than 2500 inhabi-

tants to be rural — a classification that may well excite either pity or contempt for those responsible. The only unit that can be of real value to the student of country life is the school district. There are many small industrial villages of a few hundred people which, in make-up and interest, are affiliated with the farm about as closely as a gilded country club is related to the Dorcas Society.

It is a bit inconsistent, perhaps, that as a farmer, with generations of farmers behind me, and with no remote ambition to change my occupation, I have, nevertheless, sometimes taken pains to enumerate and catalogue the Disadvantages of Country Living. There are a great many of them, and each separate one would afford material for an exhortation or a university thesis. Our whole rural social system is handicapped by lack of numbers, and even more by lack of wealth available for the maintenance of the common community activities and utilities. I might mention a few of these limitations.

For example, to begin at the very foundation, the cross-roads, one-room school — there are well-nigh ten thousand of them in this Empire State alone — is at once the most expensive and most inefficient system of public education ever devised; yet because of fundamental conditions, of scanty and scattered population, and taxable wealth pitifully limited as compared with the great centres of population, it has not been easy, in spite of much earnest effort, to improve it much; it has certainly been impossible to put it on a par with the educational opportunity afforded every city child. We have always been proud to think how out of all proportion to his numbers, in the great activities of our country, — commercial and educational, — the farm-bred boy sits in the seats of the mighty. It is at the same time a splendid tribute to the value

of the Spartan training of the farm, that he has achieved these honors in spite of, and not because of, his school advantages.

Then, witness our country churches. They are an entirely priceless asset of and contribution to our national life. It is widely recognized that the country is peculiarly the recruiting ground for the students of our theological seminaries and the soldiers of our Christian ministry. I like to believe that the country still remains the great conservator of our morals and the fountain-head of our ethics and our religion. But consider the peculiar problems of the country church, with congregations so widely scattered, with numbers so few, and with wealth so small. It is a long and sad and perplexing story.

Then there is the public-health situation. In every city trained experts, — chemists, bacteriologists, sanitarians, — by day and by night, in laboratory and in field, guard the water-supply from contamination, and watch to head off the first case of infectious disease. Well — in the country we drink out of our own typhoid-bearing family well, and there is none to say us nay. I presume we are within our rights as free and independent farm-folk on the land.

Yet even so — there are compensations. I know that vital statistics, as gathered and tabulated by state boards of health, seem to indicate that the death-rate of city and country is now approximately the same; but I do not believe that these correctly interpret the facts. To begin with, the classification adopted includes within the 'rural areas' many villages and industrial centres where conditions, both sanitary and moral, are of the worst. Was it not Elbert Hubbard who wrote that 'God made the country and man made the city, but the Devil made the small town'? It is sound sociology, at any rate. Then, our cities have great num-

bers of what underwriters would designate as selected lives — our young folks, bred and reared on farms, but giving the best of their young lives to the city. The normal death-rate among that class is wonderfully small. But we back on the farms have also a constituency of selected lives — but selected in the wrong direction, for we have, left behind, more than our normal proportion of old men and women whose day is far spent. Our published tables of the death-rate per thousand cannot take account of these factors, for tables are wooden, mechanical statements at best.

Now I can review, by memory and by tradition and by the dates on the stones in our cemetery, the vital statistics of the old families who possess the farms around my home; and it is my firm impression that a majority of them saw eighty years and more. Somehow we have come to feel that the farmer who failed to reach the traditional four-score years had been prematurely cut down. The facts are exactly these. We have vital statistics concerning all the people who live in communities of not exceeding 2500 inhabitants, but none that deal specifically with men actually on the land. I still cherish the pleasant belief that, above other men, the farmer may look forward to a sound digestion and a green old age.

Then there is the matter of police protection, the maintenance of law and order, and the safety of property in our rural districts — the need of which is no longer a myth, since good roads and automobiles are carrying city ruffianism far afield. Well, we are bidden to appeal to the constable, or the sheriff or his deputy — all of whom, in case of need, are about as available as a city fire department for a country conflagration. Also, in New York State, we have our force of 232 mounted police, — our rural constabulary, — good fel-

lows sometimes, but devoted principally to enforcing the game laws, holding up rum-runners, and collecting fines for violations of the traffic ordinances. In every great centre of population there is, in the words of the song, —

Someone to watch you while sleeping
So no one will harm you at night.

But in the country — well, in the country we do as country-folk have done from the beginning.

Fire protection is in the same class. We stand sorrowful and helpless, and see the possessions of our neighbor — the hard-wrung results of years of toil — go up in a red flare at midnight. For all the good we can do, it would be about as well if we were in bed. It is true, we can ring the schoolhouse bell vigorously; and if we are early enough, we may be able to loose the kine from the stable, and perhaps drag to safety some portion of the household goods; but that is pretty poor work compared to the watchful waiting of a modern city fire department, equipped with all the means that enable them to snuff out 99 per cent of all fires before they reach serious proportions. Incidentally, it may be noted that the insurance rate for farm property upstate is about fifteen times that of property in downtown New York.

I might go further, and tell how we farmers are, on the whole, without art galleries — without concerts — without theatres — without so many institutions and opportunities that minister to city life.

Now these drawbacks to country living are, to a great extent, factors beyond control. I am not finding fault, — no one is greatly to blame, — but they are, nevertheless, hard unfortunate facts, which we cannot conceal from ourselves. Society, as expressed in government and legislation, must do something to correct them; but, after all, we farmers ourselves must do most to

work out our own salvation. I consider that some of these things are disadvantages inseparable from life on the land. Yet, at the same time, I am equally sure that farm-life holds many compensations.

Now I approach this farm problem from the standpoint of one who has no expectation or desire to be anything but a farmer, and who is anxious that his son may find pleasure and satisfaction in the same calling on the same farm. Yet sometimes I cannot shut my eyes to this — that farming rarely yields to its votaries financial rewards equal to those they would have received if they had invested their lives in some other occupation. My people have been hard-handed men of the furrow, — men who have got up early and sometimes lain down late, — men who always saw the dawn, and whom the gloaming found still busy at their task. The eight-hour day had no place in their philosophy, and their wives as well knew the same Spartan life. It may be true that they succeeded better than most men of their kind; yet after all, if they had turned their life-energy and work into other channels, there might have been more time for study — more leisure for the gentle arts and graces of life.

Herein, then, is the hard problem of the farm. Concerning this, the farmer may allege some subtle social injustice. Feeding the world as he has, he may yet claim to have borne his undue share of its burdens.

What has been true of him as a proprietor has always been true of his paid helpers as well. The farm laborer, faithful, skillful, resourceful, as he often is, has never received — indeed, it never has been possible to pay him — a wage commensurate with those of other men. It is strange, it is unjust, but it is true, that the man engaged in producing food has always been underpaid as

compared with men in almost any other line of human endeavor. Somehow, somewhere, our economics are out of joint, when a man guiding the plough, or husking corn, or milking cows, cannot be paid a wage approaching that received by the man in any one of a hundred manual trades. It is an old, old evil under the sun; but it ought not so to be, and neither the farmer nor his hired man will have received a fair deal until this is corrected.

Still, this fact remains. There is something in life on the land that grips us — those of us who are farm-minded. I think it is largely because we have never ceased to look for the ushering in of a Golden Age — next spring. In the past it has been too wet or too dry, or the grasshoppers have eaten up the meadows, the apple-scab has ruined the crop, or the palmer worm (whatever that may be) has taken our substance; but next year — next year we shall prosper and all will be well; for we deal not with

prosaic, known things, but with the sunny unknown future; and the events are in the hands of God. Down in our hearts, perhaps, we are lured on by the gambler's chance. Then, too, some of us love the great outdoors and the mystery and miracle of the rolling years with a love that we cannot tell. We find joys in wheatfields bowing to the breeze, and young corn dancing and gleaming in the sunshine, and cattle with full udders marching homeward when the sun is low.

I know that I shall work more hours than my fellows in the town. I know that I shall never make a million dollars. But then, too, I know that I shall not be obliged to lie while I am living, or be lied about after I am dead. And outside, the fields lie snow-covered and glistening in the snapping frost of this winter evening; but I see again the green mantle cover the earth, and hear the trees clap their hands — and I am well content.

JUDGE GARY'S OPPORTUNITY

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

JUDGE E. H. GARY, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, is one of the most conspicuous figures of our time. The position that he occupies, coupled with the record of his administration for nearly a generation, proves him to be a man of rare administrative power and constructive business imagination, and of much knowledge of men; yet he may

very well have forgotten an incident in the affairs of the Steel Corporation that took place ten years ago, although it now appears that it was not without significance.

The incident was this. In the year 1910 a very small stockholder, like the knight-errant of the Age of Chivalry, set his lance in rest and charged the Corporation single-handed, on the issue

of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. A painstaking examination of the records appeared to him to warrant the conclusion that, in an industry notable for the exhausting character of the labor, one half of the laborers worked twelve hours a day, and one third of them seven days in the week — a system which most other industries, even of a far less exhausting type, had abandoned, because it was beyond the power of the average man. This anomalous situation, involving a group which, with wives and children, probably comprised more than 500,000 persons, stirred his Puritan soul so deeply, that, without any support, he attacked the forces of the Steel Trust where they lay entrenched behind their powerful fortifications in the heart of Wall Street. That the situation should have stirred him, and that he should have made the attack, is perhaps not extraordinary; but what is extraordinary is that the object of his attack proved to be vulnerable, and that he met with notable success.

As a result of his efforts, the stockholders of the Corporation, at their meeting on April 17, 1911, appointed a committee of most distinguished gentlemen, who, in April, 1921, brought in a report of monumental importance, finding in substance that the practices complained of did exist; that they were inhuman and anti-social in character; and that they ought to be abolished. While framed in the most cautious terms (as was natural and proper for men in such commanding positions), the report met the attack squarely, admitted the soundness of the complaint, and in effect surrendered the fortress.

The victory appeared so complete that great changes might properly have been looked for in the immediate future. They did not come, for it appears from recent investigations that the twelve-hour day is as prevalent in the works of the Steel Corporation as it

was ten years ago. By some critics of the company this is regarded as evidence of hypocrisy and bad faith on the part of Judge Gary and his associates — as part of a deliberate plan to grind down the workmen, destroy their organizations, and wring the last dollar of profit from the business. But no such conclusion is necessary or, I think, warranted by the facts.

Let us consider for a moment what the situation was when that report was made, and what it has been since. The report above referred to was made in the summer of 1912, in a period of hesitation and business uncertainty, which lasted through 1913, and was followed in 1914 by the war, which produced, first, a severe depression, followed by such a wild demand for steel and iron as the world has never known — a condition that continued unabated until the end of 1920. These were hardly the conditions under which changes of such a fundamental character should have been undertaken or would have met with success, and it is fortunate for the cause of progress and reform that they were not attempted. If, in 1912, the officials of the United States Steel Corporation had entered upon such a course, they would probably have been forced to abandon it by the exigencies of war, with its huge demand for production and coincident shortage of labor.

In the years that have elapsed, however, the situation has not remained unchanged. Recent investigations and reports¹ have disclosed the fact that the eight-hour day and the six-day week have now become the rule in most of Europe; and of Great Britain it is reported that neither the companies nor the men would consider going back to the old basis.² The change appears to

¹ *Report of International Labor Conference*, Washington, 1919.

² *Investigations by Whiting Williams*, published in the *Survey*, March 5, 1921.

have been made possible by the willingness of both sides to make concessions — the companies anticipating some increase in costs and the men accepting some reduction of wages, although the evidence now available indicates that neither party really suffered, as the increased efficiency of the 'short turn' resulted in larger production, so that the labor-cost per ton did not rise.

In the United States, also, some of the smaller steel companies have successfully adopted the short turn; while in other continuous-process industries, like paper and chemicals, the three-tour system, or eight-hour shift, has become the rule. In this respect, the paper business affords a most important object-lesson, as the change was made, in many cases, with great apprehension on the part of the companies, and calamity was freely predicted. But experience proves that the industry has benefited, as the men are more contented and labor-costs per ton have been reduced.

All men love gossip, — the interchange of loose ideas, approximating the truth but unhampered by the requirements of close reasoning, — and men rarely indulge in the painful process of close thinking, which is, however, essential to the formation of clear-cut ideas. There are ten men who will talk breezily about the conditions of life in the steel industry and 'continuous-process operations' to every one who has any clear conception of the subject; but such a conception is essential to an adequate understanding of the problems that confront the Steel Corporation.

From the earliest days of the business, the steel industry has been operated largely on a twelve-hour turn. A blast furnace is necessarily operated continuously, day and night. The coke and limestone are charged in at the top of the stack, and every four or six hours the molten metal is drawn off

at the bottom. Once blown in, a furnace will be in unbroken blast for periods of months or perhaps years; twenty-four hours a day, seven days in a week, 365 days in a year. Should the fires die down for only a few hours, great loss will result. Such continuous operation, which is essential for the blast furnace, has, for reasons of economy, been extended to most of the other basic processes of the industry. The white-hot pig-iron, flowing in a beautiful river from the base of the blast furnace, is saturated with carbon and other impurities, which it is the business of steel-making to remove; and in these days this is largely done by the open-hearth process. An open-hearth furnace is a large, though frail, affair, in which the metal is raised to very high temperatures by gas-flames deflected from the roof. Theoretically, it could be worked by day and allowed to rest at night; but it would be necessary to keep the furnace at high temperature during the resting hours, and the practice would be very wasteful. So, except in dull times, open-hearth furnaces are invariably operated twenty-four hours a day, and, commonly, seven days a week. Many types of rolling-mills, by which the larger part of the country's steel production is worked into commercial shapes, are also, as a rule, continuously operated; and while such continuous operation is not essential, it is in the interest of convenience and economy.

The result of this is that practically all departments of a steel mill are operated continuously, and probably fifty or sixty per cent of the employees are on the twelve-hour turn, which has been the standard of the steel industry for many years — not because men or managements have considered twelve hours as the best working day, but because it was a natural and convenient arrangement for twenty-four-hour opera-

tion. On the other hand, much has been done in recent years to make the long turn more tolerable; and the mental picture that so many men have, of the steel-worker stripped to the waist, and pouring with sweat while working over masses of molten metal, represents what is to-day a very exceptional condition. Most of the rolling-mills are mechanically manipulated; blast furnaces and open-hearth furnaces are, for the most part, charged by machinery; cranes lift the heavy weights, and water-cooled doors and electric fans relieve the heat; while safety precautions have greatly reduced, although not wholly eliminated, the hazard.

Thus the twelve-hour day is not now (if it ever has been) a day of continuous work. Much of the time the men are simply standing by while the furnaces, or the huge machinery, discharge their functions; and unless something goes wrong, hours may pass with little for them to do. Where work is hot or intensive, there are usually interruptions in the progress of the work, more or less regular in their recurrence, and spare men are provided, so that, as a matter of fact, during the twelve-hour turn the actual hours of labor rarely exceed eight.

Nevertheless, while important progress has been made in the direction of mitigating the strain, there has for years been a growing feeling in the steel industry that the twelve-hour shift is too long. Originally a humanitarian conception, it is now coming to be felt that the long day is undesirable from a technical and financial point of view. It is the experience of nearly all steel-makers that the night shift—twelve hours or more—is less efficient than the day shift. Part of this lessened efficiency is due to the unavoidable difficulties of artificial light, but part also to the length of the shift; to the feeling that, having worked all day one week,

a man cannot be expected to work all night the next; and to the cold fact, admitted by everyone, that on the night shift the men, even the bosses, sleep as much as from one to three or four hours. In some cases the twelve-hour turn has been modified by turning it into a ten-hour turn during the day in one week and a fourteen-hour turn at night the next; but it does not take much imagination to picture the way a considerable part of the fourteen-hour night turn is spent. Laxness of discipline is sure to creep in, spreading from the night shift to the day shift, and thus undermining the efficiency of the whole organization. Moreover, men who are corralled in the shop half their lives make up for it by staying at home when they should be at work, or by drifting from one steel plant to another. The rapid turnover of labor in the industry indicates the low morale that the long hours foster. Your valuable employee is the man who is alert and interested in his work, who has pride in himself, in his family, and in his home; but the appearance of any typical steel town bears witness to the fact that the great majority of the workmen are not of this type.

The fact of the matter is that industrial experience indicates that, as a general rule, men will produce more in the long run working forty-eight to fifty-four hours a week, than they will in seventy-two to eighty-four; and to-day, if the long turn is to be defended, it must be upon the ground that the work required is of an unusually light or intermittent character. That the continuous processes of the steel industry fall into this class, no one familiar with the business will maintain; in fact, the steel men themselves like to talk of it as a 'he-man's job,' meaning, of course, that the labor is of an unusually taxing character. We are warranted, therefore, in our curiosity to know why, among so

many other continuous-process industries, the continuous processes of the steel industry in the United States are still operated, as a rule, on a twelve-hour basis, which others have for the most part abandoned, and which, even in the steel industry, has been abandoned in most of Europe.¹ Doubtless there was a time when it was generally believed that this was the best and most profitable way to operate a continuous process; but the experience of mankind has now made this position untenable. The paper, chemical, and other continuous-process trades, in which the eight-hour day has been adopted, continue to thrive; and where it has been tried in the steel industry it has certainly not been proved a failure. Where energy and alertness are essential, the short turn seems to be the best; and it is, therefore, not impertinent of us to ask how the hesitation of the great exponents of the steel industry in this country to adopt the eight-hour day can be justified, and what is the prospect, if any, that the time is at hand when a change is imminent.

From a human or social point of view, the eight-hour shift in the continuous processes of the steel industry is clearly to be desired; and if, as is alleged, over forty per cent of the steel workers are now working 72 hours a week, this is a national problem of prime importance. The great decrease of the world's capital, which has already resulted in lowering the standard of living of 400,000,000 human beings, can be made up only by increased production. The social unrest now so widespread, which is preventing this, can be eliminated only by a new and better understanding between employer and employee, produced by the intelligent study of working conditions and their readjustment to modern standards. The long turn in the

steel industry is one of the most critical points at issue.

The two principal reasons commonly advanced for retaining the long turn are, that the steel companies cannot afford to pay for the third shift, and that, even if they could, the change would require more men than the labor market can provide, so that reduced production would necessarily result. As a corollary to the first objection, it is maintained that the men do not want it, because, being paid mostly by the hour or by the ton, fewer hours mean lower pay.

These are considerations which have doubtless been entitled to great weight in the past, but which present conditions have profoundly modified. During the last ten years a mass of evidence has accumulated in many continuous-process industries, the steel business among them, which tends to prove that the higher efficiency on an eight-hour instead of a twelve-hour shift counterbalances the reduction in hours, so that unit-costs do not rise. It appears, moreover, to have been the experience of Great Britain, when the change from twelve to eight hours was being made, that while the men were not unanimous, a large majority of them willingly agreed to meet the employers halfway and accept a reduction of wages for the sake of the shorter day.

Considering, however, the great size of the steel industry in this country and its highly competitive character, it is perhaps no wonder that the men who administer the affairs of the Steel Corporation should have moved with great caution in the past and should be disposed to continue to do so. But there is no denying the fact that times have changed since 1912, and are now far more propitious for this reform than they were. That the cautious, and relatively unprogressive, manufacturer of Great Britain has taken the plunge, so

¹ *Report of International Labor Conference, Washington, 1919.*

to speak, while the industrial leaders here 'shiver on the brink' is a fact that requires an explanation. Perhaps this may supply it: both stood shivering on the brink; one was suddenly pushed in from behind, and, like the timid swimmer, now proclaims loudly, 'The water's fine.' The other more firmly planted on his feet, or with a less powerful agent behind him, contrives to stand his ground. In other words, the labor-unions and the war forced the hand of the British steel manufacturers, while in this country these forces were not sufficiently powerful. In England, the steel industry is completely unionized. In this country, it is not. The attacks of the unions on the stronghold of the industry, where Judge Gary and the Steel Corporation lie entrenched, have been long, bloody, and unsuccessful. The Corporation has consistently maintained the principle of the 'open shop'; has always refused to allow the American Federation of Labor to dictate its terms, and has been, perhaps, the greatest bulwark in the country against the onward sweep of the labor-union movement.

II

It is neither within my province nor within my power to discuss at length the economic and social aspects of labor-unionism, but some reference to it, as related to the Steel Corporation, is necessary, in order to explain the position that it has taken in regard to the eight-hour day.

Without exaggeration it can be said that the great majority of those who think earnestly about social and political problems have come to regard the organization of labor into unions as a useful and permanent development, necessary to promote collective bargaining, and desirable in many other ways, to forward the welfare of the

worker. But it needs now to be pointed out that many of these organizations are essentially 'combinations in restraint of trade'; that, as a general rule, their activities have aimed at, and have achieved, restriction of output; that they are, in fact, monopolies, which have secured some of those results for which monopolies have been properly condemned and which are definitely harmful to our civilization. The mortality among monopolies in the past, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, has been remarkably high, exactly because they have aimed to increase prices and restrict output. This is what the labor-unions, in many instances, have successfully striven to achieve; and one is tempted to suggest that the high mortality that has been observable among monopolies in the past may claim this form of organization, too, and that labor-unions may prove to be merely a passing form in our social evolution. Certainly, if there are other ways in which collective bargaining and the education of the worker can be accomplished equally well, they must be given a trial.

This issue with organized labor, the issue of the closed shop against the open shop, is perhaps the most fundamental and important social and economic problem of our times; and it is noteworthy that the United States Steel Corporation, itself accused of being a monopoly, should be the great champion of freedom against the Labor Trust. Organized during the great era of trust organizations, this Corporation has survived the downfall of its contemporaries because it was not in fact a monopoly; because it did not seek to raise prices and reduce production; and for these reasons it has been one of the most constructive forces in the industrial life of the country during the last fifteen years. This is the organization which stands for another form of col-

lective bargaining — bargaining with groups of its own employees instead of with the American Federation of Labor, — and it has been of the greatest importance, not only to this industry, but to all others, that this issue should be fought out. The Steel Corporation may be wrong, but it is certainly not reactionary. In this instance, it is, if anything, radical. It has increased production and kept prices down, while the Labor Trust has restricted production and raised prices.

Standing for the open shop, Judge Gary has seen his British companions forcibly 'kicked off the float' by the labor-unions; and it has doubtless seemed more important to him to vindicate the principle of the open shop than to hasten the advent of the eight-hour day. But the time has now arrived when Judge Gary's position has been adequately vindicated.

There is another aspect of the situation, to which attention should be called. Many years ago, Mr. H. G. Wells, himself a Social Reformer, 'hit the nail on the thumb' when he wrote that the members of the group to which he belonged were like men owning patents, or secret processes — things of great value, which would accomplish great results, but the details of which they were unwilling to disclose. Each had his panacea, but was weak on the practical details. Such men think in pictures, not in processes, and are prone, therefore, to overlook the difficulty of putting into practice the reforms that they see must come. 'We must cross the seas.' 'How do you get over?' 'Oh, just cross.' So with the proposed changes in the working conditions of the steel industry — the reformers overlook the practical difficulties which the immense size of the business alone interposes. It is one thing for a small steel-maker to adopt the short turn, but quite another for the Steel Corpo-

ration. To ask a commanding general to re-form an army of 250,000 men, after it has been brought into action and is under fire of the enemy, would be midsummer madness, while to reform a cavalry brigade under such conditions might be entirely possible.

And so it is with the Steel Corporation. Granting that the changes must come, time must be allowed to make them, and the right time must be chosen. The day of battle is not the time. The action must be fought out on the lines laid down, and reorganization or re-formation must wait for a lull, at least. The conditions in the steel industry for the last eight years have been those of battle. To-day, however, there is a pause. The strategic moment has arrived.

The advantages of this time are manifest. In a period of slackening demand and surplus of labor, reduced production and shortage of labor are not to be feared. As wage-reductions are being made on every hand, the workers will be more amenable to reason and more willing to meet the employer half-way than at any time in many years. As the political and social unrest produced by the war has drawn public attention very urgently to the social aspects of the problem of the long turn, a move of such a momentous character by the Steel Corporation would serve, as nothing else could, to emphasize the beneficial effects of this great balance-wheel in the steel industry, and the wisdom of the course it has pursued.

Judge Gary has doubtless been influenced to postpone action heretofore by the paramount importance of emphasizing the position of his company in opposition to some of the demands of organized labor; but it would seem that this purpose has now been achieved and need no longer hold him back.

Of course, in a matter of such magnitude, Judge Gary might hesitate to act alone. He can hardly afford to risk such a great increase of pay-roll while any doubt remains as to whether or not unit-costs will increase, unless his competitors adopt the same policy. But in this matter, as someone must lead and the others follow, our experience in the past would seem to indicate Judge Gary as the natural leader. Long before the outbreak of the war, the Steel Corporation was the recognized leader of the industry in America; and the last seven years have stamped this fact upon the public mind — particularly the course of events since the Armistice. Always the leader in wage-advances, the Corporation has recently maintained prices far below those demanded by the so-called 'independent' operators, with the result that to-day, when buying power is reduced, the Steel Corporation is operating at eighty-per-cent capacity, while the business of its competitors has dropped to thirty per cent or less. At a time when public attention is directed, as never before, to the social evils resulting from seasonal and periodic unemployment, this fact alone serves to indicate the Steel Corporation as the logical, if not the only possible, leader in any important change; and the psychological moment seems now to have arrived. Conditions and events conspire to point to the road, and to the leader; the course, — no longer uncharted, in view of the experience in

Great Britain and in this country during the recent past, — the slackening demand for production, and the necessity for a lower level of prices, combined with a surplus of labor-supply, point to this time as the time of all others in the history of industry, when a monumental advance can be made.

The chance may never again be offered to the Steel Corporation to demonstrate its power to serve the nation by boldly taking this important step. The pressure of public opinion, as well as self-interest, will force its competitors into line, or pulverize them with the recoil. Judge Gary is in a position where he must seize the flying opportunity that fortune offers to him, or run the risk of being crowned with the humiliation of walking in the triumphal procession of some independent manufacturers more alert to the conditions of our time and more skilled to take advantage of them. In matters of broad general policy in the past the Steel Corporation has been both shrewd and wise; and as these lines are being written, Judge Gary has given out a statement that warrants the hope that, before they are printed, he will have taken this epoch-making step.

The Puritan knight-errant who, like Don Quixote, charged the windmill ten years ago, has ridden off the stage and into eternity. Again the stage is set for another performance. May his successor prove worthy of the audience, of the occasion, and of the part.

A JUNGLE BEACH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

A JUNGLE moon first showed me my beach. For a week I had looked at it in blazing sunlight, walked across it, even sat on it in the intervals of getting wonted to the new laboratory; yet I had not perceived it. Colonel Roosevelt once said to me that he would rather perceive things from the point of view of a field-mouse, than be a human being and merely see them. And in my case it was when I could no longer see the beach that I began to discern its significance.

This British Guiana beach, just in front of my Kartabo bungalow, was remarkably diversified, and in a few steps, or strokes of a paddle, I could pass from clean sand to mangroves and muckamucka swamp, thence to out-jutting rocks, and on to the Edge of the World, all within a distance of a hundred yards. For a time my beach walks resulted in inarticulate reaction. After months in the blindfolded canyons of New York's streets, a hemisphere of horizon, a hemisphere of sky, and a vast expanse of open water lent itself neither to calm appraisal nor to impromptu cuff-notes.

It was recalled to my mind that the miracle of sunrise occurred every morning, and was not a rather belated alternation of illumination, following the quenching of Broadway's lights. And the moon I found was as dependable as when I timed my Himalayan expeditions by her shadowings. To these phenomena I soon became reaccustomed, and could watch a bird or outwit an in-

sect in the face of a foreglow and silent burst of flame that shamed all the barges ever laid down. But cosmic happenings kept drawing my attention and paralyzing my activities for long afterward. With a double rainbow and four storms in action at once; or a wall of rain like sawn steel slowly drawing up one river while the Mazaruni remains in full sunlight; with Pegasus galloping toward the zenith at midnight and the Pleiades just clearing the Penal Settlement, I could not always keep on dissecting, or recording, or verifying the erroneousness of one of my recently formed theories.

There was Thuban, gazing steadily upon my little mahogany bungalow, as, six millenniums ago, he had shone unfalteringly down the little stone tube that led his rays into the Queen's Chamber, in the very heart of great Cheops. Just clearing a low palm was the present North Star, while, high above, Vega shone, patiently waiting to take her place half a million years hence. When beginning her nightly climb, Vega drew a thin, trembling thread of argent over the still water, just as in other years she had laid for me a slender silver strand of wire across frozen snow, and on one memorable night traced the ghost of a reflection over damp sand near the Nile—pale as the wraiths of the early Pharaohs.

Low on the eastern horizon, straight outward from my beach, was the beginning and end of the great zodiac band—

the golden Hamal of Aries and the paired stars of Pisces; and behind, over the black jungle, glowed the Southern Cross. But night after night, as I watched on the beach, the sight which moved me most was the dull speck of emerald mist, a merest smudge on the slate of the heavens, — the spiral nebula in Andromeda, — a universe in the making, of size unthinkable to human minds.

The power of my jungle beach to attract and hold attention was not only direct and sensory, — through sight and sound and scent, — but often indirect, seemingly by occult means. Time after time, on an impulse, I followed some casual line of thought and action, and found myself at last on or near the beach, on a lead that eventually would take me to the verge or into the water.

Once I did what for me was a most unusual thing. I woke in the middle of the night without apparent reason. The moonlight was pouring in a white flood through the bamboos, and the jungle was breathless and silent. Through my window I could see Jennie, our pet monkey, lying aloft, asleep on her little verandah, head cushioned on both hands, tail curled around her dangling chain, as a spider guards her web-strands for hint of disturbing vibrations. I knew that the slightest touch on that chain would awaken her, and indeed it seemed as if the very thought of it had been enough; for she opened her eyes, sent me the highest of insect-like notes and turned over, pushing her head within the shadow of her little house. I wondered if animals, too, were, like the Malays and so many savage tribes, afraid of the moonlight — the 'luna-cy' danger in those strange color-strained rays, whose power must be greater than we realize. Beyond the monkey roosted Robert, the great macaw, wide-awake, watching me with all that broadside of intensive gaze of which only a parrot is capable.

The three of us seemed to be the only living things in the world, and for a long time we — monkey, macaw, and man — listened. Then all but the man became uneasy. The monkey raised herself and listened, uncurled her tail, shifted, and listened. The macaw drew himself up, feathers close, forgot me, and listened. They, unlike me, were not merely listening — they were hearing something. Then there came, very slowly and deliberately, as if reluctant to break through the silent moonlight, a sound, low and constant, impossible to identify, but clearly audible even to my ears. For just an instant longer it held, sustained and quivering, then swiftly rose into a crashing roar — the sound of a great tree falling. I sat up and heard the whole long descent; but at the end, after the moment of silence, there was no deep boom — the sound of the mighty bole striking and rebounding from the earth itself. I wondered about this for a while; then the monkey and I went to sleep, leaving the macaw alone conscious in the moonlight, watching through the night with his great round, yellow orbs, and thinking the thoughts that macaws always think in the moonlight.

The next day the macaw and the monkey had forgotten all about the midnight sound, but I searched and found why there was no final boom. And my search ended at my beach. A bit of overhanging bank had given way and a tall tree had fallen headlong into the water, its roots sprawling helplessly in mid-air. Like rats deserting a sinking ship, a whole Noah's ark of tree-living creatures was hastening along a single cable shorewards: tree-crickets; ants laden with eggs and larvæ; mantids gesticulating as they walked, like old men who mumble to themselves; woodroaches, some green and leaf-like, others facsimiles of trilobites — all fleet of foot and with one goal.

But the first few days were only the overture of changes in this shift of conditions. Tropic vegetation is so tenacious of life that it struggles and adapts itself with all the cunning of a Japanese wrestler. We cut saplings and thrust them into mud or the crevices of rocks at low tide far from shore, to mark our channel, and before long we have buoys of foliage banners waving from the bare poles above water. We erect a tall bamboo flagpole on the bank, and before long our flag is almost hidden by the sprouting leaves, and the pulley so blocked that we have occasionally to lower and lop it.

So the fallen tree, still gripping the nutritious bank with a moiety of roots, turned slowly in its fibrous stiffness and directed its life and sap and hopes upward. During the succeeding weeks, I watched trunk and branches swell and bud out new trunks, new branches, guided, controlled, by gravity, light, and warmth; and just beyond the reach of the tides, leaves sprouted, flowers opened, and fruit ripened. Weeks after the last slow invertebrate plodder had made his escape shorewards, the taut liana strand was again crowded with a mass of passing life — a maze of vines and creepers, whose tendrils and suckers reached and curled and pressed onward, fighting for gangway to shore, through days and weeks, as the animal life which preceded them had made the most of seconds and minutes.

The half-circle of exposed raw bank became in its turn the centre of a myriad activities. Great green kingfishers began at once to burrow; tiny emerald ones chose softer places up among the wreckage of wrenched roots; wasps came and chopped out bits for the walls and partitions of their cells; spiders hung their cobwebs between ratlines of rootlets; and hummingbirds promptly followed and plucked them from their silken nets, and then took the nets to

bind their own tiny air-castles. Finally, other interests intervened, and like Jennie and Robert, I gradually forgot the tree that fell without an echo.

II

In the jungle no action or organism is separate, or quite apart, and this thing which came to the three of us suddenly at midnight led by devious means to another magic phase of the shore.

A little to the south along my beach is the Edge of the World. At least, it looks very much as I have always imagined that place must look, and I have never been beyond it; so that, after listening to many arguments in courts of law, and hearing the reasoning of Bolsheviks, teetotalers, and pacifists, I feel that I am quite reasonable as human beings go. And best of all, it hurts no one, and annoys only a few of my scientific friends, who feel that one cannot indulge in such ideas at the wonderful hour of twilight, and yet at eight o'clock the following morning describe with impeccable accuracy the bronchial semirings, and the intricate mosaic of cartilage which characterizes and supports the *membranis tympaniformis* of *Attila thamnophiloides*; a dogma which halves life and its interests.

The Edge of the World has always meant a place where usual things are different; and my southern stretch of beach was that, because of roots. Whenever in digging I have come across a root and seen its living flesh, perhaps pink or rose or pale green, so far underground, I have desired to know roots better; and now I found my opportunity. I walked along the proper trail, through right and usual trees, with reasonable foliage and normal trunks, and suddenly I stepped down over the Edge. Overhead and all around there was still the foliage. It shut out the sun except for greenish, moderated spots and

beams. The branches dipped low in front over the water, shutting out the sky except along the tops of the cross-river jungle. Thus a great green-roofed chamber was formed; and here between jungle and the water-level of the world was the Kingdom of the Roots.

Great trees had in their youth fallen far forward, undermined by the water, then slowly taken a new reach upward and stretched forth great feet and hands of roots, palms pressing against the mud, curved backs and thews of shoulders braced against one another and the drag of the tides. Little by little the old prostrate trunks were entirely obliterated by this fantastic network. There were no fine fibres or rootlets here; only great beams and buttresses, bridges and up-ended spirals, grown together or spreading wide apart. Root merged with trunk, and great boles became roots and then boles again in this unreasonable land. For here, in place of damp, black mould and soil, water alternated with dark-shadowed air; and so I was able for a time to live the life of a root, resting quietly among them, watching and feeling them, and moving very slowly, with no thought of time, as roots must.

I liked to wait until the last ripple had lapped against the sand beneath, and then slip quietly in from the margin of the jungle and perch — like a great tree-frog — on some convenient shelf. Seumas and Brigid would have enjoyed it, in spite of the fact that the Leprechauns seemed to have just gone. I found myself usually in a little room, walled with high-arched, thin sheets of living roots, some of which would form solid planks three feet wide and twelve long, and only an inch or two in thickness. These were always on edge, and might be smooth and sheer, or suddenly sprout five stubby, mittened fingers, or pairs of curved and galloping legs — and this thought gave substance to the

simile which had occurred again and again: these trees reminded me of centaurs with proud, upright man torsos, and great curved backs. In one, a root dropped down and rested on the back, as a centaur who turns might rest his hand on his withers.

When I chanced upon an easy perch, and a stray idea came to mind, I squatted or sat or sprawled, and wrote, and strange things often happened to me. Once, while writing rapidly on a small sheet of paper, I found my lines growing closer and closer together until my fingers cramped, and the consciousness of the change overlaid the thoughts that were driving hand and pen. I then realized that, without thinking, I had been following a succession of faint lines, cross-ruled on my white paper, and looking up, I saw that a leaf-filtered opening had reflected strands of a spider-web just above my head, and I had been adapting my lines to the narrow spaces, my chirography controlled by cobweb shadows.

The first unreality of the roots was their rigidity. I stepped from one slender tendon of wood to the next, expecting a bending which never occurred. They might have been turned to stone, and even little twigs resting on the bark often proved to have grown fast. And this was the more unexpected because of the grace of curve and line, fold upon fold, with no sharp angles, but as full of charm of contour as their grays and olives were harmonious in color. Photographs showed a little of this; sketches revealed more; but the great splendid things themselves, devoid of similes and human imagination, were soul-satisfying in their simplicity.

I seldom sat in one spot more than a few minutes, but climbed and shifted, tried new seats, couches, perches, grips, sprawling out along the tops of two parallel monsters, or slipping under their bellies, always finding some easy way

to swing up again. Two openings just permitted me to squeeze through, and I wondered whether, in another year, or ten, or fifty, the holes would have grown smaller. I became imbued with the quiet joy of these roots, so that I hated to touch the ground. Once I stepped down on the beach after something I had dropped, and the soft yielding of the sand was so unpleasant that I did not afterwards leave this strange mid-zone until I had to return. Unlike Antæus, I seemed to gain strength and poise by dissassociation with the earth.

Here and there were pockets in the folds of the sweeping draperies, and each pocket was worth picking. When one tried to paint the roots, these pockets seemed made expressly to take the place of palette cups, except that now and then a crab resented the infusion of Hooker's green with his Vandyke brown puddle, and seized the end of the brush. The crabs were worthy tenants of such strange architecture, with comical eyes twiddling on the end of their stalks, and their white-mittened fists feinting and threatening as I looked into their little dark rain- or tide-pools.

I found three pockets on one wall, which seemed as if they must have been 'salted' for my benefit; and in them, as elsewhere on my beach, the two extremes of life met. The topmost one, curiously enough, contained a small crab, together with a large water-beetle at the farther end. Both seemed rather self-conscious, and there was no hint of fraternizing. The beetle seemed to be merely existing until darkness, when he could fly to more water and better company; and the crab appeared to be waiting for the beetle to go.

The next pocket was a long, narrow, horizontal fold, and I hoped to find real excitement among its aquatic folk; but to my surprise it had no bottom, but was a deep chute or socket, opening far below to the sand. However, this was

not my discovery, and I saw dimly a weird little head looking up at me — a gecko lizard, which called this crevice home and the crabs neighbors. I hailed him as the only other backboned friend who shared the root-world with me, and then listened to a high, sweet tone, which came forth in swinging rhythm. It took some time for my eyes to become accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then I saw what the gecko saw — a big yellow-bodied fly humming in this cavern, and swinging in a small orbit as she sang. Now and then she dashed out past me and hovered in mid-air, when her note sank to a low, dull hum. Back again, and the sound rose and fell, and gained ten times in volume from the echo or reverberations. Each time she passed, the little lizard licked his chops and swallowed — a sort of vicarious expression of faith or desire; or was he in a Christian Science frame of mind, saying, 'My, how good that fly tasted!' each time the dipteron passed? The fly was just as inexplicable, braving danger and darkness time after time, to leave the sunshine and vibrate in the dusk to the enormously magnified song of its wings.

With eyes that had forgotten the outside light, I leaned close to the opening and rested my forehead against the lichens of the wall of wood. The fly was frightened away, the gecko slipped lower, seemingly without effort, and in a hollowed side of the cavernous root I saw a mist, a quivering, so tenuous and indistinct that at first it might have been the dancing of motes. I saw that they were living creatures — the most delicate of tiny crane-flies — at rest, looking like long-legged mosquitoes. Deep within this root, farther from the light than even the singing fly had ventured, these tiny beings whirled madly in mid-air — subterranean dervishes, using up energy for their own inexplicable ends, of which one very interested

naturalist could make nothing. This sight in itself was worthy of note and memory. It was a thing that would have served as text for a wonderful hour's discussion with Roosevelt.

Three weeks afterward I happened, to pass at high tide in the canoe and peered into this pocket. The gecko was where geckos go in the space of three weeks, and the fly also had vanished, either within or without the gecko. But the crane-flies were still there: to my roughly appraising eyes the same flies, doing the same dance in exactly the same place. Three weeks later, and again I returned, this time intentionally, to see whether the dance still continued; and it was in full swing. That same night at midnight I climbed down, flashed a light upon them, and there they whirled and vibrated, silently, incredibly rapid, unceasingly.

After a thousand hours all the surroundings had changed. New leaves had sprouted, flowers faded and turned to fruit, the moon had twice attained her full brightness, our earth and sun and the whole solar system had swept headlong a full two-score million miles on the endless swing toward Vega. Only the roots and the crane-flies remained. A thousand hours had apparently made no difference to them. The roots might have been the granite near by, fashioned by primeval earth-flame, and the flies but vibrating atoms within the granite, made visible by some alchemy of elements in this weird Rim of the World.

And so a new memory is mine; and when one of these insects comes to my lamp in whatever part of the world, fluttering weakly, legs breaking off at the slightest touch, I shall cease to worry about the scientific problems that loom too great for my brain, or about the imperfection of whatever I am doing, and shall welcome the crane-fly and strive to free him from this fatal passion for flame, directing him again

into the night; for he may be looking for a dark pocket in a root, a pocket on the Edge of the World, where crane-flies may vibrate with their fellows in an eternal dance. And so, in some ordained way, he will fulfil his destiny and I acquire merit.

III

To write of sunrises and moonlight is to commit literary suicide; but as that terminates life, so may I end this. And I chose the morning and the midnight of the sixth of August, for reasons both greater and less than cosmic. Early that morning, looking out from the beach over the Mazacuni, as we called the union of the two great rivers, there was wind, yet no wind, as the sun prepared to lift above the horizon. The great soft-walled jungle was clear and distant. Every reed at the landing had its unbroken counterpart in the still surface. But at the apex of the waters, the smoke of all the battles in the world had gathered, and upon this the sun slowly concentrated his powers, until he tore apart the cloak of mist, turning the dark surface, first to oxidized, and then to shining quicksilver. Instantaneously the same shaft of light touched the tips of the highest trees, and as if in response to a poised bâton, there broke forth that wonder of the world—the zoroastrian chorus of tens of thousands of jungle creatures.

Over the quicksilver surface little individual breezes wandered here and there. I could clearly see the beginning and the end of them, and one that drifted ashore and passed me felt like the lightest touch of a breath. One saw only the ripple on the water; one thought of invisible wings and trailing unseen robes.

With the increasing warmth the water-mist rose slowly, like a last quiet breath of night; and as it ascended, —

the edges changing from silvery gray to grayish white, — it gathered close its shredded margins, grew smaller as it rose higher, and finally became a cloud. I watched it and wondered about its fate. Before the day was past, it might darken in its might, hurl forth thunders and jagged light, and lose its very substance in down-poured liquid. Or, after drifting idly high in air, the still-born cloud might garb itself in rich purple and gold for the pageant of the west, and again descend to brood over the coming marvel of another sunrise.

The tallest of bamboos lean over our low, lazy spread of bungalow; and late this very night, in the full moonlight, I leave my cot and walk down to the beach over a shadow carpet of Japanese filigree. The air over the white sand is as quiet and feelingless to my skin as complete, comfortable clothing. On one side is the dark river; on the other, the darker jungle full of gentle rustlings, low, velvety breaths of sound; and I slip into the water and swim out, out, out. Then I turn over and float along with the almost tangible moonlight flooding down on face and water. Suddenly the whole air is broken by the chorus of big red baboons, which rolls and tumbles toward me in masses of sound along the surface and goes trembling, echoing on over shore and jungle, till hurled back by the answering chorus of another clan. It stirs one to the marrow, for there is far more in it than the mere roaring of monkeys; and I turn uneasily, and slowly surge back toward the sand, overhand now, making companionable splashes.

And then again I stop, treading water softly, with face alone between river and sky; for the monkeys have ceased, and very faint and low, but blended in wonderful minor harmony, comes an-

other chorus — from three miles down the river: the convicts singing hymns in their cells at midnight. And I ground gently and sit in the silvered shadows with little bewildered shrimps flicking against me, and unlanguageed thoughts come and go — impossible similes, too poignant phrases to be stopped and fettered with words, and I am neither scientist nor man nor naked organism, but just mind. With the coming of silence I look around and again consciously take in the scene. I am very glad to be alive, and to know that the possible dangers of jungle and water have not kept me armed and indoors. I feel, somehow, as if my very daring and gentle slipping-off of all signs of dominance and protection on entering into this realm had made friends of all the rare but possible serpents and scorpions, sting-rays and perai, vampires and electric eels. For a while I know the happiness of Mowgli.

And I think of people who would live more joyful lives in dense communities, who would be more tolerant, and more certain of straightforward friendship, if they could have as a background a fundamental hour of living such as this, a leaven for the rest of what, in comparison, seems mere existence.

At last I go back between the bamboos and their shadows, from unreal reality into a definiteness of cot and pajamas and electric torch. But wild nature still keeps touch with me; for as I write these lines, curled up on the edge of the cot, two vampires hawk back and forth so close that the wind from their wings dries my ink. And the soundness of my sleep is such that time does not exist between their last crepuscular squeak and the first blatant shout of a kiskadee in full sunshine, from a palm overhanging my beach.

THE UNWORTHY COOPERS

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

PERHAPS the one thing which, more than any other, branded Annie Cooper as belonging to the unworthy poor was that impish, short laugh, which so strongly suggested a freckle-faced, unruly boy. It was not so much that she would heed none of the sound advice the good Kansans heaped upon her, but that she would go into nervous fits of laughter about it at the very moment when she was expected to be solemn and ashamed. People like to be charitable,—there is solid pleasure in helping others,—but it is irritating when the object of one's charity is plainly amused.

Annie and Jake, with their children, — Daisy, a big-eyed little thing of six, Jimmie, a fat, bumptious boy of two, and a wizened baby of eight or nine months, — were supported by the town, by the county, by the inter-church committee, and by various warm-hearted individuals. All Fallon agreed that they were hopelessly unworthy.

Annie's strength lay in her non-resistance. She would simply throw herself, figuratively, on the community's doorstep, and when sympathetic souls came to her rescue, she would laugh about it, as if to say, 'I knew you'd come.' If some housewife gave her washing to do, she would demand twice as much soap and starch as could possibly be needed, and then openly complain that the money was n't half enough. Annie, to be liked, should have given the good people a dollar's worth of satisfaction

for each dime of charity; instead, she made them uncomfortable.

When Fallon felt that it had reached its limit, and the inter-church committee, Janet Graham, and the Reverend Whitaker had all come to the end of their combined patience and resources, they induced the County Commissioners to allot Annie eight dollars a week for food. This stipend, with much grumbling, and, later, with a sweeping gesture of liberality, they paid into the hands of Miss Elizabeth Nelson. To Miss Elizabeth, whose forties were beginning to hang a little heavily about her slender, close-drawn shoulders, Christianity meant a rare degree of selflessness. She spent the money meticulously, getting fully three times as much out of it as the careless Annie could have bought for herself. No mother ever regulated the diet of her most cherished children with more care and thought. She studied the subject in books, and consulted the home-economics teacher in the high school, with a resulting schedule of balanced rations that was impeccable. Moreover, it was tasty. The only trouble with it was that Annie and Jake did n't like it. Therefore, Annie let Miss Elizabeth's compound get rancid, while she cheerfully spent Janet Graham's wash-money for lard of the best and purest brand. Likewise, Nutola, which frequently graced Miss Elizabeth's own table, grew stale while Annie bought butter at sixty cents a pound. Fortune-wrecking eggs and pre-

cious flour, which should have gone into wholesome bread, were sketchily beaten up into indigestible pancakes and flap-jacks.

In vain did Miss Elizabeth expostulate. Annie always agreeably promised to reform, only to break her word without a qualm. In vain did Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Graham explain that it was no more than fair that Annie should take her wash-money to purchase some of the essentials for a home in which the whole equipment consisted of two beds, a stove, table, and rocker. Why not get, for instance, a bureau at the second-hand store, since she had n't a drawer in the house? Or some much-needed dishes, a couple of chairs, or even a mirror? The answer was very simple, and Miss Elizabeth understood it only too well. 'Never buy,' had become Annie's motto, 'what may possibly be given to you.'

'And Annie is right,' said Robert Graham.

It would not have been so bad if he had said this to Janet when they were alone; but he actually said it before Annie herself. He and Janet, the children tucked away safely in bed, were at dinner. It was one of the hours they most enjoyed. They liked to compare notes after the full days spent by Janet in her bank and her well-run home, and by Robert with his large farms and with his writing. The writing he took very seriously, the farming lightly. His favorite joke was to the effect that there were three kinds of farmers — tired, retired, and rubber-tired. With a genial smile, he would readily admit that he himself belonged in the third class.

As they lingered over coffee, and Robert smoked his cigar, the conversation ranged wide and free. It often came to Janet with a little thrill that, although they had been married five years and had two children, she would rather talk with him than anyone she

knew. There was a quality to Robert's mind that made him, as a conversationalist, irresistible.

He had never ceased to be amused by the harmless foibles of the small town in which he lived. Though on cordial terms with his neighbors, he was always a little aloof, never quite of them.

To-night, hearing Annie's voice in the kitchen, Robert exclaimed, 'Have her in, Janet. That woman is a joy. She is wholly genuine; so close to life, so elemental, with such unconscious humor. She is too good to be true.'

Janet failed to rise to his enthusiasm. 'She is n't a joy to me,' she returned, wearily. 'And if Annie wants to keep her children, she would better not be so high-handed. If Elizabeth Nelson were n't a saint and had n't stood by me this morning, and the Reverend Whitaker, too, I'd have had a rough time of it before the Commissioners. They want to send Jake again to the county farm, the children to a state institution, and then let Annie take care of herself.'

Robert chuckled. 'Don't worry,' he advised. 'They'll never do it. Fallon would n't stand for it. What! Take children from a hard-working woman? Never! And Annie knows it.'

'But she is n't hard-working. That's just the point. She does n't work and she does n't want to. Why should she? She has found that everything comes to her without it. They're such an unworthy lot. What did she do yesterday? Bought four cans of Prince Albert for Jake, and chicken at the top price. That's what she's here for now. It has caused a riot.'

'Go on, have her in,' urged Robert. And without waiting for Janet's consent, he called, 'Annie! O Annie; come here.'

Annie shambled in. She liked Robert. He understood her, she felt. Mrs.

Graham was all right, but she was always lecturing her, like Miss Elizabeth.

'So you've got 'em all mad at you again, have you, Annie?' jibed Robert.

Annie displayed the gaps where teeth properly belonged. She had probably six sound ones in her head. Her eyes were a dull gray, and puzzled one with their lack of expression, except when she laughed. Then they would squint, seeming to darken. Her skin was like sandpaper, and of the same dull color as her hair, on which the dust seemed to rest in little grains. She was as thin as a rail, and yet it was said that she could eat half a ham at a sitting. She was goblin-like, tiny—a veritable gnome of a woman. Whatever she wore refused to fit, seeming to lay snugly on her round back and hang downward in front of her, because of that everlasting stoop. She usually wore a red woolen cap, round, and, like Annie's own nose, journeying to a distant peak. And Annie was always dirty. It seemed that she had been born dirty. Now, as she stood grinning sheepishly, but unrepentantly, up at Robert, she reminded Janet of a little street gamin.

'Well, you're right, Annie,' encouraged Robert. 'Absolutely. You have the right technique. Instead of letting the givers of charity kick you, you kick the givers. And incidentally, that is the way to get a great deal more out of them. You make them mad, you drive them to threats of all sorts; but they always come back with a full basket. If you don't like Nutola, rest assured you will get butter. They won't dare refuse. You have the whole town buncoed.'

'Aw, it ain't that, Mr. Graham,' she laughed. 'That grease just don't set right on my stomach. It makes me deathly sick, it does, Mr. Graham. And just because I'm poor is no reason why I should be made sick, is it, Mr. Graham?'

As she looked at him for an answer,

she laughed again—that pigwidgeon laugh.

'Of course it is n't. Tell me the truth, Annie. How much do you get a week, all told?'

'I never figured it up,' she sniggered. 'Let's figure it up right now.'

'Well, Miss Elizabeth always sends over the eight dollars' worth she spends for the county. And Mrs. Graham pays my rent, and has the milkman leave two quarts of milk every morning. The lumber yard gives me all the wood I can use, and the McMahons let me have ice when I want it, and the Colburns give me a ton of coal whenever I say I need it, and that stingy Gregory lets me go into his mill and fill my sack with fifty pounds of flour whenever it's empty, and the doctor comes now whenever I send for him, and the city gives me my lights and water, and —'

'Stop, Annie. That's plenty. You could get away with murder. It's unbelievable.'

'I've always been used to plenty. I can't stint myself, even if I am poor.'

'Lovely!' exclaimed Robert, crowing with her.

'They don't have to give if they don't want to.'

'That's why they will always give you just as much as you wish. It's characteristic of the human animal, my dear Annie, that it'll give far more to those who neither need nor deserve help than to those who do. Instinctively the world hates the thrifty poor and the thrifty rich.'

Janet refused to be amused. Annie knew well enough how near she had come to losing her children, and here she was the very next day making light of her whole situation, joking about it with Robert. Besides, there was something so annoying about her way of just sitting down and saying, 'I need this and this and this, and if you don't want to give it to me, you can just keep

it.' Like last Sunday, for instance, when Daisy had arrived with a note, which read,—

'Deer Mrs. Gram Dasey needs a bath she got her underclose with her butt she needs a noo pare of stockins Annie p s she cant wash herself.'

And as Janet ruefully tubbed the little mudlark and dressed her, putting on a pair of stockings, she wondered why on earth she did it.

'Why did n't your mother wash you?' she asked.

'Cause I like this pretty white tub better,' was the succinct answer. 'My mamma says I can come over here every Sunday and let you bath me.'

'A true Cooper,' Janet reflected.

For two years Jake had insisted that he was not able to work; but the county doctor had told him sternly that there was nothing wrong—not a thing but ingrown laziness. The Commissioners had said it, and the ladies of the inter-church committee had said it, too.

'I think I can give Jake a job,' Janet had suggested.

'Well, maybe you could give it to him,' Annie had smirked in that provoking way of hers, 'but that ain't saying he can do it, because he can't. There ain't no two ways about that, and I know it. He always worked hard when he could. There was all them years when you was gone from Fallon, and then later, when we lived away from here. He was always a good provider, Jake was, and now that he can't work, I don't blame him none.'

Recalling various stages in their adventurous hand-to-mouth life, Janet found it hard to conjure the vision of a providing Jake. But Annie was now fully launched. There had been the time when he had been on the bridge-gang, and had been getting good pay,—she could have anything she wanted then,—and by spells he had mined and had made good money.

It was too aggravating to industrious folk to see an apparently able-bodied man doing nothing. Annie was urged to leave him. It would be simply too much, thought Fallon, if there should be another little Cooper. The town discussed it openly. Decidedly, it was Jake who particularly exasperated them—Jake and his talk of being sick, when anyone could see with half an eye that it was only an excuse to get himself supported. But at last his frequent announcement that he was not long for this earth impressed Miss Elizabeth. She spoke to one of the doctors, asking if he would examine him.

'Examine that good-for-nothing lazy-bones!' he fairly blazed. 'What he needs is a good dose of hard work.'

Miss Elizabeth's bump of moral obligation was too pronounced, however, to let the matter rest. She took the problem to the Reverend Whitaker. His care being for the bodies as well as the souls of his flock, he did not stop until he had found a doctor kind-hearted enough to give Jake a thorough going-over.

'He has n't long to live,' was the doctor's verdict. 'A sort of creeping paralysis. What he needs is perfect rest and a careful diet.'

The Commissioners snorted. Ever since they had been dealing with Jake Cooper, he had been like this. He had managed to take in the doctor. Anybody could see for himself.

Yet there he sat, leaning back in the old rocker, black, malevolent eyes looking out of an ashen, gaunt, shaggily whiskered face. He was about to die, and no one would believe him. No one but Annie. How he hated them with their superior chatter, scolding her when she brought a dying man a little tobacco. And at last he took to his bed. For a while he could keep the baby occupied, with her playthings beside him, while Annie went on sly foraging

expeditions; but soon he was sickeningly ill. Annie did her slovenly best, and during several months they lived with a grewsome cheerfulness, until Fallon, its self-respect once more lashed to the limit, moved Jake to its little hospital, with the promise that he should stay there until he died.

II

One morning in the following week, the Grahams' telephone jangled. Into Janet's ear came placidly the hospital nurse's voice: 'Mrs. Graham, will you tell Annie Cooper that Jake's dead?'

'When did he go?'

'Between one and two this morning. I thought late last evening there was a change and suggested we send for Annie; but the doctor said it was such a bad night, we'd better not call her out.'

'We'll come right around.'

'Well, you see, we've already sent the body to Shane's.'

'All right, then. I'll let her know.'

When Annie arrived, she was crying. 'Daisy come home from school and told me her papa was dead,' she mourned.

Janet put her arms around her comfortingly. He had been a poor reed to lean upon, always, and at the end an unconscionable burden; but after all, she reflected, they had shared each other's ups and downs; together they had made their forays, put over their little tricks on Fallon. For years they had been as open to each other as two books. Undoubtedly he had been the one person with whom Annie had been able to be utterly herself, whose shiftless slant of mind and gypsy point of view had been her own; the one human being who had been irrevocably ranged on her side against the whole hostile world. In short, as Annie would have put it, he had been her man. Now there would be no one with whom she could

talk — unless it was Robert, who took such delight in her unworthiness and, Janet admitted, aided and abetted her in it.

In the present crisis, Annie, the eternally inept, was waiting for Providence, in the form of the world-at-large, to rise to the emergency. Janet took charge capably. Two telephone calls, and the chief details were arranged. Annie's pastor was, as always, to be depended upon. Yes, he said in low sympathetic tones, he would conduct the services. Mrs. Graham was to tell Annie she should have anything she wished. He would look after the pall-bearers, and the music, too — was there any special hymn? Would they have the funeral in the church?

Through Janet's mind flashed the thought that a pitiful sense of loneliness must arise if the few who would attend were sprinkled in the commodious building. Annie's empty, uncurtained front room was equally out of the question. The undertaking parlor was clearly the only place.

Her tears now quite dry, Annie agreed serenely, and as Janet hung up the receiver, she remarked carelessly, —

'Of course, if my parlor set'd have come, it would've been nice to have it at home.'

'Your what?'

'My parlor set. I'm a-getting it from a mail-order house. Sixty-five dollars. I've paid down three.'

Janet smothered the words on her lips, since clearly this was no time for rebuke. Later, she and Mr. Shane, the undertaker, held practical conversation, while Annie pressed Jake's suit. And for the time being, Janet dismissed from her mind the whole Cooper family.

Not until late in the afternoon did she realize with a start that she had forgotten quite the most important detail of all. The grave! How perfectly terrible if she had not happened to

remember. And for a moment she was harrowed by visions of the Cooper funeral cortège arriving at the cemetery, only to find no place to deposit poor Jake. Just why, she wondered irritably, had this particular funeral become her funeral, anyway? She would, she decided, get Miss Elizabeth, and they would attend to this matter together. For of course it must be attended to, and at once. If a dead man is to be buried, he must, forsooth, have a grave in which to lie.

She hunted out a black hat and mourning veil, and thus armed, went to collect Annie and her brood. She found her messy and cheerful, trying to give the pastor some sort of data as to Jake's life, but unable to tell where he was born or what was his mother's name.

Perhaps it was Annie's own suddenly renewed faith in family ties that took Janet to Jake's sister, to whom it had been so useless to apply during the dead man's life.

Mrs. Litchfield was a handsome, matronly woman, with white hands that contrasted oddly with Annie's dirty, chapped ones.

'Sit down, Annie,' she said, kindly. 'Sit down, Mrs. Graham. I've been so wrought up all day. I don't want Jake buried in a charity grave. I'd rather pay for it myself.' There was a break in her voice. Memories were crowding. 'I'd like to have done for him,' she hurried on. 'But you know how it is, Mrs. Graham. You know yourself. There'd have been no end to it. No end at all. And my husband was n't willing. You can't have trouble in your own home.'

'No, you can't,' agreed Janet simply; for there was something in the woman's face that was convincing.

Together, they went to the cemetery. Under Annie's black veil, her little face and squinting eyes had their goblin look. In the wind-tossed, twilit rain,

she seemed more than ever like a troll creature, who lived in a cave or a mound. They hunted up a sexton and selected the spot — one lying near charming woods, on a smooth grassy slope. Mrs. Litchfield reëntered the car and gathered Annie's baby to her.

'Mrs. Graham,' she murmured in her warm, throaty voice, her expanding heart pouring forth gifts, 'would n't my grand-baby's things just fit her? We've got lots of little clothes she could wear, Annie.'

At the undertaking establishment, Mr. Shane met them half-way down the aisle of kitchen cabinets and baby buggies. He led them upstairs, between the lounges and davenports, mattresses and stiff rockers, to a door. Opened, it revealed a tiny room, with bright linoleum on the floor. He turned on the electric light directly above Jake. The little group huddled awkwardly in the door, looking down at the head, which now seemed almost majestic.

Presently, moved by real interest, Janet stepped into the room. Annie followed, and gazing at the face that had domineered over her so long, burst into quiet weeping. Janet herself was surprised at its still strength. For the first time, the malevolent eyes, so full of bitter contempt and rebellion, were veiled.

'Come, Annie,' said Mrs. Litchfield, 'don't take on. We'd better go.'

The selection of the casket, which the county was to supply, was plainly on her mind. Evidently the same stigma did not apply to this as to a grave at Fallon's expense.

Shane snapped off the light and shut the door, leading the way to a larger white room where footfalls were deadened by a soft gray rug. The mirrored panels let down, and behind each was a coffin. He solemnly displayed a gray and a black.

'Which do you want, Annie?' asked

Mrs. Litchfield, solicitously; 'you're the one to be suited. I like the gray one. Which do you like, Mrs. Graham?'

Annie's eye was drawn to the filmy interiors. 'It's hard to choose,' she murmured. 'They're both awful pretty.'

'To my mind,' announced the undertaker, 'the gray one's the best.'

'She's the one to be suited,' reiterated Mrs. Litchfield.

'I'll take the gray,' decided Annie, her eyes bright with pleasure in the color and pretty fluffiness. She sighed. For once she could enjoy luxury without remonstrances.

Janet had not been at home an hour when telephone messages from Fallon's leading citizens began to pour in, offering their cars. Even Gordon Hamilton put his beautiful Cadillac sedan at Annie's service. Mrs. Litchfield called to ask Annie's shoe number. Did n't Mrs. Graham think her shoes were awfully shabby? And could she use a nice brown coat? Miss Elizabeth telephoned to say that she was sending butter and a chicken — she knew how much Annie liked them. Janet wondered what Miss Elizabeth, dear, kind Miss Elizabeth, would say if she were to tell her that Annie, instead of offering to pay three dollars a month on the fifty dollars that the county was expending for Jake's casket, was buying a five-piece parlor set.

It took Janet an hour to get Annie and Daisy dressed. Her own best black suit was pressed into service. She spent fifteen minutes draping the new mourning veil over the neat borrowed hat, and she superintended personally the washing of Annie's face and neck. Gloves hid the uncleansable hands. Mrs. Litchfield had purchased the shoes, and for once Annie's heels were not run over. She looked nice, reflected Janet. Many a woman might well have envied her that slim, hipless figure.

The impossible achieved, Janet sud-

denly felt enormously proud of her. Annie, the grotesque, actually looked like a thoroughly respectable human being. True, there was still that stoop to her shoulders, that elfish point to her nose; but the smart lines of the suit were not to be completely thwarted, even by Annie. She was clean and she was trim.

As they went up the stairs, Janet could see the Reverend Whitaker, in from a long drive, brushing his coat in the back of the store. Annie went straight, with impressive baldness, to the gray casket. She began to cry quietly as she took her seat.

Members of the inter-church committee, Miss Elizabeth, and the Gramms had all sent flowers, so the casket was laden with wreaths and sprays. Carnations in Janet's own baskets nodded on the window-sills, and a great vase of white chrysanthemums flowered beautifully on a stand. The twenty-odd chairs were all occupied, filling the little room. The atmosphere left nothing to be desired in the way of correctness, as the Reverend Whitaker took his place. The music was perfect, and his talk was excellent. As the last hymn was being sung, Janet reflected, with her usual quiet satisfaction in anything well done, that it really had been a faultless funeral.

She was quite as startled as anyone when, the hymn finished, the Reverend Whitaker said quietly, 'At the request of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Graham has a few words to say to you.'

Janet's heart jumped. Now what was Robert going to do? Why had n't he told her of this? It must have been because he knew that she, hating any jarring note, would not have approved of it. Of course, she was confident that, whatever it might be, Robert would dispose of it with graciousness; but nevertheless she was gripped by a disturbing sense of uneasiness. The others were

simply curious. It was quite out of the ordinary; but they had implicit faith in the pastor, and Robert's tone was in keeping with the dignity and form of the occasion.

'Some days before Jake — Mr. Cooper — was taken to the hospital,' he began, 'I was called to the Cooper home, and a certain document was entrusted to my hands. I promised Mr. Cooper that its contents should be faithfully placed before the people assembled at his funeral. I think it might be better,' he continued quietly, 'if I were to tell you what is in the paper, rather than read the very words he used, for the language is a little involved. The meaning however is clear. Mr. Cooper has left a will.'

There was not the slightest demonstration, but Janet felt that the word 'will' had shocked them. She was beginning to show her distress by the dark crimson mantling her face. It rushed over her suddenly that Robert was capable of anything. Yes, he was. There was in him the same kobold-like quality that there was in Annie. For a fact. Oh, why did n't he sit down? What had Jake to bequeath to anyone? It was absurd. Preposterous.

'This will,' went on Robert, 'is very simple, and it was Mr. Cooper's hope that it would be carried out to the letter. He told me he was worried about his wife and children, and that he had given much thought to their welfare after his death.'

The men and women were now plainly embarrassed. Never had they heard such nonsense at a funeral; and so far it had been such a satisfactory one. What could Mr. Graham be driving at, they wondered.

'He disposed of the whole matter in a manner that left his mind at rest,' said Robert evenly — far too evenly, thought Janet, suddenly suspicious. She knew that quiet tone of her hus-

band's, that mischievous delight in pricking the equanimity of people whom he considered a shade too self-satisfied, the glee with which he upset conceptions of the fitness of things. She had loved that whimsicality of his — as much a part of his very self as the clear gray of his eyes, so kind and with such a warming laughter bubbling up through their dreamy depths. But never before had it prompted him to poor taste. If Jake really had left this extraordinary document, which she began to doubt, why had n't she heard of it from Annie? Yet the charming, mellifluous voice was certainly very convincing.

'Mr. Cooper — Jake — has willed a four-room house to Annie.'

The situation was becoming painful, with Janet not the only one who was suffering. Everyone felt ill at ease — all but Annie, who looked at Robert with a childlike trust, not knowing at what he was aiming, but feeling sure that it was all for her happiness.

'This four-room house is to be built of substantial material. The labor of erecting it is to be supplied by a committee of the labor-unions of Fallon. The material may be paid for, however. Jake asks that the house cost at least twelve hundred dollars. The three banks, he writes in his will, shall give one hundred dollars each. The four grocers shall each give twenty-five dollars. The other business men around the Square are to stand their share.'

There was no nodding or shaking of heads. There was no wagging of jaws in protest or approval. There was only an immovability among his listeners, as if they were in a deep, breathless slumber.

'As spokesman for one of the banks,' said Robert, with a slight nod toward Janet, 'let me say that the first hundred dollars are at the disposal of the building committee. The will goes on further to say that in the rear of the four-

room affair is to be a little hog- and chicken-house. The hog and chickens are to be supplied by a committee of the Farmers' Coöperative Association. This committee is also to provide at least two hundred bushels of corn and other suitable feed. As for furnishing the house, there will be no need for a parlor set as Annie has already secured one that will please the most fastidious. However, there will be need for all sorts of things — chairs, tables, bedding, rugs, linoleum, cupboards, table-linen, cooking utensils, and the like. These are to be contributed by the people. Each is to do his or her best. He states definitely that the things are not to be too old, nor are they to require any expenditure in the way of repairs.'

Annie was bobbing her head quickly, as if in indorsement.

'Jake hopes that no one will try to break his will,' continued Robert, with the same disarming matter-of-factness. 'He told me he could imagine no greater sin than to fail to carry out the will of a dead man. He provides further that the county is to levy no taxes on this home, nor is the city to charge for the lights or the water. There are further articles — clothes, curtains, pictures, and a reasonable amount of money to purchase necessities. He states very specifically that the county is to improve on its eight dollars a week. This, says the will, is quite insufficient. The inter-church committee is to have this matter in hand. Furthermore, Jake wills that, in view of the fact that the doctors would not help him as they should, they shall chip in to meet the cost of a simple, dignified stone on his grave. He says that the cashier of any one of the banks can be given the duty of attending to this provision. I have already had the legality of this document passed upon. Judge Murdock, a jurist for whom I have the profoundest respect, — a man who, as you all know,

is thoroughly versed in the law, — says there is no questioning the fact that Jake had both a moral and a legal right to draw this up.'

Handing the will to the pastor, Robert added quietly, 'I know Jake's heart was in this matter, and I, for one, shall do my part in carrying out his wishes. I hope the community will respond with the same simplicity with which he showed his faith in us.'

There was no discussion, of course. A wave of the undertaker's hand invited the people to view the body and pass out. But once the solemnity of the funeral itself had been passed over, and the people could talk as they pleased, Jake's demands were pronounced outrageous. It was sheer impudence. Jake — a beggar, a taker of favors for many years — Jake to leave such a will. Bosh! The thing was not worth talking about.

Annie merely laughed and said, 'Let anybody dare stand out against a dead man's will. They'll do as Jake said. You'll see.'

'Don't you think,' Janet asked her husband dryly, 'it was rather strange that Jake, the short-sighted, should suddenly have become so far-seeing at the very end?'

To which thrust Robert replied with unruffled tranquillity, 'If you mean to imply, my dear, that I suggested the idea of the will, you are quite right. But I can assure you that Jake accepted it wholeheartedly. He dictated it all.'

III

When the First State Bank of Fallon, of which Janet was vice-president, entered a hundred dollars to the credit of the Jacob Cooper Building Fund, the others grumbled, but paid their share. Each wanted equal justification for a place in the orchestra of patronizing complaint. The money was raised

in less than ten days, and then the committee called the labor-unions together for a decision. The members argued that it was n't the right season. There was so much building going on. Better wait until things got a little duller. They said all that; but when the material had been dumped on a lot presented by Gordon Hamilton, Fallon's foremost business man, the workers appeared and put up the house.

On a certain Saturday afternoon, two months after Jake's funeral, a considerable portion of Fallon's population seemed headed toward the Coopers'. In one farmer's wagon were a sow and nine squealing pigs. Annie looked them over as they were pushed into the pen, and remarked that it was a shame they did n't send some already weaned instead of these tiny creatures. As for the house, had n't the people with their own ears heard Jake's will giving her four rooms? and here she had to put up with three. It was a disgrace, that's what it was, for a town to be so stingy. As Annie was to have butter, the committee from the farmers' coöperative sent a fine little Holstein cow. Annie's look spoke her disgust. 'I hate the milk from them things. It's too thin. Why did n't you bring me a Jersey?' she demanded flatly.

When the furniture began piling in, she called attention to the fact that most of the pieces would never respond to polish. She hoped people would realize once for all that a worn-out thing was just as worn out for her as for anybody else. Folks seemed to think she

could take any useless old relic and make it serve.

The givers were properly apologetic. They were pleased when her criticisms were slight, and showed her how several matters could be remedied with a little labor and money. Annie saw to it that they left the money.

Before evening, there was a cuckoo clock on the wall, a number of pictures, —including one of Roosevelt surrounded by all the little Roosevelts, and another of Custer's Last Charge, — a plush album, and a 'Home, Sweet Home' thing of beads strung on silk framed in strips made of the sweetest little clam-shells.

Annie took it all very casually. Had n't her Jake laid down the conditions in the will? What else was there for Fallon to do? And how right she was, too; for had not Fallon taken exactly the same view, albeit with much grumbling about these exasperating, unworthy Coopers — Jake, the dead, leaving the impress of the Cooper characteristic and Annie, with her nervous laugh, seeing to it that Fallon did what was expected of it?

It was late in the evening, when the last things had been brought and everyone had gone, that Robert Graham strolled in.

'Well, Annie,' he smiled, 'you seem to have had *some* house-warming.'

'Aw, it has n't been so bad,' admitted Annie, with the inevitable grin; 'but then, it's just like I told Mrs. Graham time and again. Jake always was a good provider.'

THE HYPOTENUSE

BY FRANCIS BARDWELL

I've read so much about it, these late times, —
The living triangle and all the tangle that it makes
In human lives, — and I have thought
We had one here for many, many years,
But had no tangle in our quiet lives —
We three who lived it out — quite happily.
You see there's Luther and myself, now Abbie's gone,
Left to plod through the years of our allotted lives.
Brother and I were raised upon a lonely farm
With but one neighbor's house and that close by,
And in that house was Abbie — so you see
She was to us the only girl we knew.
Since then I've read of many women and their ways,
Helen and Dido, Troy and Carthage claimed,
Britain's Boadicea, haughty queen;
Israel's Ruth, our Bible taught of her,
And hosts of others. Yet to us, Luther and me,
In those old days Abbie was all in one;
I will not say, because 't was all we knew,
But rather that she had the virtues of the lot.
It seems so, even to this day.

My uncle Luther died and left a legacy to brother
For his name; to us it seemed a goodly sum;
And then I felt the time had come to speak.
When first the touch of spring was in the air,
And pussies showed on willows by the brook;
When clouds raked low, and often spattered rain,
And in the gullies of the north-sloped hills
The snow still lingered, Luther and I had gone
To the hill pasture burning brush. I spoke.
'Luther, it's you,' I said; 'the legacy will smooth the way
And one of us must wed, because upon the farm
All goes at random where no woman dwells.
I will stay on and help, so make the home for all.'

And Luther, screening his face with hand and arm
From the fierce heat of dry and crackling brush,
Nodded, but spoke no word.
He little knew the fight I'd had with self
To lay the matter plainly for his choice.

And so they wed, and afterward I stayed
Always to help and work, just for the common good.
Then in these after years, when age crept on
And years of toil had brought its recompense,
We all came here into the village house,
Because we owed it to the woman whom we loved
That she should have in her declining years
Companionship of others of her sex.

And when she went, we still lived on and did
The little things about the house as she had done.
The parlor's just the same, the chairs and table
Where she set them first, the mats in place;
The potted plants are watered and put out,
On the warm days, to bask and blossom in the sun.
The cat is dead — we buried it, as she'd have wished,
Under our only apple tree, and Luther got the stone
From the old farm — as Abbie would have willed.
And so we sit here on the porch on pleasant days,
Two aged men, nor heed the passers-by;
We watch the grass show green in spring,
The summer come, and autumn cast its leaves,
A wind-borne mass, upon the lawn.
And the first snow — bewildered little flakes
That fall and melt — brings the one thought to each.
My hand finds Luther's and the grasp proclaims
Our thoughts are of the place where Abbie lies.
And so, you see, we lived three lives in one,
A triangle — right-angled, as I've learned:
Abbie and Luther both alike, and I the hypotenuse.

THE WHOLE ART OF DISH-WASHING

BY JAMES SPOTTISWOODE TAYLOR

How long does it take thoroughly to understand dish-washing? I do not mean the mere mechanical manipulations, — of which more anon, — and I carefully avoid the word 'philosophy,' which has been worn threadbare. Everyone who wants to pass for profound nowadays drags it in, and we hear of the philosophy of motoring, of eating, of sleeping, of countless things, which are not done wisely, or through love of anything but self. So far from securing attention, the term excites only a mental yawn or a smile. I am addressing those who are addicted to serious reading and, inferentially, to serious thinking. To-day people who read and think are largely engaged in washing dishes, babies, and cheap automobiles.

I have sold my car, and my children are old enough to wash themselves; but for something over two years I have been assiduously washing dishes, and I am satisfied that one can't grasp the thing in any shorter space of time. For us mortals time is the great essential in every undertaking. Happy the disembodied spirits with an available infinity! However frugally minded, they can dally indefinitely with hot water and yellow soap, nor ever suffer twinges of conscience. How different our case!

They say that for those who can learn *anything* at all about it, it takes seven years to learn *something* about the violin. One is born, but cannot learn to be, a poet. A man may ride all his life, and ride well, only to break his neck in the hunting field, like Whyte-Melville. With luck the high school is left behind

in four years. Another four, and the student, untrammelled — or unassisted — by athletics, graduates at college.

The dish-washers of the country are the people who are educating their children; and as they are conversant with the language of the pedagogue, according to which French, physics, and astronomy are acquired in so many hours, — without regard to the fact that hours differ in length as well as in productiveness, — I shall employ this term.

I estimate a thorough course in dish-washing at a minimum of 1456 hours, which means two hours a day for 104 weeks, including Sundays, Christmas, and other holidays, by which the cost of education is raised and serious demoralization wrought in students. Dish-washing is not an intermittent pursuit. One of the essentials is unbroken continuity, regardless of mutations of seasons or fortunes, and of trifling incidents like birth and death.

The man or woman who takes to dish-washing at any age between eighteen and eighty has much to unlearn. A dislike for messiness is rather general, yet who is there but has almost enjoyed cleaning up after a picnic? We make it part of the fun to immerse knives and plates in the waters of lake or stream, dry them on paper napkins, and bestow them in the luncheon-basket. We sit on the ground, and are preyed upon by all manner of creeping, crawling creatures. We apply salt with our fingers, break the shell of a hard-boiled egg on our shoe-heels or hip-bones, and fish out ants, leaves, and twigs from cocoa and

tea. And always the best part of a picnic is the end of it, — the very end, — bringing you back to a proper dining-room.

But those happy mortals who, year in and year out, have sat down before spotless linen, dainty china, and assorted sizes of forks and spoons, and later have pushed back their chairs, serene and satisfied, to move in stately procession to drawing-room or verandah, know as little of the machinery of domestic life as the lounge on the deck of a liner knows of the stoke-hole. On introduction to the city slums, the society girl who has just embraced social *work* suffers no such staggering shock as awaits the domestic novice when, for the first time and the first hundred times, he enters with earnest purpose a kitchen to which have been transferred the vestiges of even a modest repast for six civilized persons in evening dress.

Montaigne, and the successors of those contemporary physicians of his, whom he so heartily despised, have taught us that it is the antechamber and not the actual presence of the grim monster that makes death so terrible. And so here. A day may come when the quick results from a clean mop and scalding water will yield a sort of satisfaction — the joy of salvage for those who can't create; but the acquisition of even a relative immunity to the miasmatic influences of a kitchen in the post-prandial state is a slow process. We know that the pre-Elizabethan world was handkerchiefless. Full eleven centuries of the Christian Era had slipped by before that Venetian Theodora set the seal of her example on the employment of forks. We should see rather than feel the seamy side of life if required to wear our clothes inside out. We can conceive with comparative equanimity of a social catastrophism wherein the demotic hatred of wealth would express itself by a freakish order

that the owners should turn the bodies of their cars upside-down, and ride on the portion where the dust of the highway collects and is retained by lubricating material slipping through from the gears.

Thoughts such as these are nothing. For real revulsion resort to the kitchen, and view the confused clutter of cups, glasses, pans, skillets, graters, colanders, in the wake of the meanest hospitality. Oh, why, when servants became the peculiar privilege of the rich, did not those prime polluters of plates, mayonnaise, gravy, white sauce, and oil, which are the emblem of gladness and plenty, pass away along with claret? Disgust is mixed with a humiliating sense of human powerlessness before such an accumulation. And anger foams round the rim of one's cup of woe.

The first semester is one of vain efforts at evasion. Superficial analysis ascribes all the blame for the changed financial order to the Kaiser and his carls. An enemy hath done this! The heavy hand of a dimly apprehended Providence would be less of a burden than a malign grasshopper. All sorts of plans are revolved. The short hours that intervene between the last call of the cupboard and the first beckoning of bed are consumed in futile computations and readjustments of the family budget. If we could get a woman for half a day — combine with someone else — have a girl, even! Not till the torch of illusory hope has been quenched is there any real progress. The first real sign thereof is a dawning complacency in the handling of garbage, a nascent pride in its proper sorting. Concern for the internal integrity of some remote but real pig proves that resignation is about to replace resentment.

Of course, no life is ever so long, no renunciation so complete, that one can come to love washing dishes; but rebellion has a period of reaction, equal and

opposite, in the measure of a spiritless dejection. The second semester is thus marked by morbid attempts to gauge the depth of one's debasement. On a salary that seems munificent to those of my friends and acquaintances whose income is less by only a dollar, I cannot afford a cook! Wife and children secretly despise me. Like a gnawing ulcer is the conviction that my wife's relatives despise me openly. I despise myself in both ways. I reflect upon what other men, real men, who have reached fifty, — that age of fruition, — are doing with the accumulated rewards of their brawn or their brains, not only to relieve their women-folk of the coarser forms of labor, but also to offer them those tributes by which the American male delights to honor the female of the species.

The gloom of this valley of humiliation is deepened by those countless wounds to one's self-love that result from attempting to help a woman in anything that she regards as her peculiar domain, however keen her present disposition to abdicate it herself. King Alfred was berated, and rightly berated, for letting the cakes burn; but the beldame would have stung him with an innuendo or two, even if the cakes had been done to a turn, just because he was a man.

Our kitchen became the scene of a good deal of wrangling. It grew in part out of my trying to introduce a few modifications based on some acquaintance with the physical properties of matter. I resented the *ex-cathedra* pronunciamento: 'These are things that you don't know about.'

My ignorance had been principally about the inviolability of kitchen routine. That ignorance is no more. I realize now that every detail of culinary administration was formulated in remote ages, and has been handed down as a code executed with a fidelity beside

which the observance of sacerdotal rites, apostolic succession, and the Salic Law seem the quintessence of wavering inconsistency. I have learned that tumblers first, then silver, and then ordinary dishes, followed, after a due interval of demarcation by pots and pans, submerge in the detergent soap-suds by a more immutable order of precedence than ever regulated Spanish grandees or Austrian duchesses defiling before a throne. Cut glass and egg-shell china always enjoy the distinction of a special audience. All this entails the formality of waiting-rooms and ante-chambers, the officiousness of court functionaries. Cups are grouped by class; saucers are segregated together as essential but inferior things; dishes are drawn up according to size, glasses by the cut of their coats or the length of the stems from which they spring. Room for these marshalings is provided in advance, with the meticulous precision that regulates the parking of artillery or the evolutions of cavalry.

I have learned that the ragged remnants of priestly and patriarchal function that have survived in this flippant, degenerate age drop from the head of the house when pure altruism impels him to penetrate the shades of the kitchen and seek initiation in its unsavory mysteries. To modify immemorial practices, merely to depart from them inadvertently by some simple natural act, is to be overwhelmed by a wave of vituperation that heals every difference between female members of the family and welds them into some sort of Holy League against the benighted male. To protest against the tyranny of tradition, merely to offer excuses for unwitting sacrilege committed, precipitates ebullitions of feeling that fully justify our neighbors in believing that a frightful family quarrel is in progress.

The latest feature of economic construction forces the denizens of adjoin-

ing apartments to have everything in common except their whispers. There was no whispering in the altercations that followed my wife's reiterated, realistic descriptions of the way certain of her kinsfolk did their dishes. It sounded rather nice the first time she told it — how father, mother, sons, and daughters clustered about the sink with rapturous joy, making the labor a sort of festival. But we soon got tired of the pictured harmony, the May-day merriment, the flashes of wit supposed to mark their performance. When we had been working steadily for half an hour, it was maddening to hear how, with whisk of mop and flourish of dish-towel, these dexterous performers got through their *corvée* in a paltry ten minutes. We did n't believe it, and we said so.

My wife, as the most expeditious performer and the real head of the house, claimed the right to wash; this compelled her to occupy a position between the stove and the door to the fire-escape — the hottest corner of the room. The rest of us wiped. Our concerted efforts were usually marked by a confusion and uproar that would have made the riotous deliberations of a Hungarian Diet seem like a Quaker meeting.

Once I emerged from my craven apathy to suggest that the model family excelled us in their culinary conduct by virtue of extended experience. *We* had been reduced to doing our own housework only since the war, whereas *they* had been at it for — I never finished that sentence. The speaker's gavel — her mop, I mean — came down on the table with a bang, — no, a splash, — and Wiper No. 3 withdrew hurriedly.

When we first felt the invading chill of penury, my wife and daughters had announced that 'father must not be allowed to help in the kitchen.' Now, I

did not always 'come back all tired out from the office'; and on Sundays I did n't come back at all, for I did not go; and little by little I forced myself into recognition as a casual wiper. Of course, they could not go on holding such high ground, and I soon rose to the rank of a regular wiper.

Gradually the doctrine of father's exemption fell into abeyance. My radius of action steadily increased. In periods of social stress when auction, moving pictures, calls that 'simply must be paid,' made it convenient, I was increasingly privileged to don the *toga muliebris*, or kitchen apron (it has been aptly remarked that woman's true place is in the sink); and so, at the end of two years, with no desire or expectation of wearing the insignia or wielding the powers of royalty, I frequently found myself playing a rôle comparable to that of mayor of the palace. Certainly the younger daughter, through the limitations of immaturity, and the elder, through her accelerated maturity, — she is a freshman at college and comes home on short visits, — are in the *fainéant* class. Judith, aged eleven, already says unblushingly that domesticity has no charms for her, and Hypatia long ago declared her preference for the cloister.

It was only when I began to have the place more and more to myself, that I discovered redeeming features in my new calling. With full sway amid the royal preserves, I can be leisurely, deliberate, almost contented. If my wife has gone on a trifling errand, I work nervously, dreading her popping in on me with inquisitorial glance before I have put everything away. If her absence is prolonged, I can employ my own methods. That these methods are modified by those of the hierarchy I cheerfully confess, but they are mine none the less. I humor the fancy of the moment and treat myself to noncon-

formity with the rules of women. Throughout the long, long past those who have washed dishes have, in the main, been ignorant women sunk in the rut of custom. I employ little scientific devices, which prolong things, — yes, they do, — but give satisfaction. My work is thorough. The dishes I stow in the cupboard are clean. When I have held each plate under a stream of almost boiling water, impinging at an acute angle till every particle of grease has melted and run off (a newspaper under my apron shields me from the spray), the final immersion in the common bath is more to brighten it with the imprimatur of cleanliness than for a needed actuality. Things are dried in natural, not inverse, order. The first one washed becomes by long exposure the driest. Not having to rub and rub makes up at this stage for the length of the initial treatment. The entire process is lacking in that feverish hurry, that gallinaceous running hither and yon which make for nervous exhaustion and the explosion of invective characteristic of the overwrought female.

After a day of proof-reading and the more laborious and less satisfactory business of preparing copy, I find my solitary hour at the evening sink almost restful through the power of change. So purely mechanical, so automatic, is the task under my system, that I can think out editorials, review in my mind

the day's reading, or plan the schedule for the morrow. True, I interrupt myself now and again by an involuntary exclamation at the durability of crockery, but I do not mind a diversion which coaxes me to consider how much kaolin has contributed to civilization.

There was a time when the chronicle of crime in the family newspaper set me to wondering how I could make a living in case I ever suffered moral collapse and became an outcast and a fugitive from my class. These moments of doubt and questioning always ended in the crystallizing conviction that I had every qualification for a life of ease and comfort, as valet to the scion of some great family in America's aristocracy of wealth. There was real enticement in the thought of wearing a master's discarded but perfectly good neckties and waistcoats, and of surreptitiously drinking his whiskey and smoking his cigars. Now that alcohol has gone by the board and tobacco itself is threatened, this career charms no more; nor have I that earlier reliance on my foreign languages which made me confident of success as a courier. My ambitions come down as the wages of the humbler callings go up. If ever my innate propensities to vice break their bounds and disclose me to my little world as I am, I shall submerge, to seek fortune, without fame, as a certified, if somewhat desultory, scullion.

A HERMIT THRUSH

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

I

THE scientific information which, in a popular way, is looked for in the record of ornithological studies does not altogether prevail in this bit of history. It includes, with its more exact observations, the seeking of less obvious things — the leisurely pursuit of an idea, a bit of character study. This was, perhaps, not so much a departure, as an individual interpretation of the common stock in trade. If it touches the hem of the garment of science, it is a hem familiar with the dews of swamp and pasture, and the common brambles of country byways and woods and fields.

Yet this should not mislead — not all of science dwells in far places. 'The gods are not chained to their altars.' Evolutionary science, at least, is ever in touch with common daily things, and the door of understanding once ajar, there is no keeping out the troop of visions beyond. Science is not alone for the scientist: its revelations are equally for the plain man; and it needs but the remembering eye to perceive always the luminous and immortal panorama.

The dustiest wayfarer, who watches on summer days the jeweled flash of dragon-flies, or the fitting gold of *turnus's* wings above the purple thistles, may be led back in thought to the bugs and butterflies of that ancient mausoleum of Miocene time, the Florissant shales. Here, a member of *turnus's* own tribe, *Prodryas persephone*, lay entombed some millions of years, awaiting that amazing day, his resurrection

in human discovery and understanding.

Or, to reverse the shield, who may not know that strange little monster, the newly hatched robin, with long snake-like neck uplifting his blind bulging head and enormous gaping mouth, and be filled with amaze, that here, in living miniature, should be the ancient reptile — the naked, wingless, four-limbed ancestral form from which the robin is descended and evolved? And he perceives forthwith a new answer to the old interrogation, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?' Verily, he can and he has.

It was a question from this side of things which suggested thoughts that lent new charm to the thrushes, and set me on the trail of a more intimate acquaintance with them than I had hitherto known, intimate as I had thought that to be; for, in common expression, I had been brought up with them. They were a tradition, a sort of family institution. There were years made memorable by their music, long summers whose golden days were rimmed about with their melody. The soft gloom of their 'cathedral woods' was a daily sanctuary, where vespers and silver chanting rose from the dusky solitude, with calm benediction to the listening heart. Through the long June twilights they sang, till night fell fully dark. The tall spires of the spruces grew black against the western sky, and only the chorus of the distant marshes filled the quiet country night.

There is something mystical in this song, as of some serene and lofty vision transmuted into sound. Cheney characterized it as 'spiritual, full of sublimity.' Those who know it, know the hopelessness of its description; though there are exceptions to this, and especially fine is Burroughs's line, 'A silver horn which he winds in the most solitary places.' Its tone-quality is elusively that of the flute, while its form has something of the far-off challenge of a bugle. It is musical beyond words, mellow and fluted, yet strangely clear and ringing.

Then one day all this was changed. The green aisles of the woods were still. In other phrase, I, who was conscious of all the world's beauty, found myself to that world nine tenths deaf. Its life and reality were swallowed up like a landscape in a fog. The old haunting songs were gone, the wraith of a lost memory, which sang only in dreams.

But the personality of the thrush had been too real and vivid to pass and be relinquished absolutely. It held its place subjectively, with a sort of subconscious resistance to finality; and though there is no substitute for sound, yet in course of time, by way of unusual opportunities, I came back into touch with the subject, sufficient to be worth while, inasmuch as I made observations and studies, in a way, perhaps, as profitable as any I had made in the past. The identity of the bird, its haunts and habits, its comings and goings, had been so many times verified for me that I knew what and where to seek.

II

Perhaps many people nowadays know what the most famous songbirds of America are like — generally speaking, soft light browns above, spotted creamy beneath. The hermit thrush is identified at once by his tail. It is brighter — that is, redder — than the

rest of him. His breast may also help to place him, for it is distinctly spotted with large, dark spots, while that of the veery (Wilson's thrush) is very palely marked, and the olive-back, which has much the same breast and is of the same region as the hermit, is eliminated by his color — olive, not brown. If your hermit is of the northern woods, Maine or New Brunswick, the wood thrush will not be found there.

In its common habitat, the hermit thrush is considered, as most writers state, a bird of remote woodlands — the cool solitudes of the northern woods. Its very name carries that idea. But it is not all that its name implies. It does not always prefer deep woods, or shun the reasonable proximity of man. For this reason, it is not always hard to find or difficult to observe — indeed, not half as hard as the veery, that thrush having all but baffled me in my efforts to study it and find its nest.

The nest of the hermit is always on the ground, often sunk in the deep green moss under a small evergreen tree, which may be scarcely two feet high, and always lined with the fragrant dead pine-needles so like itself in color. Only by lifting up the flat branches growing almost on a level with the ground, can such a nest be seen. In this hidden place the bird sometimes will not be flushed till almost stepped on.

But it was a special instance in my experience, where the hermit thrush appeared, at first thought, not only to depart from accepted ideas regarding seclusion and remoteness, but to have forsaken tradition entirely. On closer thought, however, I think the matter is explainable on wholly natural grounds, rather than as a case of individuality.

Although I have not seen the statement in print, I think it is a fact that, on some of the outer islands of the northern New England coast, certain of the thrushes spend their breeding

season. It was on such an island, scarcely a mile in length and ten miles from the mainland, that I found the hermit thrush nesting. On the edge of a bold high headland facing northeast, in a thick but narrow fringe of heavy stunted spruces and tangled undergrowth, perhaps a dozen feet wide, the nest was hidden. Day and night, the surf broke and thundered on the rocks below. In easterly storms and summer gales, fine spray flung itself far up the face of the bluff. Seventy-five feet back and high above, from sunset to sunrise glowed the great light of a lighthouse. In these surroundings it seemed as if no hour of the twenty-four was remotely like the quiet places of the thrush's usual native woods. Yet in its wildness was the very heart of seclusion.

Though I never dared to penetrate the tangle, it being too rough and sloping, to explore for the nest, the bird, doubtless the male, was often under my field-glasses at this close range, from my seat in the window in the base of the tower. And always when day waned and the splendor of sunset flamed long behind the crest of the hill, from the top of the sheltering spruces he lifted his song to the sea and sky.

The peculiarity of this nesting — if it be peculiarity, for the bird was strictly within its natural zone — is explainable in the completeness of its security. This thrush, being a ground bird, has much trouble, as Nuttall long ago observed, in raising its young. In my own knowledge, perhaps it is not too much to say that one nest in three or four is destroyed.

Now, on this island there were no natural enemies. There was no squirrel, or snake other than the little green field snake. *Mephitis putrida* never had reached, and never could reach, its shores. The same was true of the fox, the weasel, and even the rabbit. Crows

dared not come so near a building. Generations of birds safely bred under these conditions could but tend to perpetuate or naturalize the circumstance.

Yet, all these things in observation and experience were now but the acquisition of cold facts — the activity of the mind, not the thrill of the heart. The old æsthetics were gone, and I wondered if there were no untried path, no undiscovered means, whereby one might come nearer to reality — to some far echo of the lost charm of the old way.

One day I came across the query, 'Had the birds begun to sing when man began to talk?' A series of questions sprang up. What were time's hoary secrets in regard to the singing of birds? Had a thrush sung to the wilderness when there was no man to listen? Was there music in the world when *Pithecanthropus erectus*, striking the first flake from an eolith, groped, afar and unaware, toward mind and thought? The reptile and the lower mammal we know were millenniums the older; but was there an æsthetic force in nature, a humanizing power, more ancient than the heart of man itself? Did Orpheus sing in the morning of the world — and a rock move?

Hastily I sought a little reviewing look into the sequences of geologic time and the findings of palæontologists, to learn what was the correlation, or rather, the entire lack of correlation, between the two events — for I knew there was a vast lapse of time between them, since avian evolution was well differentiated several millions of years before the time of the later mammals had come in.

I found that a thrush 'similar to existing European forms' did exist in Mid-Pliocene Europe — that is, a million years, more or less, before any respectable sort of a *homo* had arrived.

¹ H. F. Osborn: *The Age of Mammals*.

This, indeed, is not saying that that particular thrush sang, but it is a somewhat reasonable conclusion that he had reached that stage before the end of these years — or the appearance of pro-man.

Whatever the possibilities, they all centre around the facts of geologic time-appearance, unless, indeed, the palaeontologists have some possible settlement of the question by way of anatomy. Even the color of Persephone's wing was knowable after the lapse of more than two million years.

As I pondered these things, the old questions about the 'personality' of the thrush came back. What was that inwardness, whose outward form was such divine melody; that quality, whose voicing called always to beauty and feeling in the mind of man? There was little answer to such questions, even if intimate intrusion into the bird's life and environment were possible. Such intrusion produces instant unnaturalness; and manifestly, one did not study thrushes as one did chipped flints, on the corner of one's desk.

Then all at once there seemed a congruity between the two things, which fascinated me. Both held their secrets of the ages, the one in his golden throat, the other in its immutable story. Why not study the thrushes there? They could not be more inscrutable than certain of my flints.

But in the nature of things, the idea seemed bizarre, impossible. A natural bird was full of fear and shyness. A thrush would not lend itself to observation at first hand, barring some purchased specimen. But I had wandered through bird stores more than once. That kind was far from my idea. It would not serve my purpose, which was to get a glimpse into the real nature of the bird and his individuality.

Yet in the end, — dismissing, of course, all connection of my specula-

tions with the subject, — in spite of all the difficulties, a thrush I meant to have. I would have it just for my own pleasure. I could not have imagined what an interesting experience it would be.

III

And so, shortly, I fared forth in quest of it. It was plain that, with the conditions which I had laid down, only a nest of young thrushes would furnish a source of supply. Therefore, to take one just out of the nest was my aim; and I turned to the small country boy, who is almost sure to have at least one 'swamp-robin's' nest in his list. Though this is as liable to be the olive-back or Wilson's as the hermit, — they are all 'swamp-robins' to him, — it was the only opportunity I could think of.

I will not recount all my disappointments. Two nests, one of which I knew to be the hermit's, were destroyed while the eggs were in them. My scheme was very easy to propose, but far from easy to accomplish. First, to know of a nest of young hermits, and then, to know with some certainty when they should leave it, which is somewhere about the eleventh day, to have no accident befall them, and to be able to get one at the last moment, requires, not only nice observation, but a deal of luck into the bargain. In all my efforts I failed that year.

My ultimate success the next year was due to the invaluable help of a friend, who has a genius for finding birds' nests. But we, too, had our disappointments from loss of nests before we were successful. We watched our third nest from the day of the first egg, but dreading on every visit that we should find that something had befallen it. We went as infrequently as possible, in order to make no faintest trail to its vicinity.

On the tenth day of the birds, we

dared not risk another twelve hours, for, if they escaped harm, they were due to be out of the nest within twenty-four hours; so that, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I took my thrush. It was well-timed, for one of the remaining two left the next morning, the other in the afternoon. I had never known this experiment to be carried out before, though doubtless it had been.

I can hardly define my delight as I held the little fellow in my hand. He seemed a big little bird, dark-eyed and handsome. I carried him in a small covered basket, bedded with hay-scented fern. I had about two miles to walk out of the woods and home. The sun was lowering as I hurried over the last half of my journey.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Suddenly he sent out a loud, long, richly musical call, — clear and full, and distinctly double-toned or fluted, — exactly that tone which people try to make plain — and not wholly in vain — when they use that much-worn word 'fluted.' It was so melodiously and plainly double as to seem almost like two harmonious notes held on the keyboard.

I was astonished — not so much that the bird should attempt to call, considering the circumstances, but that in this, the first sound of its life, the vocal cords should be in such full and native form, capable of such loud, musical, typical thrush tone. Under normal conditions, the thrush may be heard to perfect advantage nearly an eighth of a mile away. The fact that the full, ringing sound was practically in direct contact bridged the difficulty for me in a very sufficient degree.

The experience was one of delight. I had hoped for some pleasure and enlightenment in this scheme of having a thrush 'loose' in my house, if it could be done; but I did not expect, from so immature a bird, a single note. To hear measurably the clear, true thrush

sound was not among my wildest hopes.

My great concern was his fright and wildness, which I expected to meet when I should open the basket that night and in the morning. I had lively recollections of a young red-eyed vireo, which I had possessed for half a day, and which I struggled to feed till I was in despair. I did not know, till I had learned from experience, that there is a considerable time in the life of a young bird — at least, of many species — when it will starve to death in the very midst of plenty, unless the food is put into its mouth, or rather, into its throat. Helping itself is a matter of slow learning.

Though his call was the greatest of my surprises, I had others. When I reached home, I knew that he ought to have food, but was doubtful whether I could get him to take it before morning. But when I removed the piece of netting from the top of the basket, the little fellow held up his head, opened his mouth, and remained in that position till I had inserted in his throat the piece of shredded beefsteak that I had previously prepared. It was a perfect success. I was immensely relieved. Whatever else had happened to him, at least his 'reflexes' were all right, and his responsiveness was a sort of 'sweet reasonableness' which was wholly unlooked for. It should be said, however, that these things are governed entirely by instinct, and not by 'reasonableness' of any sort; and the necessary stimulus was, in this case, the little commotion above him of removing the netting.

This finished the day for us, though I was of many minds and uncertainties all night as to his welfare. I was up at four o'clock, to find my fears unfounded. He was bright and vigorous and eager for food, which I gave him without the slightest difficulty. It seemed like the most charming amenableness of manners, the most surprising sense.

But what interested me more than everything else was the fact that he had not the slightest fear of me or of his surroundings. To the uninitiated, this may seem nothing out of the ordinary; but all species of young birds large enough to be out of the nest, with very few exceptions, show strong fear of human beings and contact with human hands. While, in this case, it was modified by the matter of food, yet, as compared with other birds, it is the nature of the species. This thrush is neither shy nor afraid.

It was a thrilling moment when, as I started to take him out of the basket, he voluntarily adjusted himself with a firm grip on my thumb, and stood looking at me with calm, fearless eyes. There was no sound or flutter — nothing but an air of prolonged interest and perfect dignity, as he gazed serenely at me. I returned his scrutiny fourfold.

When we had taken stock of each other several minutes, I deposited him in a large, shallow clothes-basket on the floor, in which I had put branches and a bottom of moss. He would have none of it. He suddenly found his legs, and for ten minutes he quietly traversed it over and across, up and down, till he finally got onto the edge of it.

Much of the room was white. I felt that he did not like this — it set at naught all his protective color, and it was now also flooded with sunshine. Down one half of the window, outside the screen, was a woodbine; and reasoning that to give him a sense of being hidden was the right thing, I placed him between the muslin curtain and the screen. It suited him at once. The sun had warmed the window-sill, and he stood straight up and puffed out his feathers, to let the warmth steal in to his body. The sun was a great discovery — he had never been in it before, and he was so well contented with it that he sat down. He was full-fed and

warm, the new sunshine was delightful, and with the royal serenity of his race strong within him, he began to take life with tranquil enjoyment.

When he had spent nearly an hour behind the curtain, he seemed to remember his legs and wings, and scrambled and tumbled from the sill to the floor. Being a ground bird, this new region, with its shadows under the furniture and the feel of the straw-matting, quite suited him. He trotted about a good deal, though I could pick him up any time, which I was obliged to do, since I had to feed him every half hour or oftener.

His one occupation for all time was preening his feathers — removing bits of the little remaining quills at their base. He began this before leaving the window, by drawing every feather of his wing, one by one, through his bill. He did this over and over, then stretched it to the utmost. Next to eating, this was always the chief business of the day. But it was varied by the most captivating little doings, whose fascination I could no more resist than if I had been hypnotized. In fact, the bird monopolized me while I had him. I abandoned everything else. He would yawn prodigiously, scratch his head, and take many naps. It was an event when he could scratch his head without losing his balance and falling over. One of the drollest things he ever did was when a partly disabled fly was put before him. He would lean far down, open his mouth wide, and wait for the fly to get in. As this never happened, he would come a step nearer, and turn his mouth sidewise, first one side and then the other. It was days before he would pick it up and swallow it.

His daytime sleeping surprised me — half a dozen naps a day, or more. There was no place which he so habitually sought as the cupped palm of my hand. It was the prettiest sight in the

world to watch him settle down, his handsome eyes closing drowsily, his little head tipping to one side till it rested on my thumb.

Though he had the freedom of three rooms, his particular quarters were a quantity of leafy branches in a screened window, until he discovered the fireplace. He took possession of that at once; and when I had put in some branches, a shovelful of earth, and a litter of old moss, the whole dusky interior, with the rough black andirons, met his color-protection beautifully, and he knew it. That instinct at least was satisfied.

Speaking of instinct, I have always held that it accounts for most things in true wild life which have often been ascribed to something else. But a somewhat wide latitude must be conceded to individuality. It is useless to go to either extreme. For instance, this thrush did not care for his baths, taking them gingerly or not at all. But a hermit I had the next year could not be kept out of the water. Wherever he heard it running, he appeared, a big iron sink being his special delight. There he would patter about till every feather was sopping wet, and I would have to take him out and put him in the sun to dry. When this was accomplished, he was quite likely to do it all over again if he got the chance.

While my thrush spent long hours in the fireplace and the window, he flew about a good deal, often flying to my knee and standing there motionless, watching me. If I looked at him at these times, his soft gaze met mine as directly as if he were pondering my entity as deeply as I was his. In his flights, he took notice of all small objects, especially if they were black. If I was lying down, my eyelashes and eyebrows came in for investigation, and I often had to rescue them from his too vigorous attention. A black pin

always challenged him, and a lead pencil he could never leave alone. When I sat down at the table to write up my notes, if he was on the other end, or anywhere about, he always came over, got into the middle of the notebook, and began to work on the pencil. If I gave it up to him, it would eventually roll across the table and drop off, when he would look over the edge to see it fall, and then fly down and begin another tussle with it.

Discovering the scissors was always an occasion of lively interest. When young birds are about to be fed, they 'twinkle' their wings, that is, quiver them excitedly, begging for food. All the raw beef I gave him, I first cut with a pair of bright scissors into little shreds. Whenever he ran across these scissors in his wanderings, he would stop short and twinkle his wings, coaxing them to feed him. When they did not respond, he would dance all round them, trying from all sides.

His one sickness was due to swallowing a length of yarn, — for he was always bewitched by a string of any sort, — and no little 'jackdaw of Rheims,' with his cardinal's curse, ever looked nearer disintegration than did he. Yet he survived, and got as well as ever, after a night when I was sure he would die before morning.

One thing which I was told he did almost constantly when sitting still, and which I had never known was possible, was to make the softest, most musical little whispering of song in his throat. It came almost to be the rule with those who came to see him, to listen and say, 'He is singing.' If he had been an older bird, I should not have thought it strange. After I knew it, I could well conceive, as I watched him, of its strange hushed sweetness.

Having his picture taken at a studio proved a matter-of-fact affair. When I went to interview the photographer,

however, I was told it would be impossible — it would require 'time-exposure,' and perfect 'posing,' and various difficult things. When I stated that all these things were quite in my thrush's line, the photographer was incredulous. It proved a simple task.

When he had become well developed, strong of wing and leg, I used to take him out of doors every day. I did it, primarily, to induce him to pick up the running insects. While he would pick up the little black ants crossing the walk, certain larger insects he eyed askance and would not touch. All his food — his shredded beef, bread and milk, fruit, berries, insects, and water — had appeared before him whenever he wanted them, and his air over this new business was one of being vastly bored. It set me to thinking.

But the world above him held his attention. His gaze was always turned upward to the wide blue spaces of the sky, the waving elms, and the sound of the wind. These called to him. He flew actively all over the lawn and into the shrubbery. When he would fly far up into a tree, I always wondered what was to be the outcome. Eventually, he always flew down onto the back of the seat where I was sitting.

It had always been my intention from the first to put him back into the woods, in due course of time. But I began uneasily to understand that this meant more than I had thought. Apparently, he was absolutely without the sense of fear. He knew nothing about hunting for his own food, and was indifferent to it. If left alone for half an hour, he would dash across the room as I opened the door, and alight on my head or shoulders. In fact, the influence of changed environment had been so much greater than I had had any idea it could be, that I found I was con-

fronted, in the end, with a bigger question than I had been in the beginning. In short, if one is to make such an experiment, he must devote time and care, at the last, to readapting the bird to his natural life — to making him once more a wild bird. But if he is kept long, it is a question in my mind whether this can be done successfully; and as a matter of fact, I do not recommend this experiment with young birds, generally speaking. I justify myself only because the case seemed somewhat different.

Only a part of the history of this bird can be given — bits here and there from many pages of notes. All the story of those interesting days would be much too long. Likewise, his restoration to the woods was almost a tale in itself. Doubtless it had the faults of inexperience; but these were amended with the thrush of the next year, although he, indeed, was truly a bird of another feather.

But I had had my study — a thrush on the corner of my desk, among my flints, who had watched me for hours from that spot, who had kept me sweet company, and made soft music that I did not hear. In the early hours of resplendent mornings, I had waked to find that he had flown to my room, and stood within reach of my hand, waiting and watching for me to begin the day. Much of the way of a thrush had certainly been revealed to me: the ingrained poise and refinement, the charming dignity, the high-bred patience, the calmness of temperament — all the serene beauty of the tribe. Truly, no other bird is like him. I perceived that with the ineffable beauty of the thrush's song went an exceeding beauty of personality. He was indeed fit to have called in the voice of melody to the primal heart of man.

THE GARDEN OF HANS KRISTOFFER

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

I

It is a little garden of the North, far up in the sixties, on one of the Faroe Isles. The years of the garden are seventy-six; those of Hans Kristoffer are eighty-four. His forebears, Norse Vikings seven centuries ago, were not garden-lovers, and the chief interests of their descendants are codfish, whales, sea-fowl, and half-wild sheep. But the parsonage gardens of Denmark are noted, and back in the eighteenth century the daughter of a Danish pastor 'married in' to this old farm. And I think that ancestral memories of far-away Danish gardens, a heritage of garden lore, have come down to Hans Kristoffer from that 'Ann Lisbit, born Svabö.' I think it is to *her* that he owes his garden.

One spring morning he stood, a little boy of eight years, in the doorway of his father's cottage. A mighty pile of ashes and refuse was close by; a rocky, boggy slope, a marshy bit at the bottom, where a cow stood, knee-deep. Hans Kristoffer surveyed it all, and something stirred to life in his heart. He had never seen a garden, but now he said to himself, 'Here I will have a garden; here I will make things grow.' And having made this resolve, he began straightway.

Permission was given him to do what he chose with the land; permission, but no help. And it would be a labor of years for one small pair of arms to dig and drain it, and build a dike around it. So, to encourage himself at the very

outset, he went to the wild moors, dug up violets and catchflies and little orchids, and planted them on the outskirts of the ash-heap before he began the task of clearing it away. And that was the beginning of the garden.

I saw it first fourteen years ago, when I had been in the Faroes only a week. My destination was Myggenoes, an interesting bird island far out in the West; and a friend in Thorshavn had planned for me a short stay, midway, at Hans Kristoffer's, and had written to tell him of my coming. Five hours of tumultuous seas, glimpses, through mists, of cliff islands of strange shape, with storm-clouds flying from their summits, and then I was deposited on the sea-rocks, cold, wet, and forlorn.

No Hans Kristoffer was visible. A curious crowd collected, faces peered at me from windows and around corners. Then a merchant appeared who spoke English, and to him I explained that I wanted to go to the King's Peasant at Ryggi.

'To Hans Kristoffer's? Yes, to be sure. He was here a moment ago. Ho! Hans Kristoffer!' he called. And at the word a little old man came forward and bade me welcome. It was Hans Kristoffer, and he had been there all the time. That was my first lesson in Faroe etiquette. The stranger, it seems, must make all the advances.

Then we started for Ryggi, Hans Kristoffer paddling softly by my side in his Faroe moccasins. Not far away, I

saw a long, low, grass-roofed cottage, with flowery beds half-hidden in a shrubby growth of trees. Five minutes more, and Hans Kristoffer opened a high door in a stone wall, and I passed into the garden. I had only a glimpse of yellow bands of primroses, and nodding daffodils, and then I saw the house-mother, Fru Johanne Katrine, smiling a welcome in the doorway.

As I have no garden of my own, I am obliged to dig in those of other people. In my bag were some seeds and roots that I thought might be new to the Faroes; and even before Johanne Katrine brought in the coffee and kringles, Hans Kristoffer and I sat down side by side, he with a Danish-English dictionary on his knee, I with one in English-Danish on mine, for mutual enlightenment. And when we had finished the coffee and kringles, we went out and planted the roots and seeds, and have been fast friends ever since.

I went to bed that night in a little bed of puffin feathers, hearing the soft rustle of leaves close by, and the *hush-ah-hush* of surf on the strand. Later, after midnight, there were other sounds, a puzzling, yet apparently friendly presence in the garden. I peered out into the silvery twilight. It was that short hour of the Faroe summer night when the sunset glow has passed away, but the sun delays its coming. The fjelds appeared bolder and sterner, and soft wreaths of mist gathered about their summits and filled the upland hollows. The sea looked like a great brimming bowl, exactly as if it would mount higher and higher and overwhelm the land. Only a faint, far sound came from the distant bird-cliffs — the wakeful kittiwakes' cry, '*Trud-lar-il! Trud-lar-il!*' And Hestö and Kolter, strange shapes out at sea, seemed more than ever like sentient creatures heeding the command, 'Keep silence before Me, O Islands!'

It was the hour, too, when the Vætrir come out, the little folk that give Christian service, and stay only where there is peace and good-will. And something was stirring out among the flowers — a small brown figure, bending, lifting tenderly a bruised stalk, freeing a struggling plant from a weed, strewing a path with fine sand. Though small, it was too large to be one of the Vætrir. It was Hans Kristoffer, refreshing himself after long hours of toil in the home-fields, by tending his beloved garden.

After breakfast I went out with Hans Kristoffer, to make a closer acquaintance with the garden. In front of the cottage is a large bed of perennials with a little golden locust tree on the upper border. The taller plants are lilac and white lupines, a flowering currant, a fox-glove or two, cottage lilies, yellow larkspurs, and one of bright blue monkshood, montbretia, monkey-flowers, Jacob's-ladders, Shasta daisies, feverfew, mauve and white rockets, doronicums, Fair Maids of France, an oriental poppy, two peonies, and starry astrantiums. The lower plants are sweet Williams, pyrethrums, lilac and white horned violets, forget-me-nots, potentillas, Iceland poppies, a bleeding heart, Scottish bluebells, geums, catchflies, daffodils, Spanish irises, spiræas and wood hyacinths.

And then there is the border. First, a wonderful band of primroses. Never, no, not under Devon hedges, have I seen such a wealth of blossoms, hardly a leaf showing among them. Then comes a band of London pride, or *Saxifraga umbrosa*, or Mother of Thousands, as you choose to call it. And the inner band is Poet's narcissus. First the primroses bloom, then the Poet's narcissus, and then the Mother of Thousands.

Below the large bed is a circular grass plane, with eighteen little beds

following its circumference, each just large enough to hold a clump of sweet Williams, or clove-pinks, or pansies. And in the centre is a tiny spruce. The garden lies on a slope facing the sea, and when the great sou'easters rage, I wonder how any mortal plant can survive. But even when mourning some damage done, I remember what charm this sharp decline gives the garden, with the lovely tints of sea, strand, and sky as a background for the blossoms. Between the laced branches of little trees are long white bars of surf and the flashing of white wings; and you should see a big clump of Grandis daffodils against the gleaming purples of the strand!

There are gravelly paths that curve and wind down the slope, as paths should do, and all are bordered with primroses and the Mother of Thousands. They pass under the tiniest trees and between the biggest currant bushes that I have ever seen, and lead to a store-house, or to a sheltered nook among elderberry bushes, where there are benches and a table, or to seats by the sea-dike, or to the top of the garden with a wide view over sea and fields. And the only help Hans Kristoffer had in planning his garden was a bit of advice given him by a Danish pastor: 'Don't make squares, Hans Kristoffer, make *curves*.'

Though most of the flowers are in the large bed, there are not a few in odd nooks — a Thunbergianum lily, irises, beds of vinca, sweet Williams, and several rose bushes that never bloom.

By the time I had seen everything and we sat down to rest on the bleaching grass above the garden, I had discovered that Hans Kristoffer's little trees and his primrose borders are the pride and joy of his heart. I was new to the Faroes then, and did not know that not a tree, not a shrub grows wild in the islands. But the garden bore

traces of conflict: the little trees were browner than they should be, and some seemed to be perpetually blowing to the northwest, and others to the southeast, according to their exposure. And I fear they will never be much larger, much *taller*, though with the years they may learn to bow to the storms and curve low their branches within the shelter of the dike.

Indeed Hans Kristoffer reminds me of his own little trees. Small, brown and brave, with budding hopes cut down by cruel frosts and sprouting anew in the spring. Hans Kristoffer had many questions to ask me about the trees of America, and drank in greedily all I told him about the redwoods of California, and the yellow spruces of Alaska.

'And that is far north too — Alaska,' he said wistfully. 'But no, they would not grow like that *here*, not if they lived to be a thousand years.'

And the primroses? These bare fjelds and barren slopes did not look at all primrosy. Yet, half a century ago, Hans Kristoffer found some pale blossoms under a ledge of rock on another island — the only place where they grow in the Faroes. He brought a few roots home, and years of patient and devoted care have made these wonderful borders. As we entered the bay, I had seen them shining like golden ribbons in the wan sunlight.

The garden grew slowly in its infancy. Some native flowers, some seeds from Denmark, cuttings from a Danish official's garden in Thorshavn, little trees that voyaged adventurously in a sloop from Norway, southernwood that was once a sprig in a posy sent to a Faroe skipper's wife from a Shetland Island port; and later came contributions from a Scottish Border garden, from one in South Devon, and from bleak Aberdeen. But few survived when sent from English gardens.

II

During the next five years I often turned up at Ryggi, after stirring adventures by land and sea, looking like a drowned mouse, and being revived by Johanne Katrine with hot milk and a good fire of peats. Never before had such a chance to dig been mine; but I worked in ignorance, and often longed for advice, preferably from some Norwegian scientist, versed in the vicissitudes of a sub-Arctic climate in a storm-centre where Gulf Stream and Polar current strive for mastery. He might have told me why foxgloves, a Croceum lily, and English irises thrive here, and German irises, hollyhocks, and Madonna lilies fail. Many plants struggle along doubtfully through the alternate soakings and freezings, the pitiless downpours, and violent gales; sprout often in February and are frozen in March; sprout again and are cut down in May; get the better of their troubles, show great promise of a flowery future, and then die quietly in June.

I usually took my meals alone, with catalogues of plants, bulbs, and seeds (from Barr of Covent Garden) propped open before me. Such treasures one could get for sixpence! New and improved varieties of snowdrops, crocuses, and narcissi, to replace the old inferior kinds, and English wood-hyacinths, pink, white, and blue — it was such an exhilarating thought that, after I had sailed away from the Faroes, those flowers would dance down a long vista of years, and through the medium of Hans Kristoffer's many godchildren and friends, bloom in future little gardens of the seventeen inhabited islands.

There were evenings when, overweary, I have said to myself, 'It's only a poor little garden. It would hardly be noticed in any other land.' But I said it without conviction, and took it back again next morning. For, more

than any garden I know, it is an epitome of the life of the people. On this soil during seven hundred years honorable, hospitable, brave men and women have toiled and suffered and kept their faith. Their old-time industries I can see from the vantage-point of the garden. The wind that blows over it brings messages from the home fields and the far-encircling sea and fjelds. Blindfolded, I can tell from which 'air' the wind is blowing. In the garden, years ago I heard the whale-message going like wildfire over the land. And within these precincts we welcomed the Governor, when he came, one happy day, to bring the Cross of Danebrog, bestowed by the King of Denmark on Hans Kristoffer, for good service to his fellow men.

Johanne Katrine often comes out with her knitting, and paces to and fro with a mind divided between pleasure at my efforts and mortification that any guest of hers should look so bedrabbled and neglected. Johanne Katrine has a fine spirit of her own, but in all that pertains to the garden she is meekness personified. She never tries to help. She has, indeed, been sternly forbidden to give assistance of any kind. There is, of course, a reason for this. She told me, herself, the story of that fateful day when, Hans Kristoffer being absent, she thought she would help by weeding the beds in the grass plane, the little servant assisting. It was too early in the spring for flowers, and clove-pinks, when not in bloom, certainly *do* look like grass, and who could have dreamed that those tufts of common-looking leaves were sweet Williams, *Hans Kristoffer's cherished dark-red sweet Williams*? The brook, close by, was in full spate, and the little maid quickly gathered up the 'weeds' and threw them in the brook, and a strong west-fall tide swept them all out to sea.

But Johanne Katrine has a certain

small privilege of her own — to make little posies for departing friends: a white clove-pink, a sprig of southernwood, a spray of the bleeding heart, which is her special property. And of course she can gather as many primroses as she wishes.

Somewhere she has picked up the Latin name of a certain species. And I often see her nodding complacently at the primrose border and murmuring, 'Primula veris! Primula veris!' as if to say, 'I am not as ignorant as they think.' Dear Johanne Katrine! They are *not* Primula veris; but who would have the heart to tell her so?

I was five and a half years in the Faroes without leaving the islands. Then, in the autumn of 1905, I went south to Scotland, to stay during the winter and return the next spring for another six months. When I went to Ryggi to say farewell, I found Hans Kristoffer in trouble. The spring before, he had enlarged his garden, including a strip of new land, and on it nothing would grow. Potatoes gave almost no return, carrots made only a hard disk and rootlets; flowers grew an inch tall, blossomed, and died. Something had to be done. And so, when I went to Scotland, I took a little bag of soil to be analyzed. A seedsman in Edinburgh advised me to go to the University and ask advice of the Professor of Agriculture.

In his den, in the old gray pile of buildings, the professor was finishing an important work on the domestic animals of Great Britain and contiguous islands. Only one thing was lacking, — information about Faroe sheep, — and how to get it? At that moment, a knock on the door, and I appeared, carrying a bag of soil. From the moment the magic words 'Faroe Islands' were uttered, my welcome was assured. Did I, perhaps, know anything about the sheep of the islands?

Did I not! I had absorbed sheep-lore for more than five years. I had a personal acquaintance with scores of lambs. I knew the length of their tails, the set of their ears, the shape and color of their spots, and I had photographs and statistics. The professor was given the information and illustrations he needed.

He analyzed the soil and found it most attractive in its lacks; and when I returned the following spring, I was preceded by a beautiful present from the professor to Hans Kristoffer, of three kinds of fertilizers, the only stipulation being that they should be tried in three separate sections, and the comparative results noted. That autumn carrots and potatoes were well grown, flowers bloomed abundantly, and since then 'ad' has gone well.

III

And now I am back again in this month of May, 1914. I thought I was never again to see Hans Kristoffer and the garden, but a fairy godmother made it possible. Influenza and a late spring have delayed farm-work. That must come first, though the garden suffers. And *my* working powers are in abeyance. Only by making promises to an Edinburgh doctor, am I here at all, in honor bound to climb no fjelds, to have no exciting adventures, and to return to Scotland before the big storms of September.

I am in the garden now, taking notes of the changes of eight years. I weed a little, tidy up the perennials, put the refuse in a cracker-box (*anglicé*, biscuit-tin), replace the cover and sit on it, resting under the lee of the currant bushes. How narrow-minded I was during my first years in the garden — how priggish my attitude toward these currant bushes! I thought that they should be pruned to increase their bearing, and only my ignorance of the

proper methods saved them from vigorous measures that would have grieved the heart of Hans Kristoffer. He seemed to think the pruning of a bush an unkind act toward a friend. So they grow in peace, making tall leafy shrubs, pleasant to the eye, and giving shelter from the keen sea-winds; and that is better than berries.

Hans Kristoffer is somewhere near. All day he has been carrying crates of seed-potatoes on his shoulders, from the house attic to the fields at the bottom of the hill. It is now five o'clock, and he appeared a few minutes ago, looking a little weary (he is eighty-four years old), but in the best of spirits. He says that he thinks he has earned a little recreation. So he is crawling on all fours under the big currant bushes, scraping from the soil the thick moss that has grown there since last summer. Now and then he emerges, looking rather flushed and scratched, and all covered with fluff and dry leaves, and we chat a little until he disappears again.

'Seems to me the little spruce in the grass plane has done very well.'

'The top's crooked,' replied Hans Kristoffer gloomily. 'It had made a beautiful green top six inches long, and one day a mean old starling came along, nipped off the top, dropped it, and flew away. Right before my eyes he did that. *If he had only put it to some use!*' lamented he. 'And then a lower shoot had to be bound up to take its place. But it was always askew. It has never looked the same.'

'Did I tell you about the thrushes?' asked Hans Kristoffer on one of his brief visits. 'No? Well, some little time after you went away, the currant bushes stopped bearing. I could n't find out what was the matter. During two years we had n't a berry. Then, in April, a great sou'wester blew a flock of red-winged thrushes onto the island's

west coast. They were on their way to Iceland. I suppose they could see the trees from afar,' said Hans Kristoffer with a gratified smile, 'and they crossed at once to the garden. And then they could n't go, for the storm changed to a hard nor'wester, and they never start in a hard wind. They stayed for a fortnight. We thought that there were a hundred and twenty-five in the flock. They were busy all the time among the currant bushes. Even the soil beneath the bushes looked as though it had been worked with garden tools. We were very careful not to disturb them, and went on tip-toe if we had to go to the storehouse after they were settled for the night. And we kept the cats away. You should have heard them sing. I did n't know that any birds could sing like that. I don't know what they did to those currant bushes, or what they found there, but we had a fine lot of berries that year, and since then we have had no more trouble.'

It is very cold. The snow lies white on the fields, and now and then there is a sudden hissing and rattling among the currant bushes, — fine dry snow and hail, — and down-dropping veils shut in the garden.

Suddenly I remembered the primroses. I had not thought of them before. Even with this cold, they should have been in full bud now. I looked at the border nearest to me. Only the Mother of Thousands was there. Just then Hans Kristoffer appeared a few yards away.

'Why, Hans Kristoffer,' I cried, 'where are the primroses?'

Hans Kristoffer turned a little from me and stood a moment looking over the bay. Then he came nearer, and said in a low tone, 'They died.'

'They died?' I echoed in dismay.

'Yes, they had a sickness, and it spread, and I could n't save them. I did all I could, all that people told me to do. Oh, yes! I did my best, but nothing

helped. In two years they were all gone.'

I looked at Hans Kristoffer, seeing him dimly, through a mist, and I cannot say that his eyes were quite dry. For a moment I felt that I could not have it so. I would write to America, ask wealthy friends to help. My dear old friend should have his primrose borders again. But no — the distance and the difficulties are too great, and after all, the Mother of Thousands is fair to see.

But he shall have more polyanthus primroses. They will not make borders, but they are pretty in groups, and strange to say, the few that I left here eight years ago have not been affected. I have seeds with me. I will sow them to-morrow, and perhaps they may be large enough to transplant before I sail away in September.

June 15, 1914.

In former years the garden had few neighbors. Now there are many, and in each house are children, cats, dogs, chickens, and ducks — enemies of the garden in effect if not intention. It was not with malice prepense that two dogs had a fight yesterday among my seedlings. Nevertheless, to-day only five remain out of one hundred and twenty-five. And I cannot blame the hens, that they like to lie on their sides and kick in the large flower-bed. It is a pleasant place to kick in. But this cannot go on. Hans Kristoffer is growing worn with all these losses and disappointments. So I have decided to write to that kind professor in Edinburgh, who has become a friend, and ask him to get an estimate of the cost of chicken-wire to top the stone wall and the dikes around the garden. I fear it will cost too much, and I will say nothing about it to Hans Kristoffer. But I must have measurements, and I have revived an old plan we had, to make a map of the garden.

And now Hans Kristoffer and I prowled about — he with a long fishing-pole marked off in *alens*, and I with a dress-maker's yard-measure. We have an abstracted and solemn air, and mutter as we go, '50 by 100; 40 by 75 by 150.'

August 3, 1914.

Only thrice have I left the shelter of the garden for longer trips. The last time it was to a hamlet on the western coast. People were kind, and there were wonderful cliff islands, but I was homesick for little trees and encompassing walls. When I opened the high garden-door, there stood a clump of beautiful English irises in full bloom. Not white, not gray were they, but like the shadow cast on white by dancing leaves. I had been in storm-swept spaces, where no fragile leaf could grow; and to see these stately flowers, their petals so fair and perfect, made the garden seem 'the veriest school of peace.'

Then I saw Hans Kristoffer coming toward me, and his eyes were troubled. 'The Governor has sent a message,' he said. 'There will be war. It is thought that Denmark will be drawn in, too. People are frightened.'

And now there is no more peace in the garden. The cottage is the gathering-place for troubled souls. No wonder they are afraid. They remember too well the old tales of the Napoleonic wars, when the Faroes were forgotten, the yearly supply-ship did not come, and children lay dead on the sea-rocks where they had crawled to eat seaweed. Four German cruisers have been seen near. There is talk about the places of refuge high up among the fjelds, where people fled from pirates in the old days. They are cunningly concealed, yet one can shelter several hundred, and a few stout men hold the entrance.

The S.S. Chaldur has come in, and is anchored in the bay. The captain is called to military service in Denmark,

and must take the vessel to Copenhagen. It will be crowded to its utmost capacity with Danes called to service — students, patients for hospitals, summer visitors, merchants; and there are two English officers who came for a few weeks' fishing. I have been acting as interpreter for them. They think that England *must* join the war, and they will soon be on their way to France. It is believed that Denmark will be at war before the Chaldur can reach Copenhagen. It has no wireless, no cannon. The Captain's family is on board.

August 10, 1914.

And now the Chaldur has gone, and all is quiet again. These are dark days, made more depressing by dense fog that wraps us in like a pall. Great flights of sea-fowl, made bolder by the fog, gather close to the village. Their wild, raucous cries, the confused clamor, like frightened human voices, add to the sense of foreboding. And the other day, when two great creatures emerged from the mists in Thorshavnfjord, the people of the little capital gathered on the sea-rocks and awaited their fate in silence. The Dreadnoughts anchored, a flag was run up, and it was the *British* flag. Then the people said, 'God be praised!' and took courage. England has joined the war.

Thrice above the sound of haymakers' voices has sounded the dull booming of cannon. Denmark has canceled all sailings. The little fleet of motor fishing-boats rocks idly at its moorings. No more busy coming and going, the soft *chug-chugging* echoing along the cliffs. For there is no petroleum. Supplies are low. Denmark, England, and Norway refuse us food. There is only a little tea. This is a serious matter, and Hans Kristoffer has recalled a bit of plant-lore told him long ago by a Danish pastor's wife: that the leaves of a little trailing Northern raspberry, when

dried, make a good substitute for tea. With much enthusiasm we went in search of it, dried it, made a brew, and bade the family try our war tea. But the emphasis with which the proffer of a second cup was declined showed that it was not a cup that cheers.

I have been transplanting baby polyanthus primroses, each a tiny rosette of leaves. Johanne Katrine watches me with a half-smile on her anxious face.

'I like to see you do that,' she says. 'You seem so pleased, so satisfied with your work, as though you expected that someone would be alive next spring, to enjoy them.'

A really delightful thing has happened. The Edinburgh professor, instead of sending me an estimate of the cost of chicken-netting, has bought it himself and sent it to Hans Kristoffer as a present. Not only chicken-netting, but barbed wire, and rolls of strong-meshed netting warranted to keep out cows and sheep. But, the first surprise and joy past, Hans Kristoffer has gone about heavily, with a troubled face. 'It is too much,' he murmured. 'I can do nothing in return. It is not right.'

I saw that stern measures were necessary. 'Hans Kristoffer,' I said, 'cannot the professor be permitted to use his own money in the way that pleases him most? Would you begrudge a kind friend a pleasure? I think you are showing a very evil spirit in this matter!'

Hans Kristoffer's face brightened. He had not looked at it in that light before. Of course, he could not deny such a kind friend a pleasure.

And then began the work of putting up the defenses. There is enough, not only for the garden itself, but for the kitchen-garden and for a field of potatoes. We are nothing if not militant nowadays. And this morning Hans Kristoffer announced happily that he

thought the fort was now impregnable to land forces. But only by attacks of the enemy could possible weak points in the defenses be ascertained. Nothing, he added sadly, could protect the fort from the devastations of that miserable air-ship — a half-time thieving crow.

August 27, 1914.

To-day came a cable message from an Edinburgh friend, 'Advise return immediately.' But I cannot return. On the Continent ambassadors and consuls must be shepherding flocks of wandering Americans, but nothing of the kind is happening to me. There is no consul, no passport, no mails, no money, no ship to the outside world. The Thorshavn bank will not cash a cheque. Leith has closed her port to us, and I must stay, perforce, probably the only American marooned in the far North.

We must not speak of the war to Johanne Katrine: her heart is weak, and she cannot bear tales of bloodshed and suffering. The all-too-brief bulletins are telephoned from Thorshavn and pasted on the doctor's window so all can read. When I bring home the news, Hans Kristoffer and I exchange glances, and then separately and casually retire, to meet again in sheltered paths among the currant bushes. If Johanne Katrine appears, she finds us talking loudly and cheerfully about the flowers.

September 12, 1914.

As the British cruisers have cleared the North Sea, the outlook seemed brighter. Two Danish boats came with supplies for the Faroes and Iceland, and if I could get permission to land at Leith, a return to Scotland seemed probable. And then the German mines began their devilish work. Disguised as trawlers and other fishing craft, and flying the flags of Norway, Denmark, and Holland, the Germans set the

mines under the very noses — or bows — of the British patrol. Two large Danish steamers were the first to go, and scores of other vessels, large and small, followed, most of them neutral. Of course, this is all in defiance of international law, this sowing of mines — and floating mines, too — on traffic routes of the high seas.

September 21, 1914.

And now the big storms of September have begun. The time has come to say farewell to the garden of Hans Kristoffer. In Eide, far to the North, as far as one can go, lives a young Faroe-Danish house-mother, who will bid me welcome to two little attic rooms, where I can keep house during the winter. Then, the war over, the seas clear, the port of Leith open once more, I will fare away to Scotland in the spring — in the spring, if God wills it.

The potato-planting, barley-sowing, peat-cutting and drying, the fishing-vessels coming and going, the curing and drying of fish, the haymaking — all these have I seen this year from the vantage-ground of the garden.

And I have seen the coming of the whales!

The close of the season's work I saw years ago, one delectable October day and night — a rarely quiet day, the fjelds white with new snow, and gleaming with alternate bars of purple and gold, as the sunlight glanced across the layers of basalt. The blue peat smoke drifted across the fields from the 'Sodnhuser' — little cabins where the half-ripe barley was drying on rocks above the open peat fires; the fragrance of coffee, a snatch of an old ballad, the throbbing of flails. 'One — two! one — two!' say the flails, and that emphasis tells that *three* women are down on their knees beating out the barley on the earthen floor. From the fjelds comes a confused clamor, the shouting of men,

the yap-yapping of dogs, the bubbling cries of sheep, the shriller notes of frightened lambs. It is the *fjall-ganga* — the 'mountain going,' when sheep are driven down for slaughter. And that night many sheep are killed in Hans Kristoffer's large outer kitchen, with its floor of beaten earth, its open loft overhead, with great beams on which fishing rods, whale spears and harpoons are laid. The air is thick with smoke and dust, and the steam from wet woollen clothes. There is a large group of sheep waiting in one corner. Others are in the adjoining cow-byre. The tired dogs are stretched at full length on the floor. The puppy, to-day, has made his 'maiden run.' His skin twitches with fatigue and his paws are red with blood. The sheep are silent except for one slight convulsive struggle as the knife pierces the throat and the vein is severed. Then comes the splashing of blood in a bucket held to receive it.

And seated below the one lamp that hangs from the rafters, where the light falls on her work and on her fair bowed head, is a slip of a girl in a faded blue cotton frock, knitting a bit of lace.

Outside, the moon shines cold and clear, and in the north, pale streamers and shafts of green and yellow dart like search-lights across the sky, or fall, wavering and shuddering, to the horizon.

Hans Kristoffer is busy bearing to the storehouse at the foot of the garden, troughs of livers and hearts, crates of heads and feet; and, later, the other men will help to hang the 'Krops' — the carcasses that are to dry in the salt-laden air, hanging in the open store-houses.

I remember, too, when Hans Kristoffer received the Cross of Dannebrog.

This is bestowed by the Danish King for some act of valor, for public services, and other reasons. The old custom is to have it given in church after service, the recipient coming up the aisle and standing before the altar. But the Governor was a man of heart. He knew what an ordeal that would be to Hans Kristoffer. And so one day the little Pigeon Hawk came from Thors-havn, with the Governor, his three little boys, and a learned Doctor of Divinity from Denmark. Johanne Katrine brought out her best tablecloth; there was good fare and a profusion of flowers; and, after dinner, as we sat there with coffee and little cakes, the Governor, saying only a few heartfelt words, pinned the Cross on Hans Kristoffer's homespun coat.

I know the surroundings so well that if you should blindfold me, twirl me about thrice and let me take one long sniff, I could tell you from what 'air' the wind is blowing. Is there salt sea-air, fragrant grasses, a suggestion of roses and cocoanuts from delicate sea-mosses? It is low tide and the wind sou'east. Infields and sea, and the pungent odor of salt cod drying? — wind in the south. Mild humid breezes, peat fields and moors, rotten cods' heads, refuse and manure? — *west, due west*. A tang in the air blowing from wild fjelds, wild thyme, crowberry and heather? — ah, that's the north wind, undefiled by man, and best of all when in its summer mood.

And afterward, — as if to give the garden a share in the feast, — we went out and paced up and down the little paths, a very gay little party, as both the Governor and the learned Doctor had special social gifts and a very pretty wit.

TAHITI

BY LISA STILLMAN

ENCHANTRESS of the South! Thy potent spell
Still holds my heart enchained to thy love;
The sea-breeze wakes a fever in my blood,
And all my soul is crying out to thee!
Well I remember every golden hour
When, lying on thy breast, I drank full deep
Of those sweet joys which thou alone canst give.
My memories now, alas, are all I have:
Palms limned in black against the sky of rose
Set with a single star; the haunting voice
Of trade-winds, crooning legends strange and sad;
The moonlight shimmering on the restless sea,
Turning to molten silver every wave
That broke upon the reef; the warm, still nights
When all the stars seemed intimately near,
And Mystery and Beauty, hand in hand,
Passed through the perfumed darkness, unafraid.
Those times are gone, and I, Beloved, from thee
Have wandered far, and still may not return;
Yet though I never see the Southern Cross
Glisten again above thy sighing palms,
Still will I count it happiness enough
Once to have loved thee, Sorceress divine!

'TO WILL TO GO'

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

SOMEWHERE Emily Dickinson has said that she could never hear the word 'escape' without a fluttering of wings. Ann Eversole could understand this; only for her the master-word, which stirred that secret poignant throb, was 'pilgrimage.' To come upon it in her reading, to say it over to herself, to visualize its color and shape, — for certain sounds possessed color and form for her, — opened a sudden door in her heart giving upon release and freedom.

Once she caught a swallow, which had flown down the chimney, and out in the room was flinging itself violently against the windows in a mad panic of terror; and carrying it out to the porch, had opened her hands, giving it a little toss into the air. Never, as long as she lived, could she forget the bird's leap into space. How it flew, and flew! Frightened at first, and then, realizing its release, drunk with the ecstasy of freedom. Nothing that she had ever done for anyone had brought such intensity of delight. She used to think whimsically that probably, in the next world, her crown, supposing she had one, would be wrought, not from all her careful goodness, but just from that little gift of freedom to the swallow, together with similar favors that she had bestowed upon dejected wasps, and brown butterflies, which, drifting in-doors, had been imprisoned on the window-panes; for she had a conviction that freedom was a big gift, even if its recipients were only birds and insects.

650

It was something of that swallow's leap into the air that the word pilgrimage brought to her. It had wooed her for some time, opening itself before her with a delicate insistence; but the summer that she was twenty-eight it became much more than a vague allurements — it seemed a deep spiritual necessity, a gateway toward which she was being impelled, and through which she must pass if she were ever to find — To find what? Well, put crudely and simply, she desired to find God, if haply He were to be found; and of this she was not sure. Yet it seemed to her that she was more likely to find Him if she might escape for a space from all her accustomed routine, and go on a pilgrimage to some sacred spot. Not that the place really mattered. She knew that God is to be worshiped neither in Jerusalem nor in the mountain, but rather in spirit and in truth. Yet the attitude seemed easier to obtain, if one might go away to some place that was accustomed to prayer and meditation.

To go away! Oh, to go away! How the wings of her heart lifted and quivered at the thought! Indeed, she must get away! Her everyday life was falling into chaos, and becoming dim and unreal. She had always had an enormous appetite for existence, but now all the vitality seemed to be going out of everything. Life for her had become like a tree withered at its roots. It might still stand for a while, but all its greenness and sap was gradually drying

up. All that seemed real to her any more was this, at times, violent craving of something within herself for a Something without. It assailed her occasionally with such intensity as to be almost terrifying. There was, for instance, the afternoon when she and Patty drove over to Webster, to do some shopping. The accustomed meetings with friends, the little details of their errands, and the drive home, — all of which in the past would have been full of zest, — now drove her frantic; and torn this way and that by the world without and the world within, on the way home she was startlingly cross to Patty.

'I think,' Patty said, flicking softly at Billy's flea-bitten gray sides with the whip, 'I shall certainly get that blue dimity instead of the organdy.'

This was the third time that Patty had commented on her possible purchase. As they turned from the village street into the dusty highway, she had said that that organdy was a lovely shade of pink, but Mr. Smiley could n't make *her* believe it would hold its color. Again she mentioned it as they passed the old Stone Church; and now she spoke of it for the third time as they paused in the ford to let Billy drink, and just when Ann was finding a little peace in watching Billy's velvet nose meet the water, and in his tranquil acceptance of the brook's gift, and thinking that, if she might have just a little respite in which to be still and look and look into the heart of clear water, all that strained seeking in her might snap, and she be free.

'Oh, *do* be still!' she broke out sharply, to her sister's last announcement.

Patty withdrew her dreamy eyes swiftly from the silver ripples, hurt and startled, and ready to snap back; but the misery on the other's face arrested her.

'What *is* the matter, Ann?' she demanded with concern.

Ann suffered a stab of contrition. How sweet Patty was! But fast in the clutch of that terrible inner absorption, she could not voice it.

'Oh, *do* let us get home!' she said breathlessly. 'Billy stopped drinking long ago. He's just pretending now, and every time he stamps at a fly, he splashes me all over.'

When they reached home, after helping Patty out with their bundles, Ann hitched Billy to the apple tree, and bringing in the robe, folded it up and put the whip away, while she answered her mother's questions as to their expedition.

But at last she was free to escape to her own room. There she locked the door fast, and throwing off her hat, sank down on her knees by the bed. 'O God!' she whispered desperately. It seemed to her truly that she might go crazy if she could not find what she was seeking, or what sought her.

What had given birth to this tremendous craving and restlessness? Certain books she had read had no doubt fostered it, but they had not originated it. It was the craving, indeed, that had driven her to the books. In them — they were the lives and meditations of some of the world's great spiritual geniuses — she found the same struggles, the same hunger and seeking, that she herself knew in a lesser degree. They seemed her spiritual kin, however distantly related; and the experiences of a St. Paul, of a Ruysbroeck or a Kabir, were of infinitely more interest to her than all the conquests of a Cæsar or the discoveries of a Columbus. Perhaps it was because she found in herself a deep desire to get at the foundations of life; and here were people who steadily refused all surface-allurements until they should be anchored on the ground of their being. Then, too, their splendid recklessness, willing to fling away all that paler, less vivid men valued, for

the sake of what they sought, thrilled her. Also, they seemed to her the freest people of the world, gloriously independent of either time or circumstances; so that to use a whole life in the pursuit of their Kingdom of Heaven, and perhaps then not more than brush the hem of its garment, was no tragedy. They were citizens of eternity, and so could well afford to be spendthrifts of time. But —

Here her meditations were interrupted by a tap at her door. It was Patty.

'Please go away, Patty!' Ann begged.

'Just let me in one minute — one little minute,' Patty's voice pleaded.

Holding herself together as best she could, Ann rose and unlocked the door.

'I only want to put my hat in your deep drawer; it's just too big for mine,' Patty explained, slipping in past her, and standing beseechingly, with her big black hat held against the yellow ruffles of her summer frock.

Her fragile beauty, delicate and vivid, was usually a deep delight to Ann; but now, though she saw it, there was no emotion in her to respond. She was conscious once more of the terrifying unreality of the world she lived in. She said nothing, but stood rigidly holding the door open while Patty tucked her hat away.

Patty lingered maddeningly.

'Are you at work on a new story, Ann?' she asked.

'No — no! I'm not. I have n't written anything for months,' Ann protested.

Still Patty would not go. She was frightened and worried, but she would not ask again what the trouble was. Instead, she treated it with an oblique tenderness. With a little caress on the other's shoulder, she said, 'I like your hair done that way.'

'Patty,' Ann burst out, 'if you don't go and leave me alone I — I —'

With a last frightened look, Patty

fled; and locking the door fast again, Ann sat down and cried.

She was as frightened about herself as Patty looked. All her hitherto happy outside world seemed to be withdrawn from her, and nothing given in return. Oh, if she might only get away just for a little while, to find herself!

After a space, she dried her eyes, and drawing her chair to the window, rested her head against the frame and gazed across the valley to the Jewett Mountains opposite. There was a great peace and restfulness in looking and looking at the mountains, with their clear outlines sharp against the evening sky, and with the deep shadows in the hollows. There was also the sense of a dim response, a feeling that, if she looked long enough, a veil might be lifted, and something strange and new come suddenly forth. Was it a vague groping for this response that had bred in her all that restless dissatisfaction with everyday life?

The thought brought back to her a remembrance of her little-girlhood. At that time there had lain in the spare bedroom, tucked away in a bureau drawer, a photograph of one of the well-known paintings of Christ. A terrible picture — the head thorn-crowned, drops of blood and sweat on the brow, with the black arms of the cross in the background. Terrible, and yet serene in that supreme moment above all terribleness. The picture became for her a secret of the spirit. Time and again she stole into the spare room, and locking the door, — which was something of a feat of courage in itself, for at that time she was subject to a terror of being locked into places, — she would go over to the bureau, and with the deep excitement of one who unveils the sanctuary, draw forth the picture and gaze and gaze upon it. What it did to her she never knew, but she gave herself to it completely, knowing that she was in the

presence of something transcendent, something bigger than she could ever touch, and yet which touched the biggest thing in herself. And for all its supreme moment, and a world's agony, the Face seemed not unmindful of a little girl's deep surrender.

Surely, that response must have been there, or a happy child who went rabbit-hunting, rode horseback, and played three-old-cat with the boys, would never have been drawn back again and again to this secret encounter. Either that, or else something in her was deeply satisfied by a complete consecration to the biggest thing she knew. With a wise sobriety, she did not go very often, fearing that too great frequency might dim that intoxication of the spirit. Perhaps it was this experience of long ago that had sown the seed of the desire which appeared now to be coming to a violent fruition.

'Ann! Ann, are you there? Please come down and show 'Hontas about the salad-dressing for supper. I'm afraid it may go back on her if she tries it alone.'

It was her mother's voice calling up to her from the garden. Ann rose at once in response, but she was conscious of a wild revulsion of feeling. Was she *never* to have one moment in which to possess her own soul free from blue dimities, hats, and salad-dressing?

II

It was while she instructed 'Hontas — whose whole name was Pocahontas, but who graciously said they might call her Pokey or 'Hontas, whichever they liked — in the art of salad-making, that Ann definitely made up her mind that she *must* go away. But how was it to be managed?

She might easily have achieved a few hours' seclusion every day, without going away, if she had simply announced

that she wished it for her writing. She had already written several stories, and had even published one novel; so that time for that would be understood and respected. But she was not writing, — the zest even for that seemed to be withdrawn, as it was from all her other activities, — and to pretend that she was, required more deception than she was capable of practising. To confess what she really wanted the time for was completely impossible. To speak of those things would have been like tearing away the last veil from the sanctuary. How ridiculously she was inhibited by her reserve and her sincerity! she thought angrily to herself.

And then, in the midst of all her despair, a little miracle happened. She sold a manuscript. Such a hopeless, defeated manuscript, — one in which she had lost all faith, but which suddenly, instead of returning its unwelcome self, sent a sort of 'Hail and Farewell,' in the shape of a polite letter from an editor, and a substantial check. It was the check that set her free. Strange that one should require gold to achieve one's Kingdom of Heaven! She admitted the incongruity, yet told herself that, however the seekers of old might have ventured into the desert without so much as a penny, such a pilgrimage was impossible for her.

She began now to plan for her journey — secretly and ecstatically. She knew just where she would go. A friend had told her of the place a year before, and ever since she had refreshed her heart with the thought of it. It was a little secluded island set in a green river, where people were in the habit of coming to pray, so that one more pilgrim would not be noticeable. That was what she craved — inconspicuousness, but also the fortification of many people seeking what she sought. Moreover, there nature came straight up to the doors of the sanctuary, so that all one's

prayers and meditations need not be made within four walls. This, for her, was essential, for, if some say that they are of Paul, and some of Apollos, she was, first of all, a disciple of the woods and fields, used to worshiping in country churches, where the outdoor sounds of insects and birds came in and mingled with the chants. Once a dull sermon had been lightened for her, and all the worshipful delight in life intensified, by the glimpse of a little chipmunk whisking across the vestry steps. And once, as she waited kneeling at the Communion rail, she had glanced out through a half-open window at the tangle of meadow flowers waving in the breeze; and it might have shocked the clergyman when he presented the chalice, had he known that she had invited the yarrow and ironweed to share with her the great mystery of love and companionship. Yes, she must be able to turn to nature in her retreat, but there must be more conventional worship as well. The Spirit was no doubt in the whole of the universe; but sometimes, if it were confined and compressed within four walls, it distilled itself with more force into the expectant heart.

She had not, as yet, said anything of her plan to the family. It was difficult for her to speak of it, and she told herself there would be time for that when all her arrangements were made. She dedicated the first two weeks in September to her pilgrimage. By that time most of the summer preserving would be over, and she did not begin her teaching of the little Wetheril children until the first Monday after the 15th. That left her two clear and beautiful weeks. Halcyon days they were to be, during which something wonderful might come to birth.

Then one day, as she was washing the breakfast dishes, Patty called excitedly, 'Ann, here's a letter from Mary — she and Bob are coming for a visit.'

With a dreadful premonition that her skies were falling, Ann hurried into the sitting-room, still clutching the tea-towel and cup she had been wiping.

'Ann,' said Patty apprehensively, 'Bob is all run down and tired out from his work in the summer school, and Mary wants him to have a real rest before his winter lectures begin. His nerves are dreadfully on edge, Mary says; and so,' Patty wound up, 'not to keep a good thing to himself, he's coming here to put *our* nerves all on edge too.'

'Patty!' Mrs. Eversole warned gently.

'Well, just listen to what Mary says,' Patty said, dropping her demure, bright eyes to the letter. "'Bob *must* have rest and quiet. The doctor even suggested a sanitarium, but the idea frightened us both, so I am trusting to my own dear home people to help me through this difficult time." Why, of course,' Patty interpolated. 'What are the dear home people for, if not to be door-mats for Bob! "We would have gone to a quiet hotel somewhere,"' she hastened on, to avoid her mother's protests; "'but Bob is on a strict diet, and of course that is so difficult to manage at a hotel!" — And so easy for the home people!' Patty threw in. "'I know I can count on Ann's delicious cooking. And just one thing more: you know how noisy the spare bedroom is through the day; so I wondered if Ann would be dear enough to turn out of her room, and let Bob have it for a study."'

'But — but *I'm* going away!' Ann broke in desperately, at this point.

Her mother and Patty looked at her in consternation.

'*Going away!*' Patty cried in horror; and her mother said, 'O Ann, darling, you can't go away just now! Wait until their visit is over — it's only to be for two weeks.'

'But it's the *only* two weeks I have! — You know I start teaching Susie and

Jack on the fifteenth,' Ann said. She was acutely conscious of everything — of the whole sunny, familiar room, of her mother's gentle concern, of Patty sitting in a low rocker, with the morning sun bright on her hair; most of all, conscious of herself, of the blue border of the cup she wiped, and of the smell of yellow soap.

'What is the matter, Ann? You look absolutely floored!' Patty cried suddenly.

Her mother said nothing, but Ann was conscious of deep, serene eyes, questioning her.

'I — I was going away,' she repeated breathlessly. 'I'd been planning it for so long.'

She kept on wiping the cup in a helpless way, looking hard at it. She had a feeling that the only thing that kept her from bursting into tears there before her mother and Patty, in all that terrible bright sunlight, was an intense inspection of the cup's blue border.

'O Ann, we *can't* spare you!' Patty pleaded. 'You never can depend on 'Hontas to get things right; and you know I *always* rub Bob the wrong way, even when he's well.'

Her mother still said nothing, but waited, with that tender, enfolding question in her regard.

'O Ann! You can't go now!' Patty repeated.

For a moment longer Ann stood and wiped the cup. 'No, I know I can't,' she said at length. Then she turned and went back to the pantry, where she thrust her hands violently into the hot — almost burning — dish-water.

How her own inhibitions — her sensitive reserve, and her conscience — hedged her about! Even suppose she had been able to do violence to the former, and, breaking through, had explained why this trip meant so much to her; still, if she deserted her mother and Patty in the midst of all the domes-

tic difficulties that were sure to be distilled under the pressure of Bob's nerves, her doing so would leave little hurt, reproachful spots in the family relationship, which would continually accuse her. And yet — was she being unselfish, or was she just being weak and following the path of least resistance? Would she ever be able to achieve some great smashing blow that would set her free? Was not a complete break of some kind with one's everyday life always necessary, if the spiritual freedom she craved was ever to be obtained? How ridiculous and impotent to be so defeated simply by a brother-in-law's upset nerves? Suddenly she found that she was crying, shaking all over, and struggling breathlessly to control herself. In haste and terror lest Patty should discover her, she dashed the wet tea-towel across her eyes, all her little silver dream of a pilgrimage, which had nourished her heart so long, dissolving in a smudge of soapsuds and futile tears.

III

It was two days later, the afternoon on which Bob and Mary were to arrive. Ann went slowly up the steep path leading to the bench at the edge of the woods. She was discouraged and unhappy, acutely dissatisfied with herself, and, most of all, extremely tired. It had been a fatiguing day. At the last minute Patty had suffered a sudden contrition over Bob, and in an orgy of repentance had insisted that they make Ann's room into a real study for him. This, of course, necessitated a great many changes, which Patty's creative and artistic brain devised, but which her strength and patience were incapable of carrying out; so that in the end all the finishing up descended upon Ann.

Now, however, everything was in order at last. Patty and Mrs. Eversole had gone to lie down, before Mary and

Bob should come; and Ann, dispossessed of her own room, and seeking a little oasis of peace after the burden of the day, made her way up to the woods. She carried with her a volume of collected prayers and meditations. It was a book new to her, which she had bought to take on her pilgrimage. But she was not thinking of it now, her mind being chiefly worried as to whether 'Hontas's rolls would rise for supper. They looked depressingly indifferent to their responsibility in the matter the last time Ann had lifted the cloth to question their sallow dough faces. If they did not rise, they would have to substitute soda biscuits. Bob regarded a soda biscuit as almost immoral, certainly as shiftless and an insult to his digestion; and to offer him one on his first night would be to begin the visit disastrously.

Ann sank down on the bench at the edge of the woods with a little sigh. Leaning her dark, beautifully shaped head against the trunk of the maple tree that backed the bench, and crossing her slender hands in her lap, she gazed sombrely out over the valley. How very tired she was! And how dispirited and baffled! Worst of all, how wan and monotonous her whole world had become, with all the green sap of interest and enthusiasm dried at its roots. The little valley lay before her, surrounded by its enfolding mountains and shining in the soft effulgence of the afternoon light. Her father's farm stretched across the lowland, to the wooded slopes of the opposite ridge; while just below her the house snuggled against the hill, with the bright flower-garden at the back. Ann could see it all distinctly, a panorama of her home-life — the brown earth of the kitchen garden, with its bright emerald row of vegetables, where old 'Uncle Hiram' was hoeing; and the back yard, where Pocahontas, in her blue cotton dress

and white apron, had come out to feed the chickens, and where the hungry fowls greeted her in a wave of outspread wings and scurrying feet, while she fended off with her wooden spoon the big turkey gobbler's furious attacks upon her.

Ann saw it all, and in other days it would have moved her to a delighted response; but now it was all pale and dead at the heart, until she should come upon that foundation in herself, which she had hoped so ardently to discover upon her pilgrimage, and without which there was no longer any zest in life. As she sat there on the little bench, none of the valley's beauty moved her; she was conscious only of how very tired she was, and of the annoying fact that she had forgotten to take in the pillows of the spare bedroom. They still lay out there sunning on the roof, and she would have to go down sooner than she had hoped, to get them in place before Bob and Mary arrived.

Then, quite suddenly, and wholly unexpectedly, it happened. In the space of two short minutes, she went on her pilgrimage, and came home again all changed.

With a little sigh, forcing aside her fatigue, she had picked up the book of meditations, turning its leaves idly, when all at once two or three lines from St. Augustine stared at her from the text, giving themselves to her with almost a sense of laughter, swiftly and simply, flowering exquisitely out of all her perplexity.

'Thither,' she read (that is, toward God), 'one journeyeth not in ships, nor in chariots, nor on foot; for to journey thither, nay even to arrive there, is nothing else but to will to go.'

'*Nothing else but to will to go.*' With a dawning excitement and happiness she read the passage all over again, letting the words possess her. Her first reaction to them was an overwhelming,

rejoicing, and restoring mirth. How simple it was! And yet, how she had struggled, and suffered, and beaten her wings! It seemed to her all at once that God was more simple than man's attitude toward Him. Before she even started to find Him, she had thought it necessary to seek out a time of quiet and meditation, to discover what she actually believed about Him; but if this revelation were true, — and the words came to her with such sudden conviction, cutting so swiftly the Gordian knot of her perplexity, that she could not doubt their truth, — why, then it was not what one believed that mattered, it was only the desire — 'to will to go' — that was the golden passport for her pilgrimage, that was her scrip, her staff, her gray habit for the journey — nay, it was even the scallop-shell of attainment; for to journey thither, *nay*, *even to arrive there*, is nothing else but 'to will to go.' Pascal's words came also to sustain these: 'Thou wouldest not seek Me, if thou hadst not already found Me.'

And so she had arrived!

She sat there on the little bench, so completely happy that there were no tears, no laughter, big enough to express her ecstasy, only an utter waiting stillness of the spirit. And as she sat there, all the everyday life, which she had rejected until she should have discovered the foundation of existence in herself, came flooding back upon her, to pour itself over her in torrents of love, refreshed and re-created, filled to the brim once more from the clear eternal well-springs of life. And now all that was in her rendered a response of transcendent joy to the scene below her — to the green prosperity of the valley, the golden sunlight on the mountains, the cosy house snuggling against the hill.

And as there was an unspeakable love at the heart of the universe, so too there was an extravagant mirth. The

blue-clad figure of 'Hontas in the yard below, battling grotesquely with the turkey-gobbler, was comic beyond Homeric laughter to voice. Yet it seemed, somehow, to be voiced by the zig-zag staccato note of a katydid in the branches over her head, who began to fling forth into the expectant air a sudden ejaculation of 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' For some whimsical and yet amazingly true reason, Ann found the katydid's comment completely satisfying — the only adequate expression that there could be at that moment of the great affirmation of life. Half-laughing, yet deeply moved, she flung back an answering 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' she and the little green invisible companion chorusing in ecstasy, as even the morning stars had sung together at creation. It seemed to Ann that not even the elation of the sons of God shouting for joy could be a more perfect tribute than the katydid's chirp; for in the new world unrolled before her, nothing was too little, and nothing too great, to declare the glory of God.

And now here was all her old life given back to her. It seemed, indeed, to have been waiting, marking time with a delicate courtesy, until she should have found what she sought. Now, the gray house below, the garden, the rolling farm-lands, all the happiness, the beauty, the exquisite dearness of her accustomed world, flung out wide, unseen arms to her, inviting her to participate in its infinite zest and laughter, and Ann's whole heart went out to meet it, like an actor stepping forth to play a part in some great and deathless drama. Unconsciously she rose, out there on the mountainside, all alone, stretching forth her arms to the whole beauty and significance of life. As she did so, it seemed that somewhere an unheard overture was being played, a silent curtain was rolling up, the performance had begun, and the other

actors invited her exquisitely to take her part.

Suddenly she caught sight of the pillows waiting still on the roof to be taken in. Here, it seemed, was her cue. Clutching her book fast, she began to leap down the hillside, intoxicated with life, exulting in the gusts of evening air against her face, and the resiliency of her feet over the uneven ground.

As she bounded down the back steps, 'Hontas, abandoning her duel with the gobbler, came waddling in haste and excitement to meet her.

'Hey! Is de company done 'rived a'ready?' she cried.

'No,' Ann retorted, 'no, the com-

pany has n't arrived, but *I* have — and it's time to take the pillows in!'

'Well, fo' de *Lord's sake!*' 'Hontas ejaculated, 'is *dat* all you come leaping down de mountains for — er lookin' like you is heard good news!'

'Yes — all for the Lord's sake!' Ann cried breathlessly, and flashed past her into the house and up the steps as if she could not go fast enough to meet this new-old world opening before her. As she went, she found that she was repeating absurdly, and yet with the sense of an immense discovery, — one that could only be thus expressed, — 'Why — why, the *katydid* knew it all the time!

JEW-BAITING IN AMERICA

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

I

THE present Jewish outcry against anti-Semitism in America, though easily explicable, is, nevertheless, an outcry against something that exists in the minds of so few men, that to fight it as Jews have done and are doing is to insult the intelligence of sensible Christians and to lower the self-respect of all Jews. A foolish book charging Jews with a conspiracy to dominate the world in divers and contradictory ways, a series of articles in a single insignificant journal — these are the only reasons for an unparalleled outburst of resentment and denial by Jewish leaders. Similarly foolish charges against other groups, creeds, organizations, and principles are published every week, and

meet with the complete neglect which they deserve. But Jews, in every publication, from every pulpit, in every society which they control, discuss the revival of anti-Semitism as if life were tumbling about their ears.

And yet the whole matter has no basis in experience; the most violent denouncers of anti-Semitic propaganda have no evidences of actual race-hatred to adduce. Jews go about their business in the same way as before these articles were printed, and their Christian neighbors are aware of anti-Semitism only by the violent Jewish attacks upon it. The outcry is nothing but a case of overwrought nerves on the part of a sensitive and excitable racial group,

which has been subjected to persecution, dreaded persecution, and dreamed persecution until dreams have assumed the shape of reality. Centuries of humiliating, debasing terror of racial hatred have left their mark in a morbid sensitiveness.

And yet, in spite of the manifest absurdity of the whole discussion, one can find reason enough for the pathological state of the American Jewish mind. The American Jew has learned from the lips of immigrants and returned travelers the bitterness of Jewish life in Europe since 1914. He realizes that the Poles and Roumanians have regarded their Jewish countrymen as the conservative Southerner regards the rural negro; that crippled, starving little victims of pogroms hide like hunted animals in rubbish heaps in Ukrainian villages; that American emissaries who went to their relief were murdered. He hears of the cruelties of Poles and Cossacks, and, with the cries of helpless folk trapped in narrow ghettos ringing in his ears, looks upon his children, all unconscious of racial hatreds, and thinks, 'So, but for the grace of God, might these have been.' When, therefore, the old charges of a world-wide conspiracy once more appear, he feels his security in America getting shaky; he dwells upon the real or fancied slights that every sensitive person must experience; he magnifies the statements of a few men into the voice of a nation; and he is certain that the age-long fate of the Jew has at last sought him out in the land which he believed to be immune to the poison of racial prejudice.

Though anti-Semitism does not exist in America, it is indubitable that in Europe it is having a flourishing and threatening revival. Where Jews are regarded as an inferior race, they are treated as an inferior race is treated everywhere: are looked on with suspicion, slandered, and, above all, feared.

At the root of European anti-Semitism undoubtedly lies the shuddering hatred that men always feel for that which they cannot kill. The amazing vitality of the Jew is sufficient reason for believing any tale that is whispered of him; his survival smells of the devil.

Yet, powerful as inherited connotations are, they are but a part of modern anti-Semitism. Jewish religious persecution died with the Inquisition. The modern anti-Semite dreads the Jew as a hostile economic force or as a bar to nationalistic individualism. Give the Jews freedom of action and equality of opportunity, he argues, and they will inevitably, by sheer persistence and intellectual ability, dominate their surroundings. Such domination, he is perhaps willing to admit, might lead to their assimilation, but he is hardly likely to look quietly upon such an experiment.

Though the jealousy of modern nationalism and the dread of economic rivalry are the most important part of anti-Semitism, there are undoubtedly many contributing causes. Ordinary men do not philosophize their hatreds. To them the matter is far more simple. Since the war dozens of new hatreds have arisen, and the Jew has his share in all of them. There has been no group more hated than those who became rich during the war. That this group contains many Jews is inevitable, since merchants, stock-brokers, real-estate dealers, and bankers number many Jews among them in every country in the world. And since whatever the Jew does he does vividly and with all his might, it is an easy matter to brand all Jews as profiteers; to see them in Germany, battenning on the misery of a defeated people; in England, pushing into the places of those who impoverished themselves that the Empire might live; in America, running off with the spoils of a short-lived national extravagance.

But all Jews did not grow rich dur-

ing the war. The revolutionary Radical has become as obvious as the profiteer, and seems infinitely more dangerous. And it is plain that there are enough conspicuous Radicals among Jews to give the popular impression that Jews and Bolsheviks have something in common. The popular mind is not interested in scientific statistics; it seizes upon Trotsky, Liebknecht, the New York Socialists, and a sprinkling of radical journalists. Add these to the Jewish Socialist vote in the great cities, and the popular idea of Jews as revolutionists is complete. It has at least this much truth: that many Jews are by nature rebels — individualistic, impatient of restraint, eager for social progress, lacking in a sense of expediency, and daringly Utopian in thought. This is enough to cause every frightened man to see, behind every movement that he hates, the face of a Jewish plotter.

The bitter injustice of anti-Semitism does not lie in its hatred of evil Jews — nobody cares to defend evil: it lies in the hatred of Jews because they are Jews. Anti-Semites are not interested in moral qualities. They will continue their agitation just as long as Jews remain — to the outsider — a separate group. They will continue wherever these separate groups grow in wealth, power, and self-assertion. It is not generally recognized that race-hatred exists only where there is fear of the subordinate race's attaining power. When the negro is docile, subservient, mindful of his place, there is no negro problem. When the South European immigrant dumbly toiled in mine and mill, turning a deaf ear to organizer and agitator, there was no immigrant problem. If the European Jew would remain in a ghetto and uncomplainingly starve, he might receive contempt for his dirt and his lowliness, but there would be no Jewish problem. Trouble begins with the first sign of Jewish self-assertion.

When, therefore, one considers the origin of anti-Semitism, and its real nature in places where it is most at home, one realizes that the remedy is not simple. It does not lie in the moral improvement of the Jew. Alleged Jewish wickedness is not the issue. If all Jews were angels, anti-Semitism would still flourish. Jewish angels are not wanted in countries where one-hundred-per-cent uniformity is the ideal. Nor does the remedy lie in the pathetic protests of many Jews, that they are like their fellow citizens in everything but religion. They are, as everyone knows, different in heritage, tradition, manner, and blood. All the protests in the world are not sufficient to explain away the fact that, while many blood-Jews are non-religious, the Jewish religion exists — except in a few negligible cases — only among blood-Jews. Nor does the remedy for anti-Semitism lie in appeals to fair-mindedness, justice, and reason. The anti-Semite is beyond fair-mindedness, justice, and reason. He is obsessed by the necessity for the preservation of his national individuality, untainted by alien influence. The Jew may protest with all his might that he is not an alien: he may show that Jews died in battle for their country; he may compile long lists of Jews who have done commendable public service, but he will not convince the anti-Semite. The premises upon which anti-Semitism rests are beyond the reach of evidence.

But the fact that anti-Semitism is a wicked thing, involving the abnegation of reason, justice, and fair play, does not justify American Jews in losing all sense of proportion. Anti-Semitism is not an American movement. Jews have, on the whole, always been treated in this country with good-will and kindness. Blind racial persecution is contrary to the American spirit. Americans have traditionally befriended Jews as persecuted people, and have welcomed

them with other groups who have fled from oppression. Moreover, it is not in the American nature to take much stock in theories of racial purity. The American theory of nationality is one of realistic union rather than of romantic unity. Besides, the Jew has been, to the great mass of people, neither obvious nor threatening. Yankee shrewdness and business tact have had nothing to fear from the Jew's famous business ability. Finally, — and this is perhaps cardinal, — until the Russian Jewish immigration of recent years, American Jews were rapidly assimilating in manners, blood, and practically in religion. Even to-day, though the Jew has become obvious, though he sits in the seats of power, though he dominates certain fields, and in the great cities has formed foreign-speaking groups with social and economic ideas that reflect Europe rather than America, the charges of the few American anti-Semites have fallen flat.

All this, however, is not to say that Jews have no problems of social adjustment to face, or that both individually and in groups they have not met with social discrimination. There has always been much harsh criticism of Jews and bitterness over some of their failings. Many Americans resent with special bitterness the intrusion of Jews into circles where they are not wanted. But it cannot be said too often that social discrimination is not anti-Semitism. It is rather a form of social protection. It is directed against Jews only as Jews happen to be the one strongly marked group that challenges it. The chamber of commerce of a Connecticut town is banding together all property-owners in an agreement not to sell or rent any real estate in that town to Jews. In a North Carolina winter resort, every lease and every deed transferring property contain a covenant designed to prevent Jews from settling in the com-

munity. Were any other group, with the marks of their ancestry strongly upon them, to begin in large numbers the settlement of desirable suburbs and resorts, the same discrimination would be applied to them.

The majority of the Jews of the great cities of the East are marked men, instantly noted as different in manner, bearing, and social customs. These differences are distasteful, even shocking, to many Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. The old inhabitant sees his accustomed environment threatened by an annoying invasion. His habits will be changed, his way of life altered, and sooner or later he will be driven away by these vigorous upstarts. Is not his attitude of self-protection comprehensible? The average man distrusts a foreigner; and to him foreigner means, not one of different political allegiance, but one of different appearance, manner, habits. And Jews in groups, at least, are likely to be distinctive.

Indeed, it is safe to say that the question of Jewish social adjustment in the United States is not a matter of morals, but of manners. The day when all Jews were regarded as swindlers, thieves, and firebugs has passed. Shylock and Fagin are anachronisms. It is rather the abnormal self-conceit and obtrusiveness of some successful Jews that arouse antagonism. Men will forgive an infraction of the law, because a law-breaker is adequately punished, if he is proved guilty, by the sentence that the law provides. But there is no legal punishment for the vulgarity of new riches, no solitary confinement for shameless aggressiveness, no adequate fine for flaunting and tasteless luxury. Too many Jews have no sense of proportion in the ostentatious display of their wealth or their talents. As a result, non-Jews often feel an irritation against Jews, which, because it can have no legitimate outlet, expresses itself in an unreasoned

dislike of all Jews, whatever their manners. It is well for Jews to remember that the effect of one man's wrongdoing upon the reputation of a race is in direct proportion to the distinctiveness of the race in the country in which it lives.

And of all non-Saxon groups Jews are the most obvious, because of their temperament, their appearance, their ability, and, above all, their fatal gift of complete absorption in the game of life. They have never acquired the habit of nonchalance. Every Jew has in him the making of a thoroughgoing fanatic. It is his greatness and his doom. It has placed him in the front rank of greatness and it has made him a marked man, the prey of a complex of repressions and of fears. He cannot hide himself if he would; and wherever he is, he must live with the eyes of the world upon him.

Jews are not accustomed to take stock of their own shortcomings. Persecution has saved them the trouble. To be alive at all after twenty centuries is in itself a triumph, which can excuse a few faults. Moreover, Judaism as a religion has been but little given to spiritual introspection. The consciousness of a guilty soul, the dread of eternal punishment, the longing to be one with God, the search for salvation, all the yearning mysticism which, to the Christian, is the very life and essence of religion, means comparatively little to the religious Jew. The Jewish religion is a stately monotheism, with a dignified and noble system of ethics and a theology and code of laws which lie at the basis of modern civilization. But this religion is an intellectual possession — it is not a haven for perturbed spirits, a beacon for the troubled wayfarer, a life-giving draught for parched souls. Jews, when attacked, do not rally to the defense of their religion: they rally to the defense of their good name as a social group. It is but rarely that Jews talk of religion: they take it for grant-

ed. But they talk vehemently of their rights as an oppressed people, or of social justice, or of their contributions to civilization. The triumph of prophetic Judaism over the Judaism of the Psalmist explains the shortcomings of Jews in the very points that are made most of by their critics. The greatest Orthodox rabbis are interpreters of the law; the greatest Reform rabbis are prophets of social righteousness. There are few to preach that teaching which Jews most need — personal consecration to righteousness, humility in success, a gentleman's regard for the sensitiveness of others, a willingness to yield one's legal rights before the quality of mercy. And yet it is this very preaching that thoughtful Jews the country over are craving, hardly conscious of what they crave. The time is ripe for the coming of a personality who will interpret in his life and his teaching the spirit that is dimly conscious in the hearts of many Jews.

II

These shortcomings of the Jews explain the concrete criticisms that Americans constantly make, not as conscious anti-Semites, but in all friendliness and good-will. They see that Jews form large settlements in our great cities. Are the cities better for their presence? They see that Jews virtually control certain businesses — for example, the clothing trade, the theatre, and the department store. They ask themselves if these businesses are the better because of Jewish control. Has Jewish domination of the theatre improved theatrical art and morals? Has Jewish domination of the clothing trade shown an example of the progress that can be made toward industrial peace? And these questions are asked, not by foolish theorists, who shrink at the spectacle of Jewish world-domination, not by anti-Semites, who are impervious to ideas of justice and

fair play, but by thoughtful and fair-minded Americans, whose memories are long enough to recall a day when Jews were refugees from persecution, craving sanctuary in a land of freedom.

And it is these questions which Jews proud of their heritage and jealous of their good name would gladly avoid answering; for the truth is painful and disillusioning. There is but one answer. Theatres and clothing trade alike are controlled by two passions: a passion for wealth and a passion for power. Thoughtful Jews have no defense for the condition in which the theatre finds itself to-day: the drama gone, driven out by salacious and gaudy spectacle; the moving picture keeping just within the law, seemingly ignorant of any artistic responsibility, and as carefully devised for the extraction of dollars as a window-display of women's finery. It is the bald commercialism of the whole business that is so discouraging — its utter lack of moral and artistic altruism, its cultivation of a background of triviality and immorality. That the American public has allowed itself to be artistically debauched is no excuse for the men who have served up the poisonous fare. They have betrayed their heritage and their race; they have been worse than a wilderness of anti-Semites. For they have created a condition in which their success has furnished a fuel for racial attack that no amount of regulation anti-Semitic propaganda could have furnished; they have made the great refusal. A chance that no theatrical producers in the world have ever had was theirs, and they have, with deliberate cynicism, thrown it away. Their argument that they were merely giving the public what it wanted is worthless, for they have created their public. Nor is their other defense any better. What they have done, it is maintained, they have done, not as Jews, but as other Americans. Yet

they remain Jews to themselves and to the world. And they are not as other Americans. They are marked men, heirs of the noble ideals of a race which gave Western civilization religion and morals. And they have betrayed their race for twenty pieces of silver.

In a lesser degree, the same is true of the clothing trade. Sweating of labor, cutthroat competition, an utter inability to coöperate and compromise, chicanery, pettiness, reaction — all these have characterized this industry. And although, fortunately, some of the great clothing manufacturers have shown a wisely progressive spirit in their relations with their employees, and have set a standard that others would do well to follow, yet it is certainly true that in one of the greatest sections of the clothing-trade, obstinacy, an exaggerated individualism, and stubborn reaction characterize the employers; fanaticism and doctrinaire social theories characterize the employees. The sobering fact for the Jewish apologist is that, in too many cases, when Jews control an industry, they do not improve it: they merely make it more lucrative.

All this is, of course, only to say that Jews, being highly imitative and adaptable, have thoroughly mastered one kind of American business method, the method of driving and selfish efficiency. What the Steel Corporation has done on a large scale, the clothing manufacturers have done on a small scale. Jews have learned well the lesson of American industrial exploitation. But the defense, true as it is, will bear little weight with the public; for the Jews have the misfortune to control enterprises that are constantly before the public. Christian control of steel mills and copper mines may be even worse than Jewish control of clothing shops and motion-picture theatres, but the steel mills and the mines are beyond the view of the great American public, while every-

one comes in daily contact with the theatre and the clothing shop. Jews in their business life have a fatal obviousness — all the world reads their names on the signs of Fifth Avenue and Broadway; who visits the steel mills of Bethlehem, or the mines of Anaconda?

Moreover, the fact is that, rightly or wrongly, more is demanded of a marked group than mere conformity to the minimum of national virtue. Just so long as Jews maintain even a semblance of racial individuality, the nation will demand of them a higher standard of social and personal morality than it demands of its non-conspicuous members. This is the fundamental fact of Jewish life — a fact which may be just or unjust, but which persists with the inexorable logic of existence. What is forgiven to others will not be forgiven to Jews. All the protest in the world will not argue away reality. And it is well that life should be so. For the Jew has power beyond that of common men, intensity of purpose, keenness of intellect, strength of analysis, imagination, and artistic skill. All Jewish history shows that these qualities are ever ready to merge into the commonplace, that adversity is the only begetter of strength. Ironically enough, when the Jew merges with those about him, his strength disappears. His chief enemy is prosperity.

But after all, though there is much for which Jews in America must be apologetic, there is also much of which Jews may be proud. It is a heartening fact that the great majority of Americans do more than tolerate their Jewish fellow citizens: they accept them with few reserves and with friendliness and confidence. The reason is that ordinary Jewish folk have the same likable qualities that ordinary folk have everywhere. This is a fact that professional Jewish apologists will, seemingly, never learn. When they defend their race, they always point out the exceptions

— the great lawyers, the great artists, the great journalists, the great philanthropists, and the great scientists. Will they never realize that the contribution which a few exceptional men make to a nation is not the contribution which, in the end, is most valuable? Indeed, the method of apology by the citation of exceptions is positively dangerous, for every great man can be balanced by a scoundrel. Neither the philanthropist nor the gunman is truly representative of American Jews: the real type is the humble workaday man who goes quietly about his business, a good citizen, a good father, peaceful, productive, generous, and kindly, grateful to the country that gives him a free chance to earn an honest living, to educate his children, and to walk in the ways in which his fathers walked.

If all the Jews who are so obvious in our great cities were to disappear in a moment, there would still remain the great mass of quiet, God-fearing men and women who, possessed of no great genius, are afflicted with no great vices. Few non-Jews know the hard-working Jewish masses; few Jews who speak in their name pay much attention to them. The Jewish spokesman has so long shone in his own light and in the brilliance of a few great names, that he forgets that the Jewish contribution to American life is going to be made by the common run of men and women, of whose existence most people are unaware because they attract no attention.

Few people know their quiet, affectionate home-life, their courtesy and hospitality, their eagerness to do well by the country in which they live, their interest in the education of their children and in the welfare of those of their race who are unfortunate. It is becoming the fashion nowadays to say that the proverbial sanctity of the Jewish home is being broken down by the distracting influence of a new environment; but

every careful observer will testify that the exceptions, glaring as they are, are vastly outnumbered by the homes that retain a beautiful and touching solidarity. Heine's 'Princess Sabbath' is, even now, not altogether a curiosity.

III

The Jew who emigrates to America expects to work hard and to do his best for his new country. The charge so often made against Jews of lack of patriotism is nonsense; on the contrary, they are starved for an opportunity to be patriotic. They want a country which they can love and serve. But they want to serve it dynamically; they want to add something to it. No people are more docile, more grateful for opportunity, than they. Every teacher in Americanization classes has a genuine respect and affection for his Jewish immigrant pupils. Their friendliness, their perseverance, their gratitude to the public interest that supplies the funds for their teaching, far outweigh their faults. Unfortunately, however, they live only in Jewish sections, see only the Jewish point of view, and have their opinions formed for them by Jewish leaders whose interests are best served by keeping them a group apart. They are exploited by Jews who are Americans only in that they have absorbed the most obvious and the cheapest aspects of Americanism; and becoming resentful at their exploitation, they charge it to the American spirit.

New York is the curse of American Jewish life. Its meretricious glitter, its premium upon material success, however acquired, its boastfulness, its suspicious and sophisticated isolation, degrade and cheapen the good qualities of immigrants into a flashy imitation of Americanism, or else drive men into a disillusioned radicalism, which must needs create Utopia to escape despair.

The solution of the problem of Jewish social adjustment lies, not in ill-advised denunciation of an imaginary anti-Semitism, not in a glorification of Jewish virtues, not in plaintive appeals for justice. It lies rather in a new conception by Jews of Americanism. Jews have tried to be good Americans; but their conception of Americanism has, in too many cases, been merely the acquirement of wealth and the attainment of power. Having these, they have wondered why more should be demanded of them; not realizing that Americans measure all new groups by ideal standards, and not necessarily by standards to which the mass of older Americans have attained. Jews have come to America to merge their lives and the lives of their children into the nation. They cannot be satisfied with a mere mechanical and unconscious contribution; they must know what they are doing and whither they are going. Conscious and deliberate choice of road may be impossible for a large group, but it is possible for such a relatively small group as the American Jews. What is needed is an end of constant defense and apology, and a fixing of the mind upon a genuinely creative group spirit. Nobody objects to Jewish cohesion and unity, if such cohesion has as its aim better living, wiser thinking, and nobler acting, than can be secured by individual action; but people do object to Jewish cohesion if it means merely the perpetuation of all Jewish characteristics, good and bad alike.

There is enough good in American Jews to make their name one of dignity and honor, but the good can overcome flamboyant and obvious evil only by steadfast and perhaps heartbreaking effort. For centuries the Jew has managed to survive persecution; can he with equal success compass the infinitely harder task of surviving ease and free opportunity?

WHAT DO TEACHERS KNOW?

BY GEORGE BOAS

PROFESSOR WEST's article on what students do not know, which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, analyzes the results of certain information tests that were given a group of college students and urges that teachers study the matter and meet the issue of undergraduate ignorance 'sanely and efficiently.' The information tests given range from ordinary biological questions, such as the identification of certain vegetables and animals, to literary questions, such as the identification of certain authors. The result he reaches is that students do not know the world which lies about them, and that they are 'taught to answer quite glibly academic questions of a decidedly erudite character.'

Both of these conclusions seem just enough, but it is to be regretted that he did not push the matter further. He should have asked whether students are any more ignorant than they ever were, and if so, why. Or, if he did not care for that line of inquiry, he might have asked whether the facts that the modern student does not know are worth knowing? Or he might have asked the really fundamental question, what the teachers of these benighted ones themselves know.

The tests that should be given college students ought not to sound a man's knowledge of facts, but to determine his adjustment to his environment and the facility he displays of moving without friction in the *milieu* where his life is to be spent. The students Professor West examined might think Leghorn was a breed of cows; it

is questionable whether boys bred on farms would make the same mistake. So far as I am concerned, it may refer to hats or hens, and I know that, not because I learned it in school, but (a) because I have a sister, and (b) because I once read *Country Life* assiduously as a child, thinking, foolishly, to keep poultry in an urban back-yard. Even if I did not know it, I am afraid I should not bewail my ignorance. If the word ever swam into my ken, and I found a use for it, I would soon discover its meaning. If I am to go on being a bond salesman, or a street-car conductor, or a man who reads gas-meters, or even a professor, it is an open question in my mind whether being totally ignorant of the meaning of Leghorn would sadden my life.

Again, four men out of a hundred may not know where Yale is; but a hundred men out of a hundred Harvard men will know. As soon as information becomes necessary or interesting, the human mind picks it up in some mysterious way. The students Professor West examined think an artichoke is a fish; my California students would laugh in their faces. But my students are no wiser than his: they simply are used to seeing artichokes grow in their back-yards. Just as they told me, recently, that Dante was a Greek poet, so they would probably announce that breadfruit was a species of wheat.

It is easy to find ignorance of facts in all people. Stevenson, if I am not mistaken, thought stern sheets were sails. Frederick Locker thought the opening

word in Corneille's 'Marquis, si mon visage' was a title, whereas it happens, says Austin Dobson, to be the given name of the lady Corneille is addressing. Lord Bolingbroke implies that Virgil preferred the histories of Livy and Tacitus to that of Herodotus, but, as Disraeli, *père*, points out, Virgil died before Livy's history was written and before Tacitus was born. Any handbook of literary curiosities will give a writer who wishes to make the gesture of learning dozens of other examples.

Not only do well-known writers make these errors, but the more obscure, and, unfortunately, not less influential, professor sometimes slips. Nineteen per cent of Professor West's students may not have known whose ally Bulgaria was, but a Harvard Ph.D., a chemist and philosopher, a writer on logic and the history of thought, and an officer in the R.O.T.C., once naïvely asked me whose ally Serbia was. A professor of history did not know the family name of Spain's ruling house, and apologized for his ignorance on the ground that he was a professor of Swiss, not Spanish, history. A professor of philosophy, specializing in aesthetics, admitted that he had no idea who Vico was, and that he had never read Benedetto Croce. A young American teacher recently asked me who Thomas Jefferson was.

There is a certain excuse for all these people. They have been crammed into the specializing machine and forbidden access to any subjects outside their specialty. Their ignorance is more deplorable, perhaps, than their students', but equally explicable. They are ignorant because they cannot be widely read and be scholars.

You cannot have intelligent students unless you have intelligent teachers. Intelligence does not come from the acquisition of facts, and no information test can reveal its presence or its absence. To test intelligence by informa-

tion is like testing gold by water. Intelligence is insensitive to a mere fact; it reacts only to ideas.

If knowledge of facts were important, then Lord Acton would have been wiser than Socrates. Indeed, how could anyone living before the twentieth century dream of claiming knowledge as his? All those people who believed in Ptolemaic astronomy, in Aristotelian physics, in pre-Columbian geography, in Galenic medicine, in Euclidean geometry, in Augustinian history, must have been fools. They certainly could not have passed an information test. I doubt whether Plato could have told what an artichoke was, or when the battle of Lexington took place. I can well imagine Lucian, when asked whether Rodin was a painter or a musician, putting his thumb to his nose and insolently replying the Greek equivalent of 'Je m'en fiche.' The ancients were interested in interpreting facts, not in accumulating them. To be sure, there are always the men who collect menageries, whether of animals, or sea-shells, or postage-stamps, or facts; but it is not to those men that civilization turns for help in her hours of need.

Of course, neither Socrates nor Plato, neither Zeno nor Epicurus, was a modern professor. They were not Ph.D's. If Professor West really wishes to know why his students are ignorant, he should note that their professors also are ignorant. A Ph.D. must perforce be ignorant. In the first place, he can scarcely get his degree unless he writes a treatise on something that nobody else has ever thought of before. That excludes him at once from the ranks of general scholars. Then he must soak himself for three years in that one subject until he knows it thoroughly. As the old adage says, 'All selection is rejection'; and while the candidate for a Ph.D. is boring, face down, into his problem, the world floats by in the clouds, and he is

about as aware of its floating as a lamprey is aware of logarithmic functions.

Now the Ph.D. is invested, and he is given a chair. Does he begin to teach the general subjects the ordinary man must know? Not at all: he continues to develop his specialty. Thus you find in my own university, in a subject close to mine, courses in Elizabethan poetry, Spenser, Elizabethan prose, English prose from Malory to Bacon, the Bible in English literature, the age of Milton, Restoration literature, eighteenth-century prose, eighteenth-century poetry, Johnson and his circle, English satire from Bishop Hall to Thackeray, nineteenth-century poetry, later Victorian and Georgian prose, Browning, liberal thought in English literature, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson, the development of narrative art, the criticism of the novel, the Anglo-Celtic poets, twentieth-century poetry, Celtic influences in English, history of American literature, American authors, the American novel, Scottish literature, Sir Walter Scott. These take in only lecture courses and courses in modern literature. Courses in philology are omitted. To analyze them would be to invite rebuke from my colleagues and friends; but anyone at all accustomed to American university life knows that half of these lectures are a waste of time and money, and are given merely to afford a professor a chance to lecture on his specialty.

What do teachers know who permit such things? Do they honestly think that the literature of one man is as good as that of another? Do they honestly think that it makes no difference whom a student studies or reads? The chemists do not offer courses in the chemistry of Roger Bacon, Paracelsus and his time, Raymond Lullius and the philosopher's stone. The mathematicians do not lecture on magic squares, Pythagorean hypostases of cardinal numbers, the influence of mathematics

on psychology in the Academy. For the sciences have a definite subject-matter in which truth and falsity seem to be somehow distinct. The arts and the humane letters consist in antiquarian interests, apparently. Yet the literary instinct is still potent, and history has not stopped; men are continuing to ponder and reflect, and the good and the bad are still with us.

What do teachers know? Do they know the human soul, or do they know facts, or do they know that there is such a thing as a problem of knowledge? In those evasive and melancholy fields where a man's character is formed and his outlook upon life is sharpened, do they realize that what is needed is understanding and intelligence and critical power? In such fields, if Professor West will pardon me, artichokes and chameleons and Yale and the date of the battle of Lexington have very little place. A benevolent and humanistic skepticism, and a willingness to weigh and balance, to expound and elucidate, are all that is needed. For teachers in such fields the Greek sages are the best models. Who could better typify the teacher of philosophy, the sculptor of character, than Socrates? There are no facts to be accumulated here: there is only a sublime ignorance. Socrates spent his life in questioning and in analyzing and in observing, with quaint good humor, the experiences of beliefs. Though he never stamped his foot and thumped his fist on a desk and thundered out the truth, men have turned to him for ages when they wanted to know the truth. They have seen in his sweet reasonableness a genuine understanding and intelligence, a satisfaction in not being dogmatic, and enough sportsmanship to take a chance with error.

It is just the absence of that Socratic quality which marks us teachers of today, who think our subject-matter more important than our students. Just as

the American business man is often said to make his life subservient to his business, as if his business did not exist for his life's sake, so we young teutonists, with our ardent Ph.D-ocracy, are willing to sacrifice ourselves and our students for what we think is scholarship. At this moment I know of a university which is asking for the resignations of certain instructors because they are not Ph.D's. The work of these men is said to be perfectly satisfactory; no fault is found with their methods of teaching. But they will be discharged and Ph.D.'s employed at twice their wages, to give exactly the same work, with no guaranty whatsoever that they

will teach as well. The pathos of such a sight never strikes a man within the university; because he lacks the perspective; but when one returns after a year or two in other pursuits, such as the army, the university seems to one as a kingdom of shadows where ghosts teach living men.

Professor West wishes to meet the issue sanely and efficiently. The issue is the education, not of the student, but of the teacher. The Freshmen are wonderful — keen, eager, and hungry. The Seniors are disillusioned, cynical, and fed up. They have been through it all, and their young hearts know that there is nothing in it.

A LITTLE BOY'S UTOPIA

BY MARGARET WILSON

My little nephew was three and a half when he began to talk about 'the Stewart Country,' and between five and six when he gave us to understand that the subject was forever closed. The origin of the name was a mystery we never fathomed. Asked why it was called so, he would say, 'That is its *name*,' with the patience born of answering many foolish questions. He described it as 'that far land where I lived when Mulla was a little gayl, too little to be my mulla'; and professed to be able to visit it at will. It had taken a long time to come from it in the first place, but it was no distance to go back; there was *nothing* between here and there. Nothing for him, that is to say. 'If you went, you'd have to go in a ship, and you could n't, because the sailors don't al-

low any ladies to go on board that ship.'

It was the perfection that atoned for all the imperfections of this world. Did the supply of milk run short? 'In the Stewart Country the milk jug is always full; you can keep pouring out and pouring out and it never gets empty.' Was he refused a coveted toy in a shop-window on the ground of cost? 'In the Stewart Country you would just walk into the shop and ask how much it costed, and the shopkeeper would say, "Nothing," and wrap it up in a parcel, and give it to you.'

The economic question, that crux of idealists, was settled in a delightfully simple manner.

'There's just one cent in the whole country. You pay one cent and eat as much as you like, and the next person

that wants to eat anything pays the same cent. You can get all the dinner you want there for a cent. It's not like the dinner you get here. You go out and pick it, and then you sit down on the grass and eat it. Grapes and oynges and potatoes and apples, as many as you want.' And by a beautiful arrangement of the digestive system one was secure against the fatality that overtakes little boys in this world when desire fails before the dessert appears. 'In the Stewart Country, your dinner does n't get on top of your appetite. You slip your dinner under and the appetite stays on top.'

When cross-examined as to how one fared when the fruit season was over, his answer seemed to me then, and still seems, an extraordinary flight into metaphysics for a mind so young.

'Time does n't go away in the Stewart Country: it's time all the time. Grape-picking time does n't get past,' he went on to explain — he was helping, more or less, to pack away the last gleanings of our small vineyard in boxes of cork sawdust as he spoke. 'It stays grape-picking time. Little boys don't grow up to be men. I was just the same size I am now all the time I lived in the Stewart Country. I only died down into a little baby at the end of the jayney, when I was coming to my mulla.'

I don't know whether there is any other boy on record to whom the phrase, 'When I'm a man,' was absolutely without charm. He was never going to be a man. He'd lawtha stay just a little boy. When it dawned upon him that he had no choice in the matter, terror seized him. 'But I don't want to be a man! Can't I stay a little boy?' Helpless rage succeeded. 'I won't be a man!'

Then was proved the wisdom of having a second world in reserve.

'I won't be a man' — gently, this time, if firmly. 'Before I grow up, I'll go back to the Stewart Country for

good. There are n't any men there — not a bit of a man.'

Not a bit of a woman, either. No grown-up people, no babies, no girls. It was a world of boys, eleventy and a hundred strong. And being so many, they had fine times — the wildest, recklessest, uncarablest times; why, they did the very things they *knew* would give them colds; only in the Stewart Country there were no colds. They had more fun than even the ten little Donaghues playing leap-frog in their backyard — who, after all, were only ten times better off than an only child. In his more pessimistic moods, this only child was wont to declare that when *he* went out to play he sat silent on the lowest rung of a ladder with his feet in a pile of ashes. Can one play leap-frog alone? he asked you!

'When I lived in the Stewart Country' — I can hear the change of tone that marked the familiar opening: it was a kind of half-sad droning, a tone that seems naturally to associate itself with reminiscences of happier days. The eyes, too, lost their habitual laughter and took on a faraway look.

'I lived in a blue house with a yellow roof. There was green grass all around it and a tree with oynges on it. I sat on the grass and my Stewart Country lamb climbed up into the tree and threw the oynges down to me.'

One could imagine that absorbed gaze fastened upon the actual scene.

Grass was a prominent feature in the pictures he painted for us. In that ideal climate the grass was always soft and warm and dry and green, and you could sit down on it any day of the year. It never rained in the Stewart Country, never froze. If little boys wanted to skate, an accommodating Jack Frost made mica and stuck it onto the ground instead of taying the water into ice. No blankets were needed there, no beds. In fact, there was no bedtime. If you

were toyd, you just lay down on the grass and rested in the sunshine; it never got dark. The horses ran knee-deep in grass all the year round, and had n't to go into stables or be fed with hay.

His mother suggested that perhaps it was of heaven he was thinking. But no. 'In heaven we are n't.' A reflective pause; then uneasily, 'Mulla, I feel as if I would n't be able to see any surroundings in heaven. Will there be other persons onto us then?' No, screw up his eyes as he would, he could n't get heaven into focus. He turned with relief to the vision of the land so evidently real to him. 'There I'm the same little boy I am here, and I can see all the way to the trees where the sky bends down like the ayth, so far away they look like only half-breeded trees.'

'When I lived in the Stewart Country,' — 'When I go back to the Stewart country' — Magic phrases both, and full of solace; but there was a third that yielded more solid satisfaction than either. 'That's nothing! You should see what I saw in the Stewart Country!'

We others, who had only a restricted sphere to draw upon for our good stories, were at a disadvantage; the small boy could easily cap the best of them.

It was the description of a skillful feat in a log-rolling contest that drew forth this trifling effort of imagination: 'In the Stewart Country I saw a boy do that very same thing, but while he was doing it he wove both feet gracefully round his head twice.'

'My Stewart Country lamb' was the hero of many of those wonderful tales. It was the Stewart Country lamb that swam out to his rescue and towed his canoe to land, when he lost his paddle in the middle of the pond. It was the Stewart Country lamb that climbed upon the yellow roof of his blue house and putted out a fire. The capabilities of the animal seemed equaled only by its good-will. It never waited to be

asked for assistance: you had only to look toyd and it took your work out of your hands and finished it. Sewing gold braid on a blue velvet suit, currying Bat and Crochet Needle — it made no difference what: the Stewart Country lamb was ready for it all. It became a family proverb for versatility and resourcefulness. 'The S.C.L. could not do better than that!' we would say.

One day a relic of some past era of domestic art was unearthed from the store-room — a huge pincushion of white canton flannel in the shape of an animal. But what animal? The question was being discussed in the language of the old primers. 'Is — it — a — cat?' 'No — it — is — a — goat.' Someone was trying to lift it by an imaginary tail, to see if it was a guinea pig. The little boy sat gazing at the object in a kind of trance.

All at once his arms opened wide.

'My Stewart Country lamb!'

The contrast between the animal of our proverb and this image of ineptness was almost too much for us. It is to our credit that no audible laughter marred the impressiveness of that reunion.

Not long afterward, I had a further illustration of how hard to follow is the line between reality and make-believe in a child's mind. Winter had set in with disagreeable abruptness, and I had been begging to be taken to the land where it was always summer, only to be met by a reminder of the inexorable sailors, to whom no woman need apply. When an attack of neuralgia laid me low, 'This would n't have happened,' I reproached the small boy, 'if you had done as I asked.'

He regarded me seriously.

'Payhaps,' he said slowly, as if the words were being dragged from him against his will, 'just for one time the sailors might let just one lady on board. Be ready to-morrow and I'll call for

you and take you to the ship. Have your suitcase packed. I'll go home now and pack mine.'

He had told me some weeks before of seeing a butterfly start off to the Stewart Country to escape the cold weather, with a melon-seed for a suitcase and a pine-needle for its handle. I imagined to-morrow's trip a flight as fanciful — or at the soldest, such a sleigh-ride as Peer gave his old mother. It was a distinct shock to have a small boy appear at my bedroom door next morning with a field-glass slung over one shoulder, always the last touch when he dressed for actual traveling.

'Are n't you ready to go to the Stewart Country? The sleigh's at the door.'

I somehow found it hard to meet those wide-open eyes.

'Would n't it do to go in the bed?' I temporized. 'You see, I'm not able to get up yet. I'd be afraid to go out on such a cold day.'

'Afraid! Why, nobody's ever sick in the Stewart Country. The minute you get there you'll be well. Hurry up, or the sailors will be gone home to dinner before we get to the ship. Never mind your suitcase. Mulla said never mind mine when she saw me packing it.'

The scene was described to me later — an old suitcase open on the floor; in it a bottle of cologne, a cake of shaving-soap, a hand-mirror, a necktie, a pair of kid gloves; the small boy intent on turning drawers inside out.

'She would n't let me put it into the sleigh. But it does n't matter about clothes in the Stewart Country. We can do with what we have on; and if we want any more, my Stewart Country lamb will make them. C'm'on; Sam's waiting for us. Hurry up! The longer you lie there, the wayser you'll get.'

He had such a forge-ahead, full-steam-up air, that to this day it is matter for regret that I could n't have got dressed and gone down with him

to the sleigh, if only to see what would happen next. Where would he have ordered Sam to drive? How long would he have kept that look of resolve fixed in proportion to the struggle it had cost? And in the end, would he have acknowledged it all a game? I can't believe it. In some dark corner of my mind there lingers a suspicion that I did on that morning lose my one opportunity of visiting the Stewart Country.

As matters were, I had to bear the odium of calling the journey off myself. It is n't pleasant to be looked at as that small boy looked at me.

'Good-bye, then. I may as well go home. You need n't ask me to take you ever any more. The sailors said they'd let you on board this one day, but it was the last time. And the sailors don't like to be fooled.'

As might have been expected, it was upon the economic rock that this Utopia was finally wrecked, although the daily growing strength of rival interests in our own world may have been a contributory cause.

'I have n't heard you speak of the Stewart Country lately,' I said one day. 'Don't you ever go there now?'

'No,' was the decided answer. 'The last letter I got said, "You need n't come here any more unless you've got a lot of cents in your pocket, for you can't buy anything for one cent now."'

After this, it plainly annoyed him to be questioned about the land he had once described so willingly. At last he found a way to put an end to all such questioning.

'There is no Stewart Country. It was mine to do what I liked with, and I blew it up with dynamite.'

'And the little boys?'

'I put them all on the ship and sent them away first. Then I waited till it blew up and came away on the burst.'

A marvelous country, even in its dissolution!

SECRET LETTERS FROM A BOLSHEVIST PRISON

BY BARON WALDEMAR VON MENGDEN

[THE writer of these letters, a Russian subject, belongs to an ancient noble family that emigrated in the fifteenth century from Westphalia to the Baltic province of Livonia. He studied law at the University of Dorpat, and was for nearly thirty years engaged in the banking business. He also took an active interest in the theatre and the arts, and was connected with various cultural and benevolent societies; but had never taken part in politics. He had traveled much in many countries, and was something of a collector.

In the winter of 1919, he was imprisoned at Riga, by the Bolshevist government, for no known reason. These letters, describing his experience to his sisters and to other close friends, were written secretly, in pencil, all correspondence being strictly prohibited. They were inscribed on scraps of paper, and in some cases on the bottom of earthenware pots and dishes. Many never reached their destination. When Riga was taken by the Baltic militia, on May 22, 1919, the Baron was set free.]

January 18, 1919 (afternoon).

MY DEAR,—

I have just been arrested — at two o'clock. It must be a misunderstanding. I went with three of my colleagues to be inscribed at the Professional Union of Officials for Financial Institutions, according to orders from the Deputy of the Lettish Financial Commission, to avoid a sequestration of our bank, and confiscation of valuables; also to retain appointments and lodg-

ings for our servants and subaltern officials. Besides our ordinary passports, we were provided with certificates from the Counsel of Deputies of our bank, written according to the new rules, with red ink, and furnished with red seals. All titles or signs of nobility had to be avoided. This change in our denominations roused suspicion; and unfortunately, one of our servants, an honest Esthonian peasant, bore the same name as Mühlmann, a Jewish millionaire and usurer. A Lettish commissioner, of gigantic height and insolent expression, wearing a big purple hat, examined us, without rising or ceasing to smoke. He inquired whether we had organized the 'White Guard,' a Russian troop, of which we had only read in the newspapers. He would not believe that some noblemen possessed no estates, but declared that we had lived all our lives on the sweat and blood of others. Perhaps some part of the truth dawned upon them when we unanimously declared that this was not the case. They took us to the nearest police guard, where, after waiting some hours, we were all subjected to a short examination. Then they took away all our documents and conducted us to staff headquarters; the soldier who accompanied us received the order to fire in case anyone tried to escape.

We passed near the graves of several victims of the late revolution, all draped with red. We were forced to walk in the middle of the street, where we roused the curiosity of the passers-

by. I am at present at the principal military staff, Alexander Street, 37, and with me are about twenty-two companions, almost all Germans, among them the chief representative of the German Republic, Captain Dr. Scheubner Richter. He hopes soon to be set at liberty, and in that case I will profit by the opportunity to send you news and money, as I am afraid it will be taken from us. However, it is possible that we may meet before then. It appears to me that they have trumped up some pretext to arrest us; as I am certain of my absolute innocence, I feel sure of being soon released. You must not do anything for me, as it might involve you. Only the servants can do anything for us in these turbulent times. If the subaltern officials of our bank undertook some steps in my favor, it would certainly have some effect. I do not wish my own servant to risk anything, or expose himself by his zeal and honesty. If possible, send me all my meals; it is allowed. You know where I have hidden my valuables. I am anxious about you; send me a word if possible. If I could but spare you and know that you are in safety and that my lodging has not been pillaged!

January 19.

I am terribly anxious for you. The soldier who took away the dishes yesterday accused me of having given you a note in secret, and threatened to examine you personally. With these beastly fellows we may be prepared for anything. This torments me exceedingly. I could not sleep — not only because I lay on the floor and shared the thin coverlet with Mr. S — R —. My companions are simple people, kindly and inoffensive, mostly German merchants and tradesmen. A feeling of community unites us to these men, who till now did not interest us in the least. Each time that the door opens,

I hope and expect a deliverance, or at least an explanation. But always in vain. We get no answers to our questions. I will try to send you the money that I still carry with me. Thanks for the food you sent. The blanket and the small pillow are not quite sufficient, but here and in our next place, which will probably be still worse, one does not like to have any good things, because of the dirt and the vermin. The sailor who tidies our apartment is insolent and provoking. The armed women, female soldiers, are still worse. I fear I shall not be able to send you this letter; but all the same, it was a comfort to write it.

January 20, in the evening.

Ever since this morning there has been a rumor that we are not to be set free but to be transferred to some other place. Mr. S — R — was released at four o'clock. Let us hope that he is free, indeed; we do not know if we can trust them.

Soon after, we were summoned; but not to be sent home, alas, no; but we were sent into the street and with many others led to the Central Police. It was a strange sensation to walk through the streets as a prisoner, under military escort. Our procession was not attractive — about forty gentlemen carrying linen, bedding, crockery, and bottles. It seemed to me that many looks of compassion and pity followed us.

Here we are, about fifty men, shut up in a room that is much too small, without any beds, and too few tables, chairs, and benches. Oh, what a dreadful night!

January 23.

A terrible situation. We lie on the floor day and night. Everything is lacking; several among us are ill, as is my friend and colleague, who is in delicate health. Nothing is as it should be. Heating, ventilation, closets, wash-tubs, and everything are dirty and

nasty. New victims arrive every day. We are fifty-eight men and two women, crowded into one room. We, the political prisoners, are shut up with all kinds of criminals, cheats, and usurers. It is not possible to appeal to any judge, or to reach any friends. There is no protection whatever; it is the mob that reigns. And besides, the endless fears for our nearest, our homes, and all our possessions.

January 25.

It seems, at last, that we are to leave this hell. But where are we going? Perhaps into another prison. They say that the rules in some prisons are still more severe. Here, at least, we can from time to time see through the door the messengers who bring us things, and it is a comfort to see them, even without speaking.

11 o'clock at night.

It is worse than ever, worse than I had ever imagined. They took us into the prison for women. Bodily examination followed. We try to keep with those with whom we are acquainted. As we passed through the street, the idea came to me of trying to escape by flight. But the chance of success was too slight. Besides, where could we hide? We should endanger anyone who offered us hospitality.

January 26.

They have, after all, separated us — that is, six of us, who wished so much to remain together. A commission, composed of drunken men and women, who could not even hide their state of depravation, questioned us and examined our pockets. My companion is the son of the late Mayor of Riga, who was a man of exceptional worth and merit. His son was made to suffer by their ironical and insolent remarks. It was by a mere chance that Mr. A —, a merchant of considerable fortune, of English origin, and father of a family,

shared my fate. They took everything they found in our pockets — money, watches, pencils, and, in some cases, even the rings.

What followed was horrible. They pushed both of us, with a third man, a tall hotel waiter, into a small and perfectly dark cell, containing five narrow benches to sleep on. It was already crowded with ten men — Russian soldiers and Jewish dealers. We were compelled to sit down on the damp and dirty floor, in close proximity to a stinking bucket. Fortunately for us this disgusting situation lasted only a few hours. It was past midnight; but at last our unceasing complaints and supplications, through the closed door, moved the guard to take us into another cell, meant for but one person and containing only a single bench. This cell was fourteen feet long and six feet broad; it had a window, very high up, closed by a tin shutter, so as to cut off any view. I remember having read that the shutters had been put up because the window looked out on a big public marketplace, and the visitors sometimes threw vegetables and other victuals through the window, to feed the famished prisoners. The boards of the floor were covered with vermin. Under the window stood a single table, narrow and rickety; on the floor were two buckets, one for drinking water, the other for the toilet. We were obliged to empty and refill them, and clean them twice a day. The lids were missing and were replaced by filthy rags. An iron support of the bed had been torn out of the wall — the feat of an athlete, or rather, perhaps, the result of long and persevering labor. The walls were covered with inscriptions carved with great care and in good handwriting. You can imagine how painfully impressed we were to read: 'I have suffered here innocently for four years. All happiness gone — a broken heart.'

We have a fourth comrade, a German soldier, very dirty, of middle size and inclined to talk very big. This morning the two others were led away, and A—— and I had the cell to ourselves.

January 27.

We are but two now. The soup that is brought in twice a day is simply uneatable. Soup is not the correct expression for the liquid, just filling three plates and composed of boiling water in which swim some leaves of fermented cabbage, or the skins of one or two potatoes, or a few small peas. Luckily something is sent to us every day from home. The ration of black bread is very modest, about the eighth part of a pound; but the bread is of good quality. We have no watch; we can hear no clock strike; we must follow the sun to know what time it is; but even this is hindered by the shutters. When I think of my terrible situation, a feeling of despair takes possession of me, and yet it rouses a sense of energy. I am afraid of losing my physical and spiritual powers, and I try to exercise my memory, to practise gymnastics morning and evening, to repeat verses learned as a child. I try to translate Goethe's poems into English. It is hard to have no pencil or paper and, above all, no books. Sometimes we have been able to obtain a newspaper hidden in the baskets of food; but they are Bolshevik papers, and their contents are infamous. My companion is greatly to be pitied; he is tormented by many anxieties, self-reproaches, and fits of despair; he is hysterical and often quite apathetic. I try to divert him, to occupy our thoughts by playing various games. But it is all in vain; he is often in tears. We pass the night lying in turn on the bed, — which is nothing but a board, — or on the ground. The room is not sufficiently heated, and it is very cold. The guard does not

refuse our cigarettes, or the soup that we gladly leave for him, but that makes no difference in the severe regulations, and we are completely cut off from all the world outside. The vague fear of being entirely forgotten must be conquered by good sense.

Outside the door of our cell stands the general wash-tub. There is a small hole in the door of every cell, opening on the passage, so that the guard can look in at the prisoners without their knowing it. Through this small hole we try to make conversation with those who come to wash in turn before our door. Twice a day an inspector appears, whom we are obliged to salute, standing in military fashion. This inspection is a mere farce, and it would be perfectly useless to make any complaints or requests.

January 29.

This night we were surprised by receiving two new comrades: one, a young Russian officer of German origin, — a nice boy, twenty-two years old, good-looking, cheerful and amiable; not very cultivated, — a student of the Polytechnic School; the other, a Jew, age twenty-nine, sly, an atheist and a rationalist, full of irony and sarcasm. We got on very well together, as good comrades. It is easy enough to exchange ideas at a distance; but it is hard to make so small a space suffice. We have too little room, now that we are four, for sleeping, sitting, and moving about. Three of the unfortunates suffer from not being able to smoke, because the guards steal most of the cigarettes and matches sent to them; it may also be due in part to the enormously increased prices of these articles. They are thus often stolen only to be sold again, and I am glad not to be dependent on them.

It is said that misery and misfortune make people better; but was so large a number of unhappy mortals required

for this? Was the whole world in need of these violent convulsions? I for my part try to make the best of my misfortunes and to take advantage of this opportunity of learning to know men of an entirely different sphere, with quite different views and opinions. It is true that my nerves are irritated, and I suffer extremely from the close proximity of perfectly strange and heterogeneous persons; but my good sense tells me that I must be grateful in spite of all. Our manners with each other are exquisitely courteous and help to tide us over many human miseries.

February 6.

The days pass, and man grows accustomed to everything. We have begged in vain for books. For some days we have been allowed to go out of doors and walk a quarter of an hour in the court; we are escorted by armed soldiers, but there are moments when we are able to speak to the occupants of other cells. Through a narrow slit between the window and the shutter we can see many other prisoners during their walk, and we are deeply moved to watch those newly arrived, as innocent and blameless as ourselves. There are some ladies among them—wives of clergymen and the Countess C—.

To-day I recognized my brother-in-law, the husband of my sister, a gentleman seventy years old and in weak health. His crime consists in having two estates and some fortune. He is a quiet, peaceful man, not fond of society and accustomed to a certain luxury. How he must suffer! When I think of my poor sister, I could scream, and my heart is in a tremor of despair. My companion A—tries to persuade me that I am less to be pitied than he is, as I am unmarried and he is tormented by thinking of his wife and children. But who can measure the inner pangs

of deepest emotion in each heart, and judge between individual sufferings?

Yet to conquer weakness, overcome despair, not give way or succumb, that is our first duty. All sublime principles, till now only known in theory, must in these days influence our lives. Not to lose reason and patience—therein lies the secret of enduring this existence.

I expect a close search of my lodging; if only they do not rob me of my property, and the valuables that have been confided to me! I have public documents of importance, and several sums destined for works of beneficence. If I could but get free!

February 8.

To-day the Jew who had been detained with us was set at liberty. He, as well as the young officer, had been interrogated several times, and I always had the impression that their affairs stood well. B— will come to you, but I intrust him with nothing written; it is too dangerous. The sending, the expedition, and the receipt of letters from prison are all equally threatened with sudden pain of death. You know where I have hidden my money; take it and procure what is wanted for me. It is very painful ever to be receiving and to have nothing to give in return. I am not used to it. The food here is such that you can neither live nor die by it; according to the opinion of doctors imprisoned with us, the rations do not contain even the fourth part of what is absolutely required to live on. A strong, healthy man may stand such fasting for a time, but in case of illness the body has no strength to resist, and death ensues. You understand. For heaven's sake, send me eatables, as many as possible, for a part is always stolen. I implore you not to forget yourself; take everything and provide for the servants, who have proved their faithfulness in these disastrous times.

One day the guards refused to do their duty, because they had been accused of theft; and during twenty-four hours we got nothing, and were obliged to eat the disgusting soups. Now it is arranged. We give receipts for the food delivered to us. And yet the other day, when a prisoner refused to give the receipt because he discovered that a portion of his provisions had been stolen, he was threatened with never being allowed to have anything more. I am very anxious about you.

February 10.

Yesterday there was a great change. A—— and I were transferred to a big cell containing twenty-two men; eight among them have passed through the university or an academy and seem well informed. Finding myself among so many gentlemen of respectable position and superior education, I thought of the words of Count Leo Tolstoi, the celebrated Russian philosopher: 'In Russia there is but one place worthy of honest men — prison.'

We can have books now; there is a small library here, containing some good books — classics even; most of them have been given. Lately the number of volumes has greatly increased by frequent confiscations of books sent to the prisoners. There are only Russian, German, and Lettish books; no French or English ones. The French books sent to me have been confiscated; I have not even seen them. We play various games. For playing chess we have ourselves made the figures from cigarettes and matches. The chess-board is rudely sketched on a bench. The cell is extremely close and confined; the air is bad; there are lots of vermin, especially millions of bugs; but the company is of a superior order and well educated and informed. Man is a strange creature. I parted with a certain feeling of regret from the small

cell where I spent two never-to-be-forgotten weeks of terrible suffering, and now I am quickly growing accustomed to my new environment. Every morning and evening a Lutheran clergyman, imprisoned with us, celebrates a short service, with a prayer and reading from Holy Scripture. All listen devoutly, even the Jews. Feeling his own weakness, man seeks support in One mightier than himself. This is probably the origin of all religion.

In the evenings we have short unpretentious discourses. I have given several accounts of my travels. I spoke about the position of women in the East, and related some episodes of Russian history. A very well-informed First Commissioner of Woods and Forests spoke about his studies, and told us some of his adventures in Russia during the war. Food for our minds is not wanting; but alas! we suffer most dreadfully from hunger.

February 15.

Two of my colleagues, who were imprisoned at the same time as myself, told me that they had been interrogated. It had been most painful, for the most harmless occurrence was twisted to appear like treason, according to the ideas now uppermost. The judge was so uneducated that he was not able to write the report; the accused had to do it for him. But he seemed good-natured, and told them that they had every reason to be satisfied with the long duration of their trial, because, according to the new arrangement, the personnel of the tribunal was changed every month; the first set had been cruel and bloodthirsty in the highest degree, and quite unreasonable, like wild beasts, issuing nothing but death-warrants. By degrees it seemed that more reason prevailed. The longer the trial lasted, the greater the chance of just and reasonable results.

I was glad very to hear this, and I shall not make use of the permission given to ask for a speedier judgment. I am tormented by scruples whether I am to confess the truth, that I have been part of the civil militia for defending the town, and likewise a member of a harmless organization quite independent of politics, solely aiming to keep peace and order in the town, and prevent crime. But according to the logic of the present day, these are offenses deserving the death penalty. If I avow it, I risk my life; if not, and I am tried and convicted of the fact, I incur the penalty of death.

February 19.

To-day we were again registered. I believe it was for the tenth time. They took away every scrap of paper; all pencils, which some of us had kept in secret; even bottles and glasses. They destroyed savagely the bits of paper that had served us for playing-cards, the chessboard and the rest, crushing them all on the floor. A peasant in our room has had an apoplectic stroke and is paralyzed; he is lying there without any help whatever. The prison authorities and the doctor do nothing for him, from fear of being accused of indulgence and partiality. Terror is the first and sublimest law in the Bolshevik state. Another prisoner suffers every day from epileptic fits. Out of sheer pity his comrades give him part of their food, and the sick man, who is quite out of his head, eats too much and thus aggravates his malady.

February 22.

To-day a certain number of prisoners, myself among them, were taken to the office of the prison, where a commissioner of the Republic ordered us to sign papers, informing us of what we were accused. I know now that I am a counter-revolutionary — such is

the term. But what this means, of what I am accused, what I have done, I know not; no one would tell me. The commissioner insinuated that, being a nobleman, I could not expect to be more closely interrogated or to be released. After all, a distinction is made in this supremely modern republic between one merely accused and one actually condemned.

February 27.

This morning, after a lapse of eighteen days, we were again taken into another room. It is impossible to guess the reason of these constant changes; it is most probably done only to hinder the growth of kindly relations between the prisoners and the guards. In general, inconsequence seems the principal law of our government. All is done without system, without foresight — the trial, the providing of quarters, the interrogatory, the condemnation. The total want of education among the judges is constantly causing mistakes and misunderstandings. They do not understand, for instance, what 'nobility' means; they will not believe that many noblemen have no estates; they know nothing of professions, societies, companies, or what is meant by a club. Intending to imprison all belonging to the upper classes at Riga, they began with the alphabet; all those whose names begin with A or B are already imprisoned. Later, they changed this system, and that is why the C's and D's are still at liberty.

March 9.

For a fortnight I have received nothing — neither food nor linen. I hear that a certain number of prisoners, either from Communist sympathies or to gratify the government, have petitioned that the wealthier citizens should no longer be allowed to continue the luxurious life they manage to lead even here, living as in a grand hotel, receiv-

ing roast meats, delicacies, linen, in fact, everything; while the less wealthy and the proletarians suffer from hunger. All that was sent in should be put together and equally divided among all, according to the judgment of the tribunal, who should name those who were to take part in the distribution. Thereupon the tribunal ordered all prisoners throughout the town, numbering several thousands, to be divided into two categories, proletarians and citizens (bourgeois). The latter included all the counter-revolutionaries and the politicians. The first were allowed to receive all that was sent to them three times a week; the latter only twice a month, the first and last Sundays.

I have begun to feel that my strength is diminishing. I have grown very thin; a general experience, besides the other consequences of want of nourishment: eruption of the skin, cramps in the calves, etc. But even aside from the welcome food after the insufficient and nauseous prison rations, there was in the messages from our families a communion in thought with them; we appreciated their care in the choice and preparation of the dishes, even in writing the addresses. All this had a great moral value, and is a comfort the loss of which would be most sorely felt.

These last days they took away our boots and shoes, leaving only those that were much worn; all that could still be used were confiscated and replaced by sandals made of plaited matting without soles. Luckily my boots, bought long ago at Berlin, were so much worn that they let me keep them. A doctor, who objected that he had but one pair of boots, which would be quite indispensable to him when he should again visit his patients, received the answer that, when he was shot, he would not want any boots.

March 16.

What a terrible night! At midnight we heard two autos drive up and stop at our prison. After a short time, our big dim room was suddenly lighted up, and several judges of the tribunal entered and began questioning the frightened and sleepy prisoners. The answers were written down in a small notebook, without any explanation being given us. About one o'clock some of our comrades were called — as we later heard, thirty out of our prison. It was about two o'clock when, from the little garden near the courtyard, we heard the sound of gun-shots, and at that moment we understood what was passing. Our terror grew when we heard the dreadful cries of the wounded, of those who were not fatally hurt. The impression this made on our companions was most horrible. The last few days we have had among us three young commissioners, Russian Jews, who had served under the Bolshevist government, but who were accused of having stolen part of the confiscated sums. These brutal and cynical fellows, who never ceased their arrogant, obscene remarks, uttering blasphemies and praising themselves, now revealed their cowardice and weakness. They had attacks of hysteria, a physical and psychical diarrhœa; they began to lament, to pray, and had fainting fits. What miserable creatures men are! And shall such as these be our brethren? Never!

March 19.

During two successive days we were kept in doors and not allowed to take our accustomed walk, perhaps to prevent any communication with the other excited prisoners. While walking out to-day, we heard the sad news by degrees; we heard who had suffered that cruel and unmerited death. Thirty prisoners and one guard, my brother-in-law, P—, and H— were among

the victims, and A——, my companion of many sad days, a Lutheran clergyman, and a Russian general of German descent, who was accused of having betrayed and sold Warsaw. When, how, and where? Vain questions! Not until now have we understood how serious and dangerous our situation is. The bodies of the thirty dead are still lying in the garden, stretched on the snow, bloody, forgotten. They can be seen from the window of cell 16.

March 20.

This night was, if possible, still worse. Yesterday evening we were transferred, and the greater part of the inhabitants of our room were taken to Number 16, from whence the windows open on the little garden, the scene of the murders. I know not from where the rumor came, and the general feeling we all had, that we should be put to death this night; each one of us believed it. We saw through the window the bloody traces of the shooting on the dirty snow. A dead body, forgotten till now, was carried off before our eyes. We saw sentinels passing our windows, besides other signs; we could not doubt that our turn was approaching and was very near. Who can tell what took place in our hearts? how can one dare to speak of it? In such moments our whole bygone life passes through our minds and consciences like lightning; all things, great and small, suddenly loom up in our memory. Where are all our hopes and plans? And the impossibility of uttering our last wishes, our last decision; of taking leave, of speaking our farewells, of saying what we have neglected to say — too late now for everything, too late! A lot of men thrown together by mere chance, and all without hope. No one spoke, not a word was said; and it was very cold; everyone lay down, and in the universal darkness covering

so much misery, a voice was suddenly heard repeating slowly in trembling, solemn tones the words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' Voice after voice joined, and the words of the holy prayer sounded through the cold darkness; and after the closing 'Amen' a thrill passed through these poor, feeble human creatures.

But nothing happened, and the next day we learned that the tribunal had decided not to sentence us to death but to keep us as hostages, to be enabled thereby to enforce their demand against their enemies. Everything remained as it was, and a new period of our adventures began, comparatively peaceful, and of long duration. I suffer most cruelly from having no news of my own people and receiving neither food nor linen. All appeals are in vain. Several times I have asked those who bring provisions to my comrades to tell my people that I am suffering terribly from hunger and unclean linen and want of news. When may I hope for a change? I take gymnastic exercise. I walk about as much as possible and exercise my memory.

March 26.

My birthday! At last, the first parcel after four weeks and a half. I knew that I was not forgotten. A thousand thanks for the linen and food.

March 27.

For some time there have been rumors of some great change. It came this way. To-day we were summoned to collect our dirty rags, and were taken through the whole town to the governmental prison, the citadel. Here it is still more filthy, still darker, and still more insalubrious. We are under quite new rules.

April 12.

I have little to tell of the last two weeks — the same close surveillance, worse nourishment, no walking out of

doors; the windows looking out on a tiny court, dismal and deserted. We are no longer obliged to clean our room, to carry wood, to heat the stoves or the like, but are ordered to do public work outside the prison. We are led along the streets to the churchyard, where we must dig graves, work with spades and hoes, etc., more than six hours running, with short intervals for eating the cold and nasty soup. My body has grown so weak that I cannot possibly stand this life.

April 19.

They constrain us to daily labor. At first we all went willingly, even with a certain gladness to be able to breathe fresh air; but now they try to cheat us and drive us, especially the noblemen and clergymen, threatening to use violence and shoot us in case of refusal. On the streets we excite the compassion of the passers-by, and in secret we are sometimes given coffee and bread. The guards permit it, as they too receive a part of these benefactions. By such means one or another is able to get into communication with his family. When will this torment be at an end?

One of the prisoners in our room, Baron G— V—, gives thirty-five roubles a day—about 100 francs—to a guard, and in this way exchanges daily letters with his wife. The rest of us have not the same means. She wrote to-day that my lodging has been pilaged and devastated, and that my servants can do nothing for me. Everything is enormously dear; it is painful to receive all this food, knowing that those outside the prison suffer equally from hunger, in order to be able to provide for us. My confidence in my faithful and honest servant is quite unshaken. It is possible that he can do more for me than my sisters. I have placed in his charge my lodgings and all my property, which might be used for my benefit, or sold to procure some

money. But if there is nothing more left? Whoever tries to serve a counter-revolutionary risks his life.

April 23.

Sixty of us, mostly those of the higher classes, have been sent by train, in a railway car, destined for transporting cattle, to the country, and we are obliged to labor in the forest, hew down trees, saw logs, and carry them to the railway. I thus assist the Bolsheviks to rob my own nephew. My back is not strong enough to bear these exertions, and I cannot stay with the rest, as my inability increases the tasks of my companions.

During four days I exerted myself to the utmost. But I cannot go on any longer. In spite of the cold sojourn in the railway car, with thirty companions; in spite of the insufficient food,—for our appetites increased by being in the open air,—I would have preferred to remain out of doors in the first awakening of spring, rather than return to prison, with its infested atmosphere and numerous typhus patients. But it is impossible. I reported myself as being ill, and was obliged to walk twelve kilometres, carrying my parcel, and I reached Riga more dead than alive, to be shut up in my prison-cell.

April 30.

There is no such thing as medical aid. I have a rather high fever and most dreadful headaches, the forerunner of typhus. Several from our room have been taken to the hospital; but those who remain are just as ill. There is no doubt that I have an attack of typhus.

May 1.

They still keep me here. They do not trust me, and declare that the nobles dissimulate. We are devoured by millions of lice, and I have no longer energy or strength enough to fight against them; and they multiply.

May 3.

They have at last brought me to the hospital, or rather they obliged me to walk seven kilometres, with a temperature far above normal, to the hospital of the central prison. I was only allowed to place my small parcel on a car full of corpses and dying men. While walking through the town, I was often constrained to sit down for rest on doorsteps, and I arrived at last, nearly dead from exhaustion, always accompanied by a military man who could not quite hide his compassion. A German doctor is here, and I have found some pitying companions who try to help me.

May 13.

Without assistance I should not have survived. I can no longer stand on my feet, and cannot walk a step. The doctor does nothing, for fear of compromising himself. The thermometer is

useless, as it is only given to us for two minutes. So I do not know my temperature; but it is very high. Almost no medicine, insufficient food; what is sent to me is stolen before it reaches me. In two days eight corpses were carried out of this room. It will soon be my turn. My sisters have spoken to the doctor and sent me some messages. Thank God, they still exist; but how?

The hour of deliverance has come, and I am still alive! After a prolonged bombardment, Riga is taken and in the hands of the Baltic militia. They have just set me free, and told me that I am at liberty to go where I like. But it seems unpardonable to carry among others the lice that cover me—those worst conveyers of contagion. I will first return home, when I have bathed and been disinfected. My trust, and my firm resolve to live, have saved me.

EPILOGUE

During Baron von Mengden's imprisonment, his family and friends were constantly distracted by rumors that he had died in prison from the privations he had suffered; that he had been shot; and, finally, when he was released, that he was in a state of utter exhaustion and seriously ill with typhoid.

When at liberty, he could not return to his lodgings, as these had not only suffered from repeated pillaging and requisitions of provisions, clothes, linen, books, and furniture, but even more from the systematic devastation by the militia and their officers, who occupied his apartments with their

wives and children. Beautiful old furniture had been taken away and sold. Drawers were rifled and everything of value stolen. Among other things, an iron casket, containing the records of various societies and foundations, valuables and family documents, had been broken with a hatchet and emptied. The Baron's brother-in-law had been shot, his sister had died in prison, and other relations had been turned out of their homes and completely ruined by frequent and merciless requisitions. The Baron, shrunken to skin and bones, reduced to half his former weight, was literally unable to walk unaided from the prison.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

AFTER four years of absence, one comes back to England much as a lover might approach the bower of his mistress. One is in a romantic mood; one even expects to be received romantically. But one's best friend is inditing a letter to his landlord — a very important letter; the lady to whom one hastens has an appointment with her dress-maker; and only the very young or the very old seem to have the leisure and the enthusiasm that one had imagined would attend the wayfarer returned. And then there are those ever-ready shopkeepers — tailors, hatters, hosiers, and bootmakers. They have the time for one. Supple as serpents, false as foxes, and ravenous as the vulture, they lie in wait.

I dare say it was the same everywhere throughout the Western world — in Paris as in London, in New York as in Berlin. The years 1919 and 1920 will be remembered as the years of greed, of everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost. So it was most emphatically in London, materially, and even in the subtler realms of the intangible; for those who had nothing to buy or sell were equally insistent and equally mendacious with their *isms*; with their political, moral, and spiritual nostrums: Communism, Activism, Spookism — the list is as chaotic as it is interminable. 'Try and keep sane, I said to myself, 'and you will be one man in a thousand.'

There was nothing much that was

new in all this. Wordsworth has recorded a parallel chapter of decay, induced by similar causes — by wars, by discontents, by revolution. One turns to the great sonnets. Ridiculously apt they seem; and reading them in this new light, one is inclined to put away pen and paper, knowing that all has been said, and better said than we can say it, better felt than we can feel it. And as we turn to Wordsworth, so, exactly, did Wordsworth turn to Milton, who doubtless turned to some old Prophet of the Hebrews, with whose library I am unfamiliar, and so must halt at that.

I cannot, however, resist the luxury of quotation. All is so pat, so 'modern.' If you cut his lines, they bleed.

These times touch monied Worldlings with
dismay;

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair.

Inevitably one feels that Wordsworth was acquainted with the Northcliffe newspapers. Or, rereading the sonnet that opens, —

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bower for gold, —

one feels that the poet has witnessed the processes of demobilization, and has watched a favorite disciple accept a lucrative engagement with a popular journal.

Finally, it is difficult to resist the hackneyed

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen . . .
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men—

How well you know us, Wordsworth—how more than well! And how you manage the magnificent baldness of those great lines! But still, we *did*, somehow, get over those old troubles, and reach, if not the Golden, at least the Victorian Age. We *did* jingle sovereigns in our pockets again, and read our Dickens, and cheer our Palmerston or our Peel or our 'Dizzy' or our Gladstone; we *did* follow Darwin and Huxley to their last conclusions, or Newman, Manning, and Pusey to theirs. We *did* actually revive and play our part in the world—a not ignoble part, and, in fact, on the whole and all things considered, a pretty decent part, as national parts are cast. So, by the same token, though the individual may suffer,—and the individual is often suffering cruelly just at present,—I see no reason for ultimate despair. England and the British Empire are not yet off the map, or gone to the bottom like some old ship dry-rotten.

In London, as in all big cities, one loses faith. I go away from London and regain it. The train stops; and as I leave my bag with the porter at the little wayside station, and sniff the keen night air, I am taken out of myself and become renewed. One loves this place; gladly one would live for it, and, as gladly, die for it. There must be millions of us who feel a like impalpable devotion. The other places we have known were inns and taverns; but this is home.

The moon lighting me, I walk over the stubble where the partridges are sleeping: I pass the burrows under the hedge; I look up to the familiar patterns of the trees. The heavens above and the earth below whisper of some-

thing intimate and near; the very smell of the place, even were I blind, or deaf, or ailing, would make me welcome. One seems to belong here as one belongs nowhere else. I dare say the Frenchman feels the same about his France, the German about his Germany—and so throughout the world. I know for certain that, as much as the blackbird in the hedge, the rabbit in the burrow, the partridge in the stubble, I am at home here; am made of the English soil I tread, the English air I breathe; and that no other soil or air could ever be quite the same to me. There are millions of others who feel as I feel—whose love is beyond reason, beyond will, or strength, or counting up of cost.

The city robs us of this heritage. More and more it seems to have no nationality; more and more it seems to produce a creature of a different species—a restless, unhappy kind of being, who dares not think, who flees from his own thoughts as if they were a poison. It has fashions instead of values; most of its art is a drug that will help it to forget; and all the *isms* it has concocted are but the symptoms of its malady, the outcry of its effort to escape. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Socialism, Communism, and all the rest of them, were discussed in Palestine two thousand years ago, and that wherever man has been unhappy and oppressed, he has rediscovered the ancient formulæ, only to make wreckage of their hopes and all their promise.

II

The England to which I am returned seems to be composed of three kinds of people. There are those who, directly or indirectly, fought the war; there are those who did not, either directly or indirectly, fight the war; and there are the robbers of the widow and the orphan. Of the first class, it may be said

with some certainty that they will not easily fight another war; of the second, one can only report what one knows; and the third is better left to the Almighty. But among these three one seems to move uneasily. It is a pity that the government allowed such distinctions. And with that, one comes immediately to politics, which, nowadays, seems to be the main obsession of every social gathering. The pent-up bitterness of all that we suffer in silence finds a relief in these discussions, where every public man in turn is held responsible for our misfortunes. The newspapers seem to batten on these hatreds; never, in recent years, have they been so mendacious, so personal, so filled with spite and venom. And the politicians themselves, largely a gang of nonentities, hungry for office and nursing their fly-blown reputations, speechify and go through the old wearisome performance of abuse and self-justification, until, occasionally, one feels that the best thing that could happen to this old country of ours would be a complete clearance of all these comedians and strayed play-actors, and the election of a new Parliament to which nobody would be admitted who had approached politics before.

According to one's temperament, one laughs or weeps over this dubious conflict between the Outs and Ins. One reads the press, and even the political speeches of the Coalition, Liberal, and Labor leaders; and in every instance their insincerity appalls one. On any subject of which one has special knowledge one 'finds them out'; they teem with 'bluff,' misstatement, suppression, and every artifice of the special pleader; until at last one realizes that the whole thing is a game, and that each is trying to mesmerize the unhappy voter, who asks for nothing better, so it appears, than to be promised everything and to be given nothing. A friend of mine

had invested a good deal of his savings in a company that failed. 'They promised you enormous dividends?' I asked, when he told me of his loss. He admitted as much. The ordinary voter of our free and enlightened democracies resembles my friend, in that, the more he is promised, the more he is magnetized and inclined to part with his vote. A fair and reasonable return would fail to attract him.

Beneath all this comedy, 'eye-wash,' and pretence, there is, however, a fund of seriousness. One talks to a responsible member of the responsible government and finds that he is not entirely mad. Quite the reverse, occasionally, and just as wearied of the theatrical element in his trade as you are. One learns, for instance, that the much-abused continuance of the excess-profits duty was a deliberate measure imposed by a cabinet which had foreseen the trade-boom that would follow on the cessation of hostilities, and had resolved that the country should profit by it as well as the trader. This aspect of the case has never been presented by what is called the 'Capitalist Press,' which, rather, has encouraged the notion that this special tax was a law aimed at the expansion of trade.

Or, again, one learns that the devolutionary processes, which are giving new legislative bodies to Ireland, and to Egypt and India, are part of a considered programme, which must ultimately lead to the establishment of similar bodies in England, Wales, and Scotland. So that, before I die, I may see an Imperial Assembly devoted to a consideration of the general questions that affect the British Empire, while each nation, from New Zealand to Ireland, is left to work out its own personal problems, undisturbed and self-contained. For England itself this would be a notable advance; as we here need Home Rule more urgently than Ireland,

and a government which, instead of being preoccupied with the affairs of half the world, could concentrate on those internal problems which so bitterly divide us.

I find myself, willing or unwilling, an apologist for our present Coalition Government; but when one reflects that to it attaches the responsibility for a peculiarly dangerous crossing, and to its opponents the joy, by fair means or by foul, of dragging it down, it is difficult for the spectator to hold to any other course. I am told that Mr. Lloyd George is a rascal; indeed, the moral obliquity of Mr. Lloyd George has become an obsession with his opponents, who seem to look for a white dove in a position that nothing white or dovelike could maintain for half an hour. More than by Mr. Lloyd George's alleged rascality, am I affrighted by the unreality of Liberal eloquence and the pathetic fallacies of Labor. Both of these parties, at the moment, remind one of a lover, anxious to get married, and possessed of no other assets than good-will and the intensity of his emotions.

Turning from all these voices and the distraction and the discord of them, it is a curiosity of the times that the most democratic age England has ever known should listen with confidence and respect to but a couple of its prominent personages, and these both royal. An unfailing instinct has led the common Englishman—or the Canadian or Australian, for that matter—to discern that neither the King nor the Prince of Wales is open to the charge of mendacity or double-dealing. It may be that this immunity appertains to their high positions; but, on reflection, one is convinced that, apart from opportunity, the matter is one of character and a loyal sense of duty. And for this the average man is grateful.

Trusted widely in a lesser degree, but nevertheless trusted, are the three or

four political personalities who are obviously free from the taint of self-interest. Among the Labor members, there is Mr. Clynes; among the Tories, Lord Robert Cecil; among the Liberals, Lord Grey of Fallodon. Pondering over the transparent honesty and the devotion of such men, whom the hardened Parliamentarian might describe as 'unemployable,' I occasionally wonder whether the future may not belong to such a Central Party, composed of the Conservative Left in union with the Labor Right; for in England there is far more sympathy and understanding between the upper and lower classes than between either class and the Liberal partisan who stands midway, with his hands in the pockets of both.

Beyond these more artificial than real political divisions, one is conscious of a difficulty far more vital. The three kinds of people whom I instanced in the opening paragraph of this section must have time for fusion and forgetfulness. Through 1919 and 1920 one could not but feel that the bitterest struggle of all was that being waged between the returned soldier and the man who had taken his job. The civilian too often regarded the soldier as his natural enemy; the soldier felt himself dispossessed and disliked by the civilian. There was jealousy in this conflict, and a world of disillusion. For the soldier had been promised so much and had been so much in the limelight; and the civilian, who for several years had suffered in nerve, in vanity, in his own as well as in the popular estimation, was now afraid of losing the little or the much that he had gained by staying at home. Time is smoothing these distinctions—they will pass, and are, indeed, already passing. And even the third class, that of the profiteer, is now losing in the slump a large part of what he made in the years of unlimited demand and short supply.

III

I look round upon this altered world, and, apart from the divisions I have instanced, find myself moving amid three generations — the old, the middle, and the young. The old has had its day and is done for; it lives by its prejudices, its pride, its fears, and its slender hold upon the past. Of us all, perhaps, it has suffered most cruelly by the war — in pocket, and by the loss of those young lives to which it looked for warmth.

Toward my own generation I am still feeling rather fierce. Throughout Europe it seems to have had the means of saving us from disaster. But it muddled along, short-sighted, selfish, bent only on immediate gain, immediate purposes. After it might come the Deluge; but it seems that the Deluge was less backward and not so easily appeased. The present dog-fight between Capital and Labor is largely of its creation: the indifferent schools, the squalor of our towns, the 'interests' that block our way at every turning. It sees the whole duty of man as business organization and money-making, sustained by golf, by auction bridge, by overfeeding and long cigars. Such, more or less, are our masters; and to-day we are paying for their folly — and, incidentally, for our own.

The third and youngest generation, so it seems to me, is made of finer metal. A hard-bitten lot, perhaps; but what would you of young people who have been up against the nudities of war? They took the brunt of it, — young men and young women, — felt all its terrific sanity as well as its Satanic madness. For war is a paradox, an art and a sacrament as well as an inferno of evil passions and cruel deeds. This younger generation is made of a tougher material than its fathers; fundamentally it is more open, more clearly allied

with those who toil. It does not regard the wage-earner as a unit to be exploited; it has known him as a man and a brother, as well as a number on a pay-sheet. One feels that this younger generation will make hay when it gets the opportunity; that it will lead where its fathers trod over-cautiously; and that it has it in its power to be trusted and followed with a confidence that is to seek to-day.

I am well alive to all the qualifying circumstances: that in my own generation there are numerous brilliant exceptions, and that in the younger generation there exists a pretty good sprinkling of shirkers and of 'rotters.' But it seems to me that the above generalizations will hold good. It is only our older men who talk lightly of future wars; who, incurably pugnacious at their juniors' expense, still cling to the old conceptions of international rivalries and international hates. It is only the older men who regard Labor as the ordained antagonist, with the inevitable result, and Capital as something sacrosanct, which must be fed with countless lives. The younger generation is more human, more rational. It has suffered; it too has known fatigue, discomfort, and the darkest hours; it is without sentimentality, perhaps, and without cant; and, maybe, it is most abominably disillusioned. But not unlike it are the men and women it will some day be called upon to lead, or among whose numbers it will find its partners and associates.

Any impression of the England of to-day must be incomplete unless one takes account of the children, in whom so large a hope is centred. Just now there is a set-back, a disconcerting wave of unemployment and privation; but they have had five good years, and, where the parents are employed in any of our vital industries, they are still prosperous — well clothed, well nourished, and content. The change that has

been wrought is something of a miracle. I spent a fortnight going through our Cornish fishing districts, and it seemed as if the lower strata that one knew before the war had been completely washed away. Poverty was unknown there. And it was the same in the agricultural counties; while railway men and miners were never so affluent. All were investing their increased earnings in the children.

Throughout England one marks the change occasioned by the five good years — good, in so far as the wage-earner's children are concerned. And it is not only the body that has been touched; for this latest generation, poetizing the war, as children will, has had its share of high emotions, altogether a more heightened life than the generations that grew up in times of peace. One feels inevitably that, given favorable conditions, a host of gifted men and women will spring from it; that it is, perhaps, the most precious asset that England now holds. And speaking of these children, I cannot refrain from outlining an unforgettable picture, one that must fill anyone who cares for the future of this country with hope, and even with optimism.

At the end of last summer school-term, I went to Victoria Station, my mission being to gather up and carry home two youngsters whose parents were abroad. Every train that drew in to the particular platform where I waited discharged its load of healthy boys and girls. Wonderful kids, fit as prize-fighters, and all delighted to be free of the restraints of school! Train after train, loaded and packed with them and their belongings, rolled into the terminus; and it would be exactly the same in all our large cities. True, they belonged, or seemed to belong, to our more fortunate classes; but behind this gathering, as well as luxury and easy money easily spent, one divined a

vaster fund of sacrifice, unselfishness, and love. One knew, among one's own acquaintance, parents who stinted themselves, who gave up much, so that Jack and Jill should have their chance — an outdoor life, good teachers, and plenty of simple food and exercise, in preparation for the difficult years that lie ahead.

IV

Your ordinary Englishman expresses himself in action; the passive, the critical, the reflective ways of life are foreign to his genius. When there is a thing to be done, he does it; and when it is done, it is over, and he sees no reason why anybody should 'make a song about it.' And he usually does the right thing, relying in the main on common sense. There are other and more brilliant kinds of sense, which are approached through the mind; but common sense is instinctive and requires no intellectual elaboration. Hence, the ordinary Englishman is often voted 'stupid' by his more gifted neighbors, or 'dull,' or a 'barbarian,' or anything you please. But give him a job to do, something concrete that he can take hold of, and the probability is that it will be done before his more scintillating friends have finished arguing about it. This native and rather inarticulate capacity may account for his survival. For you cannot destroy a people that simply will not grow up and get old. When matters get too hot for him at home, he goes off and founds the American Colonies, or New Zealand, or Australia, and carries on, not very much changed, except as a tree is changed if you give it elbow-room and light and air. In England we are grown too close together.

It is, of course, a rash undertaking to generalize about any nation, and more especially a nation so cut across with foreign blood and influences; but leaving one's own opinions aside and rely-

ing on an observer of another race, one at least arrives at an interesting comparison; for all such estimates must be comparative, and I invariably find that the Englishman who takes pleasure in vilifying his own people — no uncommon object, nowadays — is one of those perverted idealists who have never mixed with the peoples of other lands.

At Salonica, in the late war, we were an army of six nations — French, Italian, Russian, British, Serb, and Greek. Of these the British were the least well known to the local population — not known at all, in fact, till the city was burned and 77,000 of its people rendered homeless. Mr. H. Collinson Owen, in his admirable description of these events, in *Salonica and After*, writes:—

'There were many warm tributes, individual and otherwise, made to the work of the British during and after the fire. Of these, we will take one from the Greek journal *Phos*:—

'The refugees were led on the night of frightfulness and destruction, with indescribable affection, far from the flames, and found themselves under the protection of an elect race whose name is spoken with gratitude by those who have been so greatly tried. . . . The life of these ardent apostles of humanity and goodness amongst us has been unstained and clean, and the Greek appreciation of it has been sincere and warm. . . . Although there has been but little time in which so difficult an installation could be effected, nevertheless, British energy, which is the marvelous and amazing quality of this great race, was able to gather humanely, shelter, and feed a great number of refugees. The houses in which the refugees are sheltered are well-roofed, and the tents placed in perfect line, with English exactitude. There lives an entire population, which yesterday was happy, but to-day is ruined and living on the charity of powerful friends.

'Or, again, I will cite the words of Mr. Repoules, a former Greek Minister of Finance, uttered on a different occasion:—

'The British are practically worshiped throughout the whole of Macedonia. . . . What is the power behind the goodness of character? And how is it gained? By nature? No! By bearing, education, and will. Their intentions are always straight, their thoughts innocent, and they never misuse their power. . . . Not even the most ill-educated Englishman, even when intoxicated, molests anyone, hurts anyone, hurts an animal, touches a fruit tree, or displays any vicious tendency. Heredity has not left in the British character a trace of brutality or barbarism.'

All this is more than a little flowery; but, as Mr. Owen remarks, 'we must remember that this comes natural to the Greek who is writing with a pen dipped in enthusiasm'; and I may add that these tributes, far from turning the heads of their recipients, led to skits and parodies innumerable, making fun of a situation that was quite outside the range of our self-consciousness. We could not see ourselves that way, at all. Here, for instance, were 77,000 poor wretches homeless, and one helped them as a matter of course; though some of the more logical of our allies considered this the right occasion to relieve them of their valuables. *It was* a good opportunity; so much must be admitted; and many of these refugees had not been over-nice with us.

I dwell on these two unsolicited testimonials, not because I am proud of them, but because, in spite of their romanticism, they actually *do* offer a pretty good key to the leading characteristics of the common English man or woman; to that fundamental decency upon which our statesmen might count with confidence, and even with assurance. Instead of lying to such a people; instead of fearing them as an unknown quantity, or regarding them as so many cattle that must be kept in subjection at any cost, it might pay to be open, to come out with the truth, and with many things that are neither smooth

things, nor things of pleasant hearing. The common Englishman can stand the worst of them; and, in any case, he invariably ends by finding them out for himself and footing the bill for them, in blood, in treasure, heaped with compound interest.

All this — which ultimately amounts to the condemnation of a party system that virtually puts the country up for auction and sells it to the highest bidder — was more penetratingly stated, a good many years ago, by that great patriot and teacher, Professor Spenser Wilkinson. To those who wish to follow this line of thought to its conclusions, I recommend his 'plea for a national policy,' entitled *The Great Alternative*. The whole Irish question, thrown to the wolves of party when it might have been settled by agreement a generation since, is but a tithe of the price we pay for an idiosyncrasy which, framed for compromise, in this and in many other instances becomes a crime.

V

The quarrel of Indian, Irish, and Egyptian Separatists is not so much a quarrel with England as with Western civilization. Emerging from dreams that unveil only the alleged Beauty of the Past and almost totally ignore its shadows, they are confronted by a Present and a Future of disconcerting wakefulness and actuality. But Western civilization has come to stay; or, failing it, the populations of the world must fall to a good many millions below their present figure. When I was a boy at school, in the eighties, I learned that the population of India was some hundred and fifty millions. It is now well over three hundred millions. And the population of India is but one of many populations which have doubled or trebled within living memory. Without what we call Western civilization, this

would have been impossible; and without what we call Western civilization, the support of any such rapidly increasing multitude will be equally impossible in the future. It is the merit, or the fault, of England that in this expansion she has played a leading part; has done so much to evolve a civilization which, whatever its failings, has enabled two human beings to grow in the place of one.

I look at what, for want of a better term, I will call Eastern civilization, but which might equally well be described as the Western civilization of the past. In the main, and apart from its alleged beauty, it is an interminable record of famine, pestilence, enslaved populations, and of perpetual warfare waged at the behest of great or little tyrants; of rapine, slaughter, and the sacking and firing of inoffensive homes. Its vaunted empires as well as its petty kingdoms were based on a servitude that left the ruling minorities defenseless in a time of crisis. Little by little emerged the free peoples who are the dominant factors of to-day. It is these who, even in despite of such difficult passages as those we have recently crossed and are still crossing, have made it possible for the earth to support its doubled and redoubled populations. The Bolshevik experiment, if it has proved nothing else, has at least proved this. It has demonstrated that Capital is even more a servant than it is a master, and that, if you lop off the head, there is not much life left in the body.

It is at once the glory and the misfortune of the English-speaking peoples that, in this intensification of life and human industry, they have played a more important part than all others; and if, in so doing, we have created cities that are an offense, and a social and material organization stained with individual cruelties and injustices, there is ample evidence to prove that we are

alive to most of our shortcomings and are making an honest effort to correct them. We have not accepted this Western civilization of ours as final. It dates barely from the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, which, historically speaking, means that it is in its infancy. It is most firmly rooted among the peoples who have accepted Democracy and the implications of Democracy, which means that it cannot stand still. So that, if it possesses no immediate beauty, — which is arguable, — it does possess the beauty of growth; it does possess the beauty immanent in any force that is able to look ahead, to peer into the future; that aims at distant goals, which, being perfect, and human nature being imperfect, in all probability it can never reach.

The claim that the Englishman is dead to beauty, a congenital materialist with a passion for the ugly, is as absurd an inference as has ever been put forward. At Penzance in November I met an Englishman who had walked all the way from London, with no other object than to feast his eyes upon our autumnal foliage. He had walked for three weeks. One could go through all India, Egypt, and Ireland without coming across such gardens, small and large, as may be met with in a single English county. The Englishman is wise enough to discern that beauty is not of the past, but of all time, and that Mr. Yeats's 'stars grown old with dancing silver-sandalled on the sea' — a singularly lovely image — are not 'old' at all, because for them is neither present, past, nor future, but only a Oneness in which our human reckonings do not exist.

A material test is not always a vital test, but very often it answers; and looking round for a touchstone by which to measure whether our Western civilization has stood still or whether it has advanced, I can think of no bet-

ter way than to compare the earnings and comfort enjoyed by the working-man of to-day with those tolerated by his parents and his grandparents. In farm, mine, or factory, whether it be number of hours worked or purchasing power of wages, there is simply no comparison: in every direction there has been an immense stride forward, heavily accentuated by the bloodless revolution that has accompanied these later years of readjustment. And turning with a similar curiosity to my own hazardous profession, I recall how the youthful Emerson, visiting England, 'paid his respects' to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle. One can imagine a similar pilgrim presenting himself to Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and John Masefield. He would find these writers settled in easy homes, their works assured of an immense public, themselves free of every rank and condition of society. I reread Emerson and find that their precursors were little removed from pensioners or paupers.

VI

In a civilized country it is the mass of the people that counts, rather than any efflorescence which may adorn or vulgarize its upper and more evident manifestations. It is in the mass that one looks for the heart and inmost nature of a people; and from the mass itself rise and flower those representative and abiding exemplars by which the main body is judged — is extolled, or, perchance, condemned. Among all the European peoples — and I have come into pretty close contact with most of them — I know none more sound than the English; nor one more capable of assimilating and using those parasitic and often orchidaceous growths that are inevitable in any country so open to the world, so little burdened with intolerance.

In the scramble and general hurry of the last two years it has been hardly fair to judge us — to judge any nation, for that matter: when industry has been a gamble and politics a dilemma; when trade has degenerated into speculation, and mankind has lived from day to day, from hand to mouth, in a condition not far removed from inebriety. Out of these artificial conditions, imposed by an economic situation entirely without precedent in human experience, mankind is slowly emerging. The bubbles have burst — real values are replacing artificial, and the days of reckoning are upon us. We must hang together or disintegrate; we must face the facts of life, or, clinging to a Fool's Paradise, must dissolve with it. The years of carnival are over.

One reaches the heart of England, and can form some estimate of its real quality, more by a study of the provincial press than by that of London. The London press, with but two or three honorable exceptions, — of which the *Daily Telegraph*, perhaps, is the leading instance, — is a neurotic press; more international than national, opportunist, unbalanced, and barely concerned with the city from which it is addressed. Against this it may be urged that London has no common life, no centre, no circumference; that its citizens have no knowledge of one another, and are so many units, drawn together, recruited, and dispersed by the hazards of existence. In the provincial world all this is changed. The provincial city is manageable. One is aware of an identity of interest, a local as well as a national patriotism; one feels that these towns make men rather than devour them. Here the citizens are known to their neighbors. Instead of being monstrous and imagined, they are familiar figures, who come and go openly; so that even the most famous have faces that have been seen, voices that have been heard,

and strength and weaknesses that are in common knowledge.

The Londoner has no such personal evaluations. It is a curious instance of this segregation, that there are millions of Londoners who, consciously, have never spoken to a peer or even seen one, or to the proprietor of one or another of our world-famous business houses, or to any figure more conspicuous than the ordinary policeman. In a provincial town, on the contrary, including the largest, every class has its contacts, and there is nothing very legendary about the existence of a duke, a captain of industry, a celebrated scientist, or, it may be, a cabinet minister. Everyone knows him by sight, and has heard him speak, or, perhaps, has exchanged a word with him, and has come to the conclusion that he is much as other mortals.

In this English England resides the essence of our nation: its soundness, its toughness, its national consciousness and strength. And though you may see these scattered over county after county, you will find them gathered together and beating as one heart before any such collective symbol as the Whitehall Cenotaph, or the tomb of the Unknown Warrior laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Here London may achieve its purpose as the centre of our circle. Yet the spirit behind those monuments, and the tears and homage which encompass them, are not predominantly of that city, but rather of those plainer aggregations, within sight of sea or moorland or of open country, where memories are long and fidelity is more enduring.

The main issue between man and man in this age is that which divides Capital and Labor. The struggle between an aspiring middle class, describing itself as Liberal, and a privileged class, describing itself as Conservative, is ended. Each has swallowed what it could digest of the other, and to-day

only the echoes of that old warfare remain with us. But the newer conflict has in it a something of reality. In each country of the West, and even in the East, it is being fought out with the weapons that come handiest, and in accord with the national temperament. Traveling through Europe and mingling with divers peoples, one finds it of interest to observe how these particular forces vary: how what is regarded as advanced or radical in one country is denounced as slow and reactionary in its neighbor — and the less advanced the neighbor, the more slow and reactionary! An English Radical, for instance, looked upon as red hot in his own country, becomes merely tepid in Italy and stone cold in Russia. Perhaps this was what a leading Continental statesman meant when, discussing the English character and his own difficulties, he observed that, 'The British people is in its civilization two hundred years in advance of any nation in Europe.'

This struggle has been accelerated and intensified by the fantastic earnings of certain industries favored by the war. One can understand the revolt occasioned in the mind of the wage-earner who discovers that the colliery or the shipping company that employs him has paid its shareholders a dividend of three hundred per cent, as in more than one case has actually happened. One can understand that, after fifty years of compulsory education, voices should arise, which question the legitimacy of even a far smaller return. One can understand that, in these days of discussion and inquiry, the whole system may be questioned and condemned. One can understand that Organized Labor, taking a lesson from its opponent, should regard their joint venture as a struggle wherein the spoils go to the stronger party. The fight has proceeded with enormous spirit these two years

past; until circumstances, more powerful than self-interest, have brought both parties to a halt. The industrial world, after an unprecedented and fortuitous innings, is faced with readjustments that go deeper than a division of the spoils. The righting of this new situation — and it must be righted if the country is to survive — will take years, not of conflict, but of statesmanship.

In times of crisis the best men come to the top; such times grant them their opportunity. Given the worst of stable governments, this law holds good; and even Russia had her Witte in the days before Kerensky. England has never lacked men possessed of the glorified common sense that meets a difficult occasion; nor does she lack them at this moment. Temporarily they may have been obscured, intrigued against, and shouted down; but signs are not wanting that the shouters are beginning to lose their nerve, that the Utopians are seeing reason, and that the intriguers have become discredited. In the Labor Party there are still leaders who have the good sense to see that Capital, whatever its other qualities, is often a synonym for self-denial, courage, and imagination; and in the opposing camp the strongest heads are working for ways and means of reconciliation.

It is not the purpose of this paper to dwell on schemes of reconstruction, or to do more than record the impressions of a vastly interested contemporary. In England just now one endures and suffers; yet if one has any hold upon life, or any knowledge of one's fellow creatures, one cannot but be aware that the mechanism by which we live is still in motion; is, indeed, moving with a certain precision toward definite aims and purposes. The patient is recovering and approaching convalescence.

There are many signs of returning health, and more of returning sanity. It is, for instance, admitted now that

Unemployment, the spectre which, for a hundred years, has embittered the life of the wage-earner, is not a necessary and inevitable evil, to which we must submit or offer palliatives. Both parties to this vital and predominant question are working toward a considered solution.

My friend Basil Worsfold, who is regarded as an authority, assures me that agriculture can now offer inducements equal to those offered by the industries that have seduced so much capital and so much labor from the land; and that a free use of machinery and more scientific methods of cropping are tending to reverse this process, thereby restoring a balance more than a little dislocated by the collapse of Russia and of Central Europe. And again, a sys-

tem of selective and state-aided emigration is being planned by our Dominions overseas, working in conjunction with those in authority at home.

All these are vital issues, and many might be added to them. Politicians will discuss them, and claim what credit they may for their inception; but the real initiative has sprung from the Nation — from those deep reservoirs of common sense and practical ability by which, in the end, every matter that affects the welfare of this country is resolved. These activities and these capacities are still as strong with us as in our heyday; and so long as we possess them, are loyal to them, and will submit to them, one feels that there is no need to despair of the England that was, that is, or that is yet to come.

HUNTING TROUBLE IN ARMENIA

BY ELIZABETH ANDERSON

I

AFTER two years in France with the Red Cross, I went home in the autumn of 1919, determined to 'get back to normal,' and settle down. But I soon discovered that normal is a synonym for dull, and I just could n't make myself settle.

One morning after I had been normal for about a month, I received a note from Miss Andress: 'Will you go to Tiflis with me in two weeks?' I would, yes; and we sailed on November 22, my sister and I.

We were assigned to duty at Delijan in the Caucasus, where we passed a

busy and not uninteresting winter, in charge of six orphan asylums. On the first of April, we received orders to move on to Kars, where I was appointed Director of Education and Agriculture. I was just getting things started — the fields ploughed and the five thousand children separated into classes — when, on May 2, we suddenly received orders to evacuate the Caucasus.

After a seven-days' cruise down the Black Sea, on the U.S.S. Pittsburgh, — fifty-six women on a battleship! — we arrived at Constantinople, and were quartered on one of the islands.

The first week in June, 1920, came a wireless from Colonel Haskell, asking for fifteen women to be sent to Batoum, as things had quieted down. We traveled up the Black Sea from Constantinople on a 1500-ton cargo boat, and were greeted by the news that we were to turn right round and go back again, as the British were really evacuating the port this time, and under the circumstances it was decided not to send women into the interior. Fortunately for my sister and me, they were short-handed at headquarters, and we were asked to stay and help out. I went to work as a typist, while my sister took charge of the officers' mess.

The military control of relief in the Caucasus ended on July 1, and Colonel Haskell turned the organization over to Mr. Yarrow. My sister and I volunteered to go in under the new régime, and were accepted; and the fourth of July found us in Kars, the first American women back in the field. It was worth waiting for.

Spring had transfigured Kars. It had rained every day during May and most of June, and when we arrived, the hills were ablaze with flowers; I have never dreamed of anything like them outside of a florist's window. And then, besides, there were lots of funny little bright-colored birds, and skylarks singing high up against the sapphire sky.

Kars was one of the strongest fortresses on the old Russian frontier. It is ringed round with forts of modern construction, some dating only from 1914. The modern town was built by the military, and must have been quite imposing. The Armenians partly destroyed it in their retreat before the Turks in 1917, when the Russian Army turned Bolshevik; and there is little left except the wide, well-paved streets and a few smoke-grimed façades to show what the town once was. The garrison during the Russian régime numbered

thirty thousand, and there were many fine stone barracks, both in the city and in the valley where our personnel house was situated. The committee was caring for six thousand children in these buildings when I went back to Kars.

Mr. Fox, the District Commander, had worked tirelessly after our withdrawal in May, and had not only kept the organization in fine order, but had made many improvements.

There were seven orphanages and six hospitals to look after; my sister was assigned to the orphanages, and I went into the hospital department.

I once took the Red Cross course in 'Home Care of the Sick,' but there was nothing in it about how to be a hospital superintendent. I also worked in a New York hospital for three weeks, and learned how to clean bed-tables very thoroughly. In France I was assigned to duty in evacuation hospitals, served through three big drives, and grew very proficient in washing feet. But I had never run a hospital. In Kars I managed seven, and was responsible for about eighteen hundred patients. I lost twenty pounds and my sweet disposition, but the death-rate did not increase.

In the Caucasus a 'sister' is a very superior thing. All you have to do to become one is to wear a white head-dress and talk about prestige. Prestige means that you can't make beds or open a window or bathe a patient; and night duty is unheard of, for it gives you wrinkles and interferes with your social engagements. I had sixty sisters on my staff, and only three of them knew how to give a hypodermic.

One of the first things I did was to establish a nurses' training-school — and I almost started a revolution at the same time because I insisted that the pupils should learn to scrub floors and make soup before they were allowed to dress wounds and give medicines.

Prestige and closed windows were my greatest worries. But they were not the only ones. Every morning my desk would be elbow-deep in notes. The Armenian loves above everything to write letters, and will do so on the slightest provocation.

One of the doctors could write what he thought was English and some of his problems were very vexing; for instance: —

To MISS BETTY ANDERSON, Hospital Manager.

It is stated by the housekeeper of the hospital No. 1 that the pigs of the hospital do not receive food and they *do not obey* to the pig keeper. She prays therefore, to have ordered an arrangements about that pigs, who never want to obey, without food, to the pig keeper, please.

And then, no sooner was the pig question solved, than I received the following: —

To MISS B. ANDERSON.

To-day no drop of water too. No barrel coming no pipes giving. Please have done your insinuations about.

I was on my horse from morning to night, making my rounds. In about six weeks an American doctor arrived and took some of my cares, but I still had enough left to keep me amused.

The District Commander and my sister struggled tirelessly with the orphanages. Mr. Fox decided that something must be done to make the listless, morbid children more like human beings. All day they would sit in the sun, and rouse themselves only to eat. So he designed merry-go-rounds, swings, and see-saws; and for weeks went to the orphanage and demonstrated the broad jump, high jump, quoits, and blindman's buff. The children loved to watch him and would mechanically do as they were told; but immediately

afterward would sink back into their lethargy. The teachers were ordered to *make* the boys play; and so each in turn was forced to swing or see-saw or something, for five minutes at a time. They looked so thoroughly miserable, and play seemed so utterly distasteful to them, that at last the playground was admitted a failure. My nurses, however, loved the swings, and whenever I missed one on the wards, I would know just where to find her.

My contract with the N.E.R. expired on September 30, and I planned to leave at once, with my sister and Mr. Fox. Toward the middle of the summer, three girls and a man arrived to replace us, and we felt free to go as soon as our contracts were up.

It was just about this time that the wood-problem became serious. Kars District is barren of forests, and all our fuel was brought by rail from Sarakamish. During the summer months there had been constant fighting between the Armenians and the Kemalists. The Armenians were confident of pushing on to Erzerum, and had mobilized every man of fighting age (incidentally leaving the harvest to take care of itself). The British had sent equipment, arms, and ammunition for an army of forty thousand men, and prospects seemed bright. And then, suddenly, on September 28, the Turks captured Sarakamish, an important strategical stronghold on the Armenian frontier, about sixty versts from Kars.

We had heard rumors that things were not going well, but at that time we looked upon the 'war' as something rather amusing, and not likely to affect us at Kars. With the capture of Sarakamish, however, things began to look serious: our wood-supply was cut off, refugees came pouring into the town from the villages, and the people of Kars were panic-stricken.

On the night of September 30, the

Kemalists advanced again and entered the village of Begliahmed, about fifteen versts from Kars. At a meeting in town late that night it was decided to evacuate the women and children. Up to that time no one had been allowed to leave the city, because it was thought that it would have a bad effect on the morale of the troops. A panic started, and at one o'clock in the morning a message was sent to us at the personnel house saying that the situation in town was bad.

Up to this time we had all been sleeping at home. Mr. Fox made late nightly rounds of all the institutions, and it did not seem necessary to change our usual routine. He had assigned a post to each of us in case of trouble; and on the morning of the panic we were aroused from our peaceful sleep, and having swallowed a hasty cup of coffee, scattered to our various duties.

I mounted my horse and rode away in the dark to make the tour of my six hospitals. The two in the valley were quiet, although the personnel besieged me with questions and begged for advice to stay or go. We could not assure protection, of course, as we had no idea what attitude the Turks would take toward the Committee; but Mr. Fox promised to do all he could for our native employees and their families.

When I reached the outskirts of town, swarms of my hospital personnel met me and clung to my stirrups, the horse's tail, my hands, sobbing, kissing my feet, begging to be saved. I could only urge them to be calm, and beg some of them to go back to the hospitals, where they had left the sick children entirely alone.

With daylight came a return of confidence. The authorities decided to let no more civilians leave the city; report had it that the Turks were not advancing beyond Novo Salem, about eighteen miles away, and the morale improved.

I slept in the hospital that night, — at least, I did n't sleep, because there were fleas, — and the fact of my presence seemed to relieve everybody's mind. If they had known how extremely small I felt, and how scared I was, I don't believe they would have been so confident. However, nothing bothered me except the fleas.

II

Kars, after the capture of Sarakamish, was overrun by the Mauserists, or Volunteers, a semi-military organization under a leader named Sabo. These Mauserists (so-called because of the gun they carry) were not paid by the government, but grew rich from the loot they gathered when they followed on the heels of the regular soldiers. In all they numbered about fifteen thousand, and they were a law unto themselves. Without hesitation they would take supplies from our wagons, and exchange a tired horse for a fresh one out of one of the Russian teams. The Russians belonged to a religious sect called Molikan, similar to the Mennonites of Pennsylvania, and believed in non-resistance. They would sit, stolid, on their wagons, and let the Armenians do as they pleased. So an American had to go with every convoy of wagons, to protect the food intended for Armenian children from the Armenians themselves.

A nurse now arrived to relieve me of my duties in the hospitals, and my days were spent in the saddle, escorting hay- and wood-wagons. It was a pleasant task in the beautiful autumn weather. We would go perhaps fifteen versts, and I would lunch in some hospitable Russian kitchen while the wagons were loading, and then start for home about dusk, always with the prospect of at least a verbal battle on the way. On these trips I was within sound of the guns, and could see the Turkish posts on the heights overlooking the plain.

The Turks held the same line for several weeks. The town gradually quieted down, and nobody was allowed to leave. Hundreds of cattle, which the Armenians had captured from the Kurds during the summer, grazed on the plains outside the town, and encampments of refugees were everywhere.

On the fifteenth of October the Armenians were to make a big attack. Everyone knew about it beforehand, and it was the one topic of conversation. For some reason the drive failed, and the Armenians fell back to new positions. The reason given me for the failure of the drive was that the new British rifles had been issued only the day before, and the soldiers had never fired them; but I am not sure that this is true.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Fox, yielding to my request to 'see the front,' took three of us out to visit Colonel Miramanoff in his dugout. He had been there only two days before; but when we reached the place, we found the camp deserted, and drove on to discover headquarters. We thought that the Armenians must have made a successful drive, for we went on without seeing a living soul. Begliahmed, which is just a straggling settlement of mud-houses, was deserted, and we drove on to Novo Salem. Here Mr. Fox became suspicious, for he knew that the Turks had occupied that Russian village several weeks. He stopped the car and sent the Russian chauffeur ahead for news.

We waited on the hill overlooking the village. It was a peaceful scene: the red-roofed houses, each with its stork nest, clustered beside the winding river, neat fields rising to the snow-capped mountains beyond. It was Sunday, and the Molikans, dressed in the brilliant colors they so adore, were strolling about, or standing to gossip in groups. The moment they caught sight of the

car, the groups scattered, and even the children ducked into the houses, so that presently there was not a soul to be seen.

George hurried back, breathless. 'Turks *here!*' he gasped in Russian, 'and there — there — are Turkish batteries!'

While he was speaking Mr. Fox swung the car around and jammed his foot down on the accelerator. He drove an ambulance in France, but I am sure that, even with whiz-bangs sailing overhead, he never went faster than he did that day. I thought we were crawling at fifteen miles an hour, but he says we were making fifty. For fully five miles we were in sight of the Turkish batteries, and could see the men watching us. We hardly breathed until at last we reached a small group of Armenian soldiers on the other side of Begliahmed. This was the outpost of the Armenian army, but it had never occurred to them to stop us — in fact, I remember they had stood at attention and saluted Mr. Fox when we passed. One of our party, stroking down his hair, which had stood on end during our dash to safety, was heard to murmur, 'This is a hell of a front!'

On the night of the twenty-eighth the Turks cut the railroad to Alexandropol. This was the most serious thing that had yet happened, for it broke our communication with the outside world; and it looked as if we were in for a long siege. At that time we had only about a month's food-supply for the children.

On the morning of October 30 I was conveying wagons of milk and flour to the city hospitals. Winter had set in, with sleet and snow, and the convoy business was no longer a pleasure excursion. Town seemed as usual; the guns were not firing so often, I thought. At eleven o'clock I had just delivered ten loads and was starting back to the

warehouse, when hell suddenly broke loose in the city. People poured from the houses; the streets became jammed with ox-carts, horses, soldiers, dogs, babies, sheep, and animals of every description, with bedding hastily strapped on their backs. A pandemonium of excitement, which reminded me of the great movie scene in the *Last Days of Pompeii*.

"Turk *egave!*" screamed the people; 'the Turks are coming!' Panic-stricken, the throng milled like frightened cattle. My Russian teamsters, stolid and dependable, looked to me for orders. I pointed to the warehouse and spurred my fidgeting horse through the crowd.

We did not go far. A shell burst within a few hundred yards of us, and I saw the loaded wagons coming from the warehouse. Mr. White rode at the rear and asked me to take the head of the column.

As we passed the hospital gate, my sister ran out. 'They say the Turks are in the city, Betty; I'll stay here — take care of yourself!' There was time for only a hurried hand-clasp, and I rode on.

I shall never understand how we succeeded in keeping those forty wagons together in the jam. I kept hitting soldiers off the *fourgons*, already overloaded with rice, flour, and milk. Mothers tried to force their babies into my arms; sheep's horns got caught in my stirrups; my horse shied at a camel and almost climbed into an ox-cart; but still we moved on, caught in that panicky jam of humanity. It was each one for himself in that flight. I saw soldiers, with tears of terror streaming down their cheeks, push women and children aside, that they might gain a pace or two. All had a blank, fear-stricken look that I can never forget. The moans and sobs of thousands mingled with the rattle of the ox-carts, the baaing of the

sheep, and the lowing of the countless cattle.

As we left town and entered the valley, a new sound came to my ears: the crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire. The valley is narrow — you would call it a cañon at home. The swift Karschi flows through it, with a road on either bank, and the sides of the gorge rise abruptly about eight or nine hundred feet, and are crowned by the fortifications. Steep flights of stone steps scale the precipice. I saw Armenian cavalry leading their horses down those steps at a run, while the infantry poured down the zig-zag cattle-paths, throwing their rifles away as they ran. Just across the river I saw two officers try to stop the rout. They dismounted, drew their horses across the road, and shouted at the oncoming mob. Still it came, and the officers fired point-blank into the front rank; two men fell, but the rest swept on and I could not see what became of the officers.

The rattle of fire was continuous, and I could see men on the crest of the hill silhouetted against the sky. I now know these were Turkish soldiers, who had captured the fort and were firing on the fleeing enemy; but at the time I thought they were Armenians.

At the personnel house the supply officer took charge of my wagons, and I galloped on to Hospital No. 2, where I found things in a terrible mess.

It was the first American building in the path of the refugees and soldiers, and they were pouring into it through the doors and windows they had broken. From my horse I banged down with my gas-pipe on the heads below me. I screamed in Armenian that this was a children's hospital and that soldiers must not take refuge there; but with blood trickling from their broken heads, they swarmed in, and I saw that it was hopeless to attempt to stop them. I decided to get the children out and up to

Hospital No. 1, on the hill. They were not bed-patients, but were all suffering from *favus*, the scalp-disease. Mr. White rode on to make a place for them, while I tried to gather them together.

I had a terrible time getting into the building. To get upstairs I had to climb over the heads and shoulders of the people crowded there. The nurses had tried to keep the wards clear; but the crowd had got entirely beyond their control, and the people were swarming in, onto the beds, under the beds, everywhere.

My four hundred kiddies were lost in the mob and greeted me with shrieks of joy, I gathered up the babies and gave them to the bigger girls to carry, then began to strip blankets and sheets from the beds, intending to lock them in the storeroom. The nurses, of course, were hysterical, and the Armenian doctor was wringing his hands.

Suddenly a new sound was added to the din — the crack and crash of bullets breaking glass. One, two, three whizzed in. I knew it would be madness to attempt to move the children under rifle-fire, so I told them to lie flat on the floor, while I hurried down to the door.

Everything was silent in the building now; the people had stopped their moaning and had sunk into dumb terror. The crowd outside the door had melted as if by magic. From the height across the river came the rhythmic *tat-tat-tat* of a machine-gun, and I drew back as a bullet whistled uncomfortably close to my ear.

The Armenian doctor was literally tearing his hair. 'They are coming!' he moaned. 'Soon they will be here! What shall I do?'

Two small rooms used for officers opened off the entrance-hall. The door was locked. A big Armenian soldier stood cowering before it. 'Break open

that door,' I ordered. Then I told the doctor to collect all the nurses and older girls and bring them to me. I have read in novels about breaking down doors with the butt of a rifle, but I never thought that I should take such a keen personal interest in the proceeding. It seemed to take an hour. The big soldier was so frightened that he had no strength; so at last one of the big orphans seized the gun and crashed in a panel.

The first person inside the door was that big soldier.

'Get out! This room is for the women,' I told him.

He started to crawl under the sofa, but I pointed my revolver at him and he crawled out of the door instead, muttering something uncomplimentary about American women in general and me in particular. As I look back on it now, I am horrified to realize that I came very near shooting that creature.

The doctor brought in about thirty women, and I herded them into the back room, where they crouched, almost insensible from fright. Hardly had I got them settled, when a boy dashed in to tell me that there was a regiment of Armenians hiding in the courtyard. I could n't get out of the door, so jumped out of the window and ran round to the back of the house. There I found about a hundred soldiers. Some of them were wounded, and a dying horse was making the most horrible sounds. In Armenian, I shouted to these men that they were endangering their own children by hiding there; but they only stared at me stupidly, and one man, sick with fright, vomited.

The bullets were too thick to let me run round the front of the house again — I could hear them spatting against the wall. So I crawled through a back window and fought my way to the office, where I could at least breathe. The people whined and kissed my feet

as I passed. Some of the soldiers were taking off their British uniforms and putting on rags the refugees gave them. I was seized with a revulsion of feeling — a disgust for the whole cowardly lot of them. I did n't want to die there, penned in with those wretched creatures. I guess I was pretty badly scared, and I believe I would have run away had it been possible.

Fortunately I did n't have any more time to think about myself. Several badly wounded children were brought to me, and I was kept busy. One little girl had been shot through the abdomen by a dum-dum, and her intestines were protruding. There were no bandages available, so I pulled down the window-curtains, tore them up, and stuffed them into the wound. I made the child as comfortable as I could with a blanket and pillow, but I knew it was only a question of minutes with her.

I had just finished binding up the other wounds when Mr. White appeared.

'The firing has stopped,' he said. 'Doctor Surian, up at Hospital 1, is badly wounded; send your doctor there right away.'

Karakashian at first refused to go; but after two or three minutes, when he found that the firing did not recommence, he took my little American flag and started.

Mr. White said that he thought things must be going pretty well, and that the Armenians had repulsed the Turks; but the words were not out of his mouth before Karakashian dashed back. 'The Turks are here — at the door!' he gasped. 'Sit down on the floor!'

The refugees were perfectly quiet — you could have heard a pin drop. All I can remember is the husky breathing of the dying child at my feet. I looked out of the window, and on the crest of the hill opposite I saw a column of men marching as if on parade. At the head

of the column was a red flag bearing the star and crescent.

I have never felt so alone, so entirely helpless, and so thoroughly frightened. I picked up the American flag from the floor where the doctor had dropped it, and stepped to the door. It was a little home-made flag, with just ten stars on it, but to me it felt like armor.

Through the half-open door came a bayonet — slowly, cautiously, about on a level with my stomach. Behind it appeared a face — drawn, sweaty, eager, mean.

'American!' I quavered; trying to say it with a Turkish accent, and holding out my flag. Up went the bayonet, and off went the gun right over my head. It made a terrible explosion in the narrow little entry. I staggered against the door-frame and said, 'American,' again, rather feebly.

I think the Turk smiled. He lowered his bayonet and backed me into the room.

Five or six more soldiers entered and went on into the building. My Turk, I now took time to see, was about six feet tall, and fair-haired. After looking us over he patted me on the shoulder, told me to stay where I was, and left me. Two other soldiers came in and ordered Karakashian and Mr. White into the hall. One of them snatched off my wrist-watch, bracelet, and ring; then he delved into my pocket and took my gun. Next he tugged at my riding-breeches, pointed to his own rags, and told me to take mine off. I shook my head determinedly, but he tugged all the harder.

'They are too small for you and I *won't* take them off!' I said in English, which of course he could not understand. We argued for several minutes, — he in Turkish and I in English, — growing more desperate every moment. 'I won't, won't, won't!' I protested. Then he laughed, and mimicked me:

'Wo, wo, wo!' I knew I had won, and sent him off happy by generously presenting him with somebody else's raincoat.

Just then Mr. White came back. At first I did not recognize him, for the Turks had stripped him, leaving him barefoot in his B.V.D.'s. Karakashian followed, clad only in a linen shirt reaching to his knees. They looked so utterly miserable and so entirely absurd that I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks. As soon as I could stop laughing I handed them each a blanket, which they draped around themselves like togas. They did n't think it was at all funny.

A sergeant came in. Something prompted me to address him in French, and he answered courteously in the same tongue. He had heard of America, but did not know there were any Americans in Kars. He said that he was going to march all the refugees down to his officer on the bridge, and that we must come too.

I begged to be allowed to stay with the children; but he refused. He stooped to stroke the head of one of the wounded kiddies on the floor, and said it was too bad they had to suffer. The nurses had by this time passed from voiceless to vocal terror, and he stepped to the door, spoke kindly to them, and told them they had nothing to fear. Still they howled, and he turned to me with an expressive gesture of the hands which said, 'Oh, these women!'

While this was going on, terrible shrieks were coming from the floor above. Presently the sergeant went up and the noise stopped. Two men in the doorway had either refused, or had been too terrified, to move as the Turks ordered, and they had been bayoneted. As far as I could discover, those two men, one other, accidentally shot, and the little girl, were the only deaths in my hospital, and I do not know per-

sonally of one case of deliberate murder, either then or later.

The order was given to clear the building, leaving only the children. While they were getting the soldiers out from under the beds, I had a chat with the soldier who had almost bayoneted me. We smoked a cigarette together, and conversed in Russian. He knew twelve words and I know eleven, but we got on famously, and he seemed like any one of the thousands of Tommies and Poilus and Yanks with whom I had chatted in France.

III

Soon the building was emptied and we started down the road. I led the procession (very thankful for my riding-breeches), with my American flag on my arm. Mr. White and Karakashian, solemn, and stepping tenderly over the sharp stones, were followed by the grinning sergeant, and the two thousand or more refugees and soldiers shuffled after.

The road was well-nigh impassable. We had to pick our way over dead people and dying animals, and climb over ox-carts, household effects, sacks of flour, bedding, sheep, chickens, cats. All the worldly possessions of the miserable refugees were there, and already the Turkish soldiers were picking over the loot.

On the bridge we found a crowd of other refugees who had been rounded up in the valley. A smart young Turkish officer, with turned-up black mustaches and snappy black eyes, was standing under a white flag. We went up to him, and through an interpreter told him we were Americans. He was polite but uninterested, and told us to stay with the crowd and march to town with them. More and more people came onto the bridge, but none of the personnel from our other institutions,

and no other Americans. Our Russian teamsters were standing on the parapet, and their huge bodies rocked with titantic laughter when they saw Mr. White's costume.

We were jammed in like sardines. The people had begun to moan again — a low wail, impossible to describe, and once heard never to be forgotten. Directly behind me was an Armenian soldier with tears streaming down his cheeks. Between sobs he told me that he had been to Los Angeles, that God was good and was waiting for us, and that it would n't be long now. A woman sidled up to me and thrust a bit of jewelry into my pocket; she said she did n't want the Turks to get it when they killed her. All the unfortunate creatures seemed absolutely sure that they were going to be massacred, in spite of the kindly attitude of the soldiers and the patient officer.

We stood and shivered for about three quarters of an hour. Then, at last, I caught sight of Mr. Clark and a Molikan on horseback on the road above. I waved my flag until my arm was stiff, and finally they saw me and turned their horses down the path.

Fred, the Molikan, has been in America. He is over six feet tall, with an engaging smile and a fine sense of humor. We had grown to be good friends during the weeks that I had convoyed his wagons.

I went to meet him and took hold of his great horny fist. 'Fred, get me out of this!'

'Sure I'm going to get you out,' he grinned. 'What is this — — — keeping you here for, anyhow?'

He put the question more politely to the officer, and added that the Pasha would be very angry if he learned that I had been held as a prisoner with the refugees.

The officer's manner changed. He said that Mr. White, Karakashian, —

whom we passed off as an American doctor, — and I could return to the personnel house under guard, if we would promise to remain there until further orders.

I asked what was going to be done with the other prisoners, and he said that, with the exception of the soldiers, they would all be released when they reached town.

When I started to leave the bridge, the whole mob tried to follow me. I suppose the heroic thing for me to do was to stay with them; but by this time I had had about all I could stand — my one idea was to get away from the sound and smell of them.

The house was in terrible disorder. Fortunately Mrs. White had locked my room, and nothing was missing. I was beyond caring for such unimportant things at the moment, however, for I could think of nothing but my sister, and what had happened to her. We had always thought that in case of trouble the city would be the most dangerous place; and knowing what I had been through, I feared that things had not gone much better for her.

I had been in the house only a few minutes when I heard the purr of the Dodge coming up the hill, and rushed out to meet it. There was a large Red Crescent flag fluttering from the windshield, and Mr. Fox chatting with a distinguished-looking Turkish officer on the back seat.

I have never been so glad to see anybody. Of course, the first thing I asked was, 'How is Frances?'

'Perfectly all right — no trouble in town. What happened here?'

We had tea while we were telling our stories, and afterward Mr. Fox started off to find the Pasha. The officer asked us not to leave the house again that night, and advised me to make arm-bands bearing the red crescent for all the Americans.

Little by little I pieced together the story of the capture of Kars.

The Turks had advanced across the plain in open formation, and had met with no resistance. Not one of the big guns of the inner forts had fired a shot, and the Kemalists entered the fortifications from one side as the Armenians ran out the other.

The Kemalists captured an enormous amount of booty in Kars. Besides the big guns and great stores of ammunition, there were three hundred new machine-guns recently received from the British, and never taken from the packing cases. I was told that a few of these guns, well placed, could have held the fort for days, as the Turks had to advance without cover over a fine system of trenches, barbed wire, and moats, to approach the strongholds themselves. Many British rifles and thousands of rounds of ammunition were also taken, in addition to food, clothing, and equipment of all kinds. I was told that the Armenian army in Kars District numbered about fifteen thousand, and the Kemalists seven thousand; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these figures.

Kazim Karabekir Pasha, the commander of the Turks, made a tour of our institutions the day after the occupation of the city. He was much interested in our system and organization, and spoke kindly to the children and personnel, telling them they had nothing to fear. He asked Mr. Fox to continue with the work as before, and promised every protection and assistance within his power. After the inspection he came to the house to tea, with his aide, and Rushti Bey, who was to be the Military Governor of Kars.

The Pasha is a man of stocky build and of medium height. He has a firm chin, a dark mustache curled upward, a straight nose, and unusually kind and humorous brown eyes. He wore a trig

gray uniform and overcoat, with no decorations or insignia, spoke excellent French without a trace of foreign accent, and had charming manners. He apologized for the soldier who had taken my watch and bracelet, and promised to try and get them back for me. He also congratulated me on having kept my breeches — by this time the story had got around, and I was known as the 'girl who kept her trousers.' 'If there had been five American women stationed on the forts, mademoiselle,' said the general, 'my soldiers would not be in Kars to-day.'

Turks are delightful.

Early in the morning the day after the battle, I plastered myself with red crescents and started out to see what was going on. Hospital No. 2 was the most terrible-looking place I had ever imagined. The Turks had ripped open every mattress and quilt, and one waded knee-deep in feathers. There was a lot of blood everywhere, and the two bayoneted men at the head of the stairs had messed things up frightfully. The building reeked of refugees and rubbish — every blanket and sheet had been stolen, and all the food-supplies. The only things I found were five miserable babies sobbing among the feathers, and a sixth half-drowned in a wash-tub. I gathered these up and went on to Hospital No. 1.

I had also to keep my eye on the three valley orphanages. There were constant alarms, and I would rush out, expecting to find that all the girls were being kidnaped by the terrible Turks. I usually discovered one soldier with a pair of patched trousers, hoping to find a better pair on an Armenian. I would lead him through the orphanage, and if he saw anything that he fancied on our personnel, I would superintend the exchange, give him a cigarette, and send him off happy. They were always most courteous to me and amiable.

IV

During the day a guard was posted at all our institutions. These were not regular Kemalist soldiers, but Kurdish volunteers. They were ragged, untrained villagers, but thoroughly good-natured, and obeyed absolutely the orders given by their officer. I found my two guards squinting down the barrels of their rifles with great interest, and wondering how the thing went off. I showed them all I knew and they were very grateful, explaining (all this in pantomime) that they relied on their wicked-looking knives when it came to a pinch.

All of our personnel and orphans were in such a panic, that for days we could do nothing with them.

I got Hospital No. 2 cleaned, and the children back, in three days, but I still feel feathers in my lungs. The worst of all was burying the bodies. Armenians are superstitious about corpses, and will not touch them. To move the bodies, I had to tie rope around them myself, and then order the men to drag them out and dump them into the grave.

For a week after the battle I was constantly discovering wounded people who had crawled into secluded corners to hide. It was interesting that invariably these cases were reported to me by Turkish soldiers, who would go out of their way to come and tell me about some woman or child they had found who should be taken to the hospital. This was pure kindness on their part, for, had they cut the throats of those unfortunates, no one would have been the wiser.

The Turks quickly restored order in the town. As is the custom in that part of the world, the conquering army was allowed three days' looting. After that, all offenses were severely punished, and strict martial law was established. All men between the ages of eighteen

and thirty-six were deported to Sarakamish, to work on the railroad and in the lumber-camps. None of the employees of the Near-East Relief were taken, however, and they were allowed every freedom. Our warehouses were sealed, and to get into them we had to ask the permission of the governor. One officer in the quartermaster's department broke into the medical storehouse and helped himself. When this was discovered, the officer was removed and every apology offered.

The Turks seemed well supplied with everything. Some of the soldiers were ragged, but for the most part they were warmly clad. One of the crack regiments wore American uniforms; I saw lots of S.O.S. insignia, and some Second Army — wound-stripes, service-stripes and all!

These uniforms had originally been bought by the British, and sent by them to Denikin's army, from whom they were captured by the Bolsheviks, who sent them to the Kemalists!

The American personnel were given military passes written in Turkish, and were under no restriction. My pass said: 'This is the little Miss Anderson; do not touch her, and allow her to pass freely in Kars.'

But we were prisoners just the same. Mr. Fox's request that he be permitted to go to Alexandropol was politely denied. Turks never say no flatly, but tell you that perhaps day after to-morrow it will be possible. When day after to-morrow comes they say, 'In two days,' and so on.

During the year I had been in the Caucasus very few Armenians had called at our house, and I had never been invited to their homes except to formal official banquets. But with the Turks it was different. The officers loved to come to the house; and although it was a two-mile walk from the town, they would often come out in the evening,

to sit by our fire, make Turkish coffee, and talk. They were all men of cultivation; most of them spoke French well, and had been educated in Paris or Vienna. For five years they have been cut off from the world.

Jellaladin Arif Bey, the President of the Kemalist Parliament, was one of our guests, and Nuri Pasha, the half-brother of the famous Enver Pasha, another. Arif Bey weighs about three hundred pounds, loves to dance, and never tires of talking about Paris. Nuri is a man of thirty, a dreamer and an idealist. He is a clever artist, and hopes that some day he may go back to Vienna to study.

All the officers spoke enthusiastically about General Harbord, referring to him always as 'His Excellency.' They are eager for American friendship, saying that we are the only nation who can disinterestedly help them. They want American industries and American trade. One and all they hate the English.

We had been led to believe that the object of the Turkish advance was to join the Bolsheviks; but the Turks never confirmed this. They joked among themselves about Bolshevism, discussed its advantages and disadvantages, and even expressed the opinion that it had proved a failure in Russia. I noticed that all these men were plentifully supplied with Russian gold, and I wondered how they had got it.

The situation among the refugees in town was desperate. Two thousand

women and children and old men were housed in one of the buildings that we had once used as an orphanage. For the first few weeks these people lived on the wheat and barley they had brought from their villages; but soon this supply ran low. Toward the end of October they began to starve, and were eating the putrid flesh of the cows and horses that had been killed during the battle three weeks before. The Turks realized the danger of an epidemic, and they were planning to send the people back to the villages, where food, though not plentiful, was not altogether lacking. They were taking a count of the refugees and planning to issue a bread ration.

On December 1 we were at last given permission to leave Kars for Alexandropol. The chief of staff gave us a caboose, and we departed in state. Mr. Fox, Mr. Clark, my sister, and I made up our party, and we were a very cheerful foursome. We were leaving plenty of Americans to swing the job, the Turks were giving every assistance, and the institutions were running as usual.

At Constantinople they wanted to make heroes of us, but we preferred to hurry on and hide our light under the shadow of Eiffel Tower. Somewhere between Constantinople and Paris I was robbed for the last time (I hope!), and lost two handsome gold goblets that had been given me by the Armenian doctor who thought I had saved his life. Nothing is left me but my famous riding-breeches!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

NOT BUNTING, SILK

A BRITISH flag of silk was what we wanted. Bunting would not serve the purpose. We had a beautiful American flag of silk, and we must have an equally fine Union Jack, to balance the splendor of the Stars and Stripes. America had sent a delegation of three hundred to London, to the world-gathering of the Boy Scouts. During the first week of last August, Scouts were there from all over the world, come at the call of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, and at the invitation of the British government. Chile, Natal, Siam, and New Zealand were some of the more distant countries from which delegates had come to this great gathering. It was easy to believe that thirty-two nations were represented there by more than ten thousand boys. And the Boy Scouts of America who were there were truly representative. They had been drawn by careful selection from all over the United States — from New England, from Texas, from Florida, from California; from schools, from factories, from farms; from prairies, from mountains, from sea-coast.

The Tribute to Great Britain, of the Boy Scouts of America, was to be performed in the full arena of the Olympia in Kensington on the last evening of the gathering. Before the soft green drop-curtain a four-stepped dais was to be erected, on which would be placed two gilded chairs. The Tribute was to begin with the orchestra playing that air which is at once 'America' and 'God Save the King.' To this music would come in, from one end of the arena, Britannia, bearing her flag and attend-

ed by an escort of English Boy Scouts, and from the other end, America, bearing the Stars and Stripes and attended by an escort of American Boy Scouts. Once well advanced into the arena, the two nations would stop and salute each other, raising their flags high, full arm's length, above their heads. Britannia would then run forward, reaching the dais before her guest, and there await her approach. When America came up, they would again salute each other, and embrace. This would bring the two up-raised flags together in a brilliant, gorgeous, vertical mass of color above their heads. Then they would turn, and together go up the steps of the dais to the chairs; and the Tribute would proceed in the presence of the two nations and in their honor.

We had a fine, beautiful silk American flag, of the proper size and mounted on a light staff, so that America could manage it easily with one hand. Where could we get a similar British flag? Five thousand of the Boy Scouts were encamped in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, the Americans among them. I had met there a pleasant English gentleman, actively interested in the Boy Scouts, whom I will indicate without naming, by calling him Mr. Derby. It seemed sensible to ask Mr. Derby if he knew where we might successfully look for what we required. I found him that morning sitting in a chair near camp-headquarters, talking with some friends. I made my inquiry, stating the proper dimensions, and told him a little about the Tribute, so that he should see that the flag must be of silk — that bunting would not do.

Immediately he replied, quietly, 'I

have one at home. Now, how can I get that for you?' He thought a moment, and then added reassuringly, 'I will send it to you.'

I thanked him heartily. I was most agreeably surprised at the quickness and ease with which that perplexing trouble had been taken care of.

Curiously, — this may seem irrelevant, but I must mention it in justification of my instinct, — curiously there came into my mind what Owen Wister says, in that sane-minded, sane-hearted little book of his, *A Straight Deal*: that Englishmen often cloak deep feeling in a brevity and undemonstrativeness that sometimes to Americans seem to be indifference. I did not know why this should have come into my mind; for while Mr. Derby's reply had been brief and quite casual in manner, there was, of course, no occasion for deep feeling. But his offer was so prompt, so very kind, and so entirely uncalled for, that I was truly grateful, and I made a prudent note in my memorandum-book to go to see him about it again the following day: 'Wednesday, August 4. Get Br. flag from Derby.' That would still leave me two days in case of any slip-up, as, for instance, if the flag were not large enough, or if — as he might well do — he should forget to attend to it.

That afternoon at about four o'clock I was in the American dressing-room at Olympia. An English Scout came in, saluted, and asked if I was the American pageant-master.

I said I was.

'Mr. Derby told me to give this flag to you, sir.'

There it was in my hands, already. Olympia was a long way from Richmond. Mr. Derby had inquired and found out where I should be, — I wondered incidentally who had made the correct guess as to where I could be found, — and had sent the flag to me. I unfurled it. It was large enough,

yes, and it was silk. It was truly a beautiful flag! I crossed out the memorandum in my notebook. No need to see Mr. Derby again the next day. I was very grateful to Mr. Derby. But I still did not realize the significance of that flag in my hands. I was looking only at the material. Later I was to learn, not only that that flag was, indeed, beautiful silk, but that that simple act of his, too, was pure silk, not bunting.

So the banners of Britannia and America shone forth equally resplendent that last evening, held high together in the Tribute above the beautiful figures of the two countries, truly expressive of the real spirit of the two nations. And the shouts of the thousands and thousands of English and Americans present rose equally high, as the vast assemblage stood and waved and cheered, and tried to express its feeling that those two nations must and would stand together, and that their flags stand for the same things.

The following day, Sunday, I went over to the camp at Richmond early, for I wanted to return the flag to Mr. Derby promptly and personally.

As I was heading for the headquarters tent, I heard Mr. Derby calling me. 'Is that my Union Jack you are bringing back?'

'It is.'

I took it down to him, thanked him for lending it to us, and expressed our sincere appreciation of the special help he had rendered us and our hope that the Tribute might have done something to draw closer the bonds between our two countries in the coming years.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I would not have lent it to anyone but America.'

I thought that a very gratifying, cordial remark for him to make.

Just then one of the English Scout-mistresses came up. Mr. Derby greeted her as Lady Evars, or by some such name.

'Oh, what a beautiful flag!' she exclaimed enthusiastically.

'Is n't it!' I said; 'Mr. Derby lent it to us for the American pageant last night.'

'Where did you get it, Mr. Derby?' she asked him.

He hesitated a moment, and then answered quietly, 'I had it made — for the coffin of my boy.' And then again, breaking the silence that fell among us, 'I would not have lent it to anyone but America.'

TO BE A BOY

In *The Boyhood of Great Men*, published by Harper and Brothers in 1853, but now, I fear, very little read, it is told of Sir Isaac Newton that 'an accident first fired him to strive for distinction in the schoolroom. The boy who was immediately above him in the class, after treating him with a tyranny hard to bear, was cruel enough to kick him in the stomach with a severity that caused great pain. Newton resolved to have his revenge, but of such a kind as was natural to his reasoning mind, even at that immature age. He determined to excel his oppressor in their studies and lessons; and, setting himself to the task with zeal and diligence, he never halted in his course till he had found his way to the top of the class; thus exhibiting and leaving a noble example to others of his years similarly situated. Doubtless, after this, he would heartily forgive his crestfallen persecutor, who could not henceforth but feel ashamed of his unmanly conduct; while Newton would feel the proud consciousness of having done his duty after the bravest and noblest fashion which it is in the power of man to adopt.'

We cannot all be Sir Isaac Newtons, and, although I may wish for a passing moment that some sturdy little school-fellow had kicked me too in the stom-

ach, the resulting sequence of events would probably have been different, and the world would have gained little or nothing by my natural indignation. Having an impartial mind, I should like to know also *why* Sir Isaac was kicked, and what became afterward of the boy who kicked him. As his fame grew in the world, the reflected glory of having thus kicked Sir Isaac Newton in the stomach would presumably have brightened in proportion; but, lacking other distinction, the kicker served his evolutionary purpose and has now vanished. Yet this much remains of him — that his little foot kicks also in the stomach the widely accepted fallacy that boyhood is an age of unalloyed gold, to which every man now and then looks back, and vainly yearns to be a boy again.

'Ah, happy years!' — so sighed the poet Byron, — 'once more, who would not be a boy?' And so to-day, as may at least be reasonably deduced from general newspaper reading, sigh all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States. Not, indeed, for a boyhood like Sir Isaac Newton's, but for the standard American boyhood, to which, in theory, every ageing American looks back with yearning reminiscence — that happy, happy time when he went barefooted, played 'hookey' from school, fished in the running brook with a bent pin for a hook, and swam, with other future bankers, merchants, clerks, clergymen, physicians and surgeons, confidence men, authors, pick-pockets, actors, burglars, and so forth, in an old swimming-hole. The democracy of the old swimming-hole is the democracy of the United States, naked and unashamed; and even in the midst of a wave of crime (one might almost imagine), if the victim should say suddenly to the hold-up man, —

'Oh, do you remember the ole swimmin'-hole?
And the hours we spent there together,

Where the elm and the chestnut o'ershadowed
the bowl
And tempered the hot summer weather?

'Ah, sweet were those hours together we spent
In innocent laughter and joy!
How little we knew at the time what it meant
To be just a boy — just a boy!' —

the hold-up man would drop his automatic gun, and the two would dissolve on each other's necks in a flood of sympathetic tears.

It is a pleasant and harmless fallacy, and I for one would not destroy it. I am no such stickler for exactitude that I would take away from any man whatever pleasure he may derive from thinking that he was once a barefoot boy, even if circumstances were against him, and his mother as adamant in her refusal to let him go barefooted. But the fallacy is indestructible: the symbols may not have been universal, but it is true enough of boyhood that time then seemed to be without limit, and this unthinking sense of immortality is what men have lost and would fain recover. One forgets how cruel slow moved the hands of the schoolroom clock through the last, long, lingering, eternal fifteen minutes of the daily life-sentence to hard and uncongenial labor. One forgets how feverishly the seconds chased each other, faster than human feet could follow, when one's little self was late for school, and the clamor of the distant bell ended in a solemn, ominous silence. Then was the opportunity for stout heart to play 'hookey,' luring the finny tribe with a poor worm impaled on a bent pin: and that, in the opinion of all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States, is what all of us always did.

But in the painful reality most of us, I think, tried to overtake those feverish seconds, seeking indeed to outrun time, and somehow or other, though the bell had stopped ringing, get unostentatiously into our little seats before it stopped.

And so we ran and ran and ran, lifting one leaden foot after the other with hopeless determination, in a silent nightmare world, where the road was made of glue and the very trees along the way turned their leaves to watch us drag slowly by. Little respect we would have had then for the poet Byron and his 'Ah, happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?' But even then, when time seemed to stand still, or seemed to fly too fast, we had no consciousness that the clock of our individual being could ever run down and stop; and so happily careless were we of this treasure, that we often wished to be men! 'When I was young,' says the author of *The Boy's Week-Day Book*, another volume which is not read nowadays as much as it used to be, —

'I doubted not the time would come,
When grown to man's estate,
That I would be a noble squire,
And live among the great.

'It was a proud, aspiring thought,
That should have been exiled.
I wish I was more humble now
Than when I was a child.'

I wonder what proud, aspiring thought Uncle Jones, as he called himself, just then had in mind; but it was evidently no wish to be a boy again: perhaps he meditated matrimony.

For my own part I cannot successfully wish to be a boy; I remain impervious to all the efforts of all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States to dim my eye; and there must be many another eye like mine, or else I am unbelievably unique. I lean back in my chair, closing this undimmed organ, and do my best; but, contrary to all editorial expectation, I can summon no desire to go barefooted, fish with a bent pin, or revisit the old swimming-hole, —

Where the elm and the chestnut o'ershadowed
the bowl
And tempered the hot summer weather.

I prefer a beach and a bathing-suit and somebody of my own age. Yet do not think, shocked reader, that I am unsympathetic with youth. I am more sympathetic — that is all — with my contemporaries; and the thought forces itself upon me that boyhood is a narrow and conventional period, in which, in my own case, my desire to go barefoot was exactly similar to my mother's determination to wear a bustle. Equally anxious to follow the fashions of our respective sets, neither understood the other; and I would no more have worn a bustle than my mother would have gone barefoot.

My father, similarly thwarted in a single desire, would have cared less: his broader interests — politics, business, family, the local and world gossip that immersed him in his newspaper, art, literature, music, and the drama, to say nothing of professional baseball and pugilism (in which, however, many fathers and sons have a common interest) — would have absorbed his disappointment.

But my narrower world, so to speak, was all feet. An unconventional boy, as I think the most erudite student of boy-life and boy-psychology will admit, is much more rare than an unconventional man; and even then his unconventionality is likely to be imposed on him 'for his own good' by well-meaning but tyrannical parents.

'I have known boys,' wrote Uncle Jones, observing but not comprehending this characteristic fact, 'when playing at "hare-and-hounds" and "follow my leader," scramble over hedges, leap over brooks, and mount up precipices, in a manner which they would not have dared to attempt, had it not been for the examples set them by their school-fellows; but I do not remember any instance of a boy imitating another on account of his good temper, patience, forbearance, principle, or piety.'

Naturally not. While you and I, Uncle Jones, might be expected to imitate each other's good temper, patience, forbearance, principle, or piety, — though I do not say that we would, — from the point of view of a boy, these virtues are unconventional. Their practice shocks and disconcerts the observer. The behavior of Sir Isaac Newton when he was kicked in the stomach was perfectly scandalous.

And what is there, after all, in the life of a boy that a man would find interesting? Or that he may not do, if such is sufficiently his desire, to 'make' the time for it, as he makes time for his adult pleasures, and if he is not too old or too fat? He can spend his vacation at the old swimming-hole — but he never does it. He can go barefooted whenever he wishes: his mother can no longer forbid him to do it. He can fish with a bent pin in the porcelain bathtub, adding a gold-fish to make the pursuit more exciting, every morning before he takes his bath. He can chase butterflies: here and there, indeed, a man makes a profession of it, and institutions of learning call him an entomologist, and pay him much honor and a small salary. Nobody forbids him to enlarge his mental horizon by reading the lives of criminals and detectives; and I can myself direct him to many an entertaining book which is at once far worse and far better, morally and artistically, than the sober narratives that Old Sleuth used to write by the yard and boys to read by stealth. He can roll a hoop; in many cases it would do him good to roll it down to the office in the morning and back home at night.

If he can persuade other ageing men, wishful of renewed boyhood, to join him, he can play marbles, 'tick,' 'puss-in-the-corner,' 'hop-scotch,' 'ring-taw,' and 'hot beans ready buttered,' — Uncle Jones mentions these games; I do not remember all of them myself, but 'hot

beans ready buttered' sounds especially interesting),—and where better than in some green, quiet corner at the Country Club? And why, if you *will* raise the question of conventionality, why more foolish than golf or folk-dancing?

But what he cannot do is to assume the boy's unconsciousness of his own mortality. What he cannot unload is his own consciousness of responsibility to and for others. Life, in short, has provided the man with a worrying company of creditors of whom the boy knows nothing—Creditor Cost-of-Living, Creditor Ambition, Creditor Conscience, and Creditor Death. And the boy is unmarried! It is even claimed by one philosopher of my acquaintance that this is why men wish they were boys again. I grant the plausibility of this opinion, for the more a man is devoted to his wife and family, the more he is beset and worried by these troublesome creditors, the more, one may reasonably argue, he feels the need of time to meet his obligations, and is apt now and then to envy the boy his narrow, conventional, but immortal-feeling life.

Uncle Jones misses, I think, this fundamental fact. He is always trying to destroy the boy's sense of immortality in this world by trying to persuade him to read the Bible and prepare for immortality in the next. 'When a boy first begins his A B C,' says Uncle Jones, 'it is terrible work for him for a short time; yet how soon he gets over it, and begins to read! And, then, what a pleasure to be able to read a good and pleasant book! Oh, it is worth while to go through the trouble of learning to read fifty times over, to obtain the advantage of reading the Bible.'

THE DISCONTENTED ENGINE

I was sitting on the hillside, scribbling useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper. Above me the ancient

elm who is the guardian of that lonely hillside spread his broad limbs to bake pleasantly in the summer sun. Sometimes we would talk together, the elm and I, of the things that I set down on my paper, and he would tell me that they were beautiful but useless—and why; and I was sensible of his praise, as of his blame, for I am not so old as the elm, nor have I stood guard for generations over a lonely hillside. And sometimes a cool little April breeze, who had lost himself in July and still knew not in what quarter lay his home, would stop for a time and play by himself among the steep branches. And then the elm would sing softly to himself, and I would lay aside my scribbling and listen, for his thoughts are greater than his words, just as the songs and thoughts of men are greater than their everyday speech. And some day I will put on paper those things that the elm sang.

Now, as I sat scribbling, an engine came in sight around the haunch of a distant hill, and with much puffing and panting began to climb slantwise up from the floor of the valley below me, dragging behind him a large number of wooden boxes on wheels. He followed with great care and exactitude a double line of shining silver rails, which were laid, evidently, for his guidance; and I understood that he must pass close to me, for the gleaming rails flowed by not more than a long stone's throw below the elm.

He came up slowly, rolling out great masses of smoke, dense as granite, more beautiful than clouds. There was majesty and great power in his slow approach, and the hillside shook beneath his ponderous tread. The useless and beautiful things were driven from my mind, and I rose and went down the hill to where, beside the rails, there stood on stilts one of those huge tanks from which none but engines may drink. For, I thought, he will stop to refresh him-

self after his climb. And so it happened.

I stood beside him and watched the air rise quivering and scorched from the heat of his steel flanks, and heard his long deep breaths of satisfaction as he drank. And my admiration broke from me in words. I have forgotten what I said, but I believe I praised his steadfastness and power, and the ease with which he followed those thin shining rails wherever they led; and I spoke of the beauty of strength controlled, and of the deep satisfaction that must lie in the bringing of these many wooden boxes of precious things safe to their destination.

He crouched beside the tank, and as I talked I heard strange rumblings of discontent in his interior; and when I had finished, he gave an impatient snort and a thin plume of steam faced the warm sun rays.

'All very fine!' he growled in his iron throat. 'But *you* have n't trudged the same road day after day, year after year, rain or shine, sleet or snow. *You* have n't dragged across leagues of country hundreds and hundreds of wooden boxes containing who knows what, for goodness knows whom! I'm tired of following these silly rails. I'm sick of doing everything that tiresome engineer tells me to. I want to be free! untramed! I want to go roaring over the hills in search of adventure. I want to see what's at the back of the horizon. I want to whistle when I please, and see the people of strange distant cities gape with amazement and admiration when I come rocketing down toward them from the mountains; and sleep at night under the stars, lulled by the lisp and murmur of far, mysterious seas.'

I turned in consternation to the engineer, who was leaning from his cab. But he only winked, grinning widely.

'They all talk that way,' he said. 'Hop on front if you want a ride. We're going to start.'

I did as he bade, and as we got slowly

under way, I continued my conversation with the engine. I pointed out to him that, while his desires were perhaps natural, they were impossible of achievement. 'It would not be right,' said I. 'Your duty —'

'Right!' he interrupted rudely. 'If you have a right to these things, why have n't I, I should like to know? Why can't I sit under an elm all day and scribble useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper?'

'That's different,' I said.

'Bah!' said the engine; and a shower of sparks flew from his nostrils.

'It is different,' I repeated. And I told him of the laws of nature and of the laws of man, and how the latter follow the former, and how one transgresses them at his peril. But I saw that he was not convinced.

We were passing a cottage. About the cottage was a garden, gay with flowers, and in the garden a child was chasing butterflies. The engine sighed wistfully.

'I would like to chase butterflies,' he murmured. And, 'I have passed this cottage many times, but I do not know what is inside. Some day I shall go down and look in the windows and see for myself.'

'You would frighten the little boy,' I said.

'I would like,' replied the engine with sudden and terrifying vindictiveness, 'to frighten that little boy into fits!'

Ahead gleamed water, and presently I saw where the rails led across a trestle spanning a stream in which boys were bathing. As I looked, one boy climbed up on the trestle, stood for a moment slender and gleaming in the sunlight, then dove swiftly and cleanly into the water below. The engine sighed again and the hot steam of his breath made a cloud about us.

'I should like to do that, too,' he said.

There was something in his hoarse whisper that filled me with dread. If,

midway of the trestle, the desire to leap should overpower him — With great swiftness I left that engine as he moved ponderously forward toward the gleaming water. The engineer called something after me, but I could not hear the words. I picked myself from the bush into which I had descended, and turning my back so that I should not see that terrible plunge, hurried unhappily homeward. But presently I glanced fearfully over my shoulder. The trestle lay empty in the warm sun. The engine had not jumped.

Many weeks later I again visited that lonely hillside. As I approached the elm, who waved pontifical arms in benediction or greeting, I saw below me in the valley something that had not been there before. A huge mass of red and rusty metal lay in the cool embrace of the green fields. Swiftly I hurried down the hillside, and as I came nearer I saw that it was indeed, as I had thought, the engine. Tarnished and twisted, he lay there, all his might and beauty departed from him. His iron flanks were streaked with rust; his great wheels, which had thundered so mightily across the hills, hurling him, a fierce black comet, down into the plains where the great cities lie, were turned impotently to the empty blue. And I saw that a butterfly had alighted on the rim of the rusty smoke-stack, and was lazily opening and shutting his purple wings — graceful, unconscious, and indifferent.

Slowly I climbed the hillside, meditating the unhappy fate of the engine.

'He is free now,' said the elm. 'He is untrammelled.'

I looked from the narrow track to the wide field where he now lay. 'Yes,' said I, 'he is untrammelled. There is a butterfly there,' I said after a time. 'He is the kind known as a Mourning Cloak. Perhaps —'

'Purely fortuitous,' rejoined the elm. 'But,' he added presently, 'he has one satisfaction.'

'What is that?' I asked.

'He did frighten the little boy into fits,' said the elm.

ABOUT TOOLS

I like a knife that makes a good
Clean shaving when you whittle wood.
However sharp a knife may be,
It's not a bit too sharp for me.
And if I cut myself somewhere,
I guess that is my own affair.

My mother says I take real pride
To have a thumb or finger tied
Up with a rag and piece of string,
And am as happy as a king.

I am *not* proud; but I would hate
For fear of pain to hesitate
At any job I had to do,
Although I cut myself in two.

The kind of tools they make for boys
Are nothing in the world but toys.

The kind of tools they make for men —
Of course, they cut you now and then.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To **Chauncey B. Tinker**, Professor of English Literature at Yale, goes the credit of turning up this really astonishing material. This is but a single chapter; but more will follow with the year. We wonder whether there is a more interesting figure in literature than 'Bozzy.' In youth, a puppy combination of Pendennis and Gibbon; in maturity, a supreme artist; throughout, a fool, but an immortal one. To any editor he is, and must be, a patron saint. Where, we ask, is the technique of the 'perfect approach' to the Great better exemplified than in these letters? **Vernon Kellogg**, a biologist of wide reputation, who served through the war in the most active work of the C.R.B., is now serving the public interest in Washington, D.C. **Joseph Auslander** is an American poet, now teaching at Harvard University. **Jared Van Wagenen, Jr.**, a new contributor, sends us these reflections born of long experience, from his stock farm in Western New York. It is worth noting that his farm history includes representatives of three generations, all with a common name.

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Philip Cabot is a Boston banker, who has had long and successful experience in the conduct of public utilities.

The basis of his article is not mere gossip, which is too often the stock in trade of social reformers. Recent notable studies and reports upon the subject have been made — among them one, by **John A. Fitch**, of investigations of the Steel industry in the U.S. during the summer of 1920; another, by **Whiting Williams**, of a similar investigation in Great Britain during the same period; and an address by **Horace B. Drury**, delivered at a joint meeting of the Taylor Society, the Metropolitan and Management sections of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the New York Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, held in New York on December 3, 1920. Mr. Drury, who was recently employed in the Industrial Relations Division of the United States Shipping Board, was formerly of the Economics Department of the Ohio State University; he is the author of *Scientific Management*. The articles by Mr. Fitch and Mr. Williams were published March 5, 1921, in a

special number of the *Survey*, and Mr. Drury's address was printed in a Bulletin of the Taylor Society, February, 1921, together with discussions that followed, and other valuable papers bearing upon the subject.

* * *

William Beebe has just returned to New York, after a winter of fruitful investigation at the experiment station in British Guiana maintained by the New York Zoölogical Society. **Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius** are jointly and severally engaged in the pursuits of banking, farming, and raising fine stock, in Kansas. They have lately published, through Brentano's, their first novel — *Dust*. This testimony concerning **Francis Bardwell** is given us by one qualified to know.

About twenty years ago the Massachusetts Civic League sent out some questions to the Overseers of the Poor of the cities and towns of the state, asking what they did with tramps and what ought to be done. One of the answers showed so much insight and such a tolerant, humorous, unsentimental view of human nature in the unpromising class in question, that the directors of the League followed up the correspondence with this particular official, and have ever since owed much to his counsel and assistance in their work. Mr. Bardwell made such an impression upon the whole group of people interested in charitable matters that, when the State Board of Charity took up the inspection of the city and town almshouses, he was appointed head of that department, and has since then, by his shrewdness, and his sympathy, both with the inmates and with the officials dealing with them, accomplished more for the improvement of conditions than could have been done by a large force of inspectors with less penetrating human attributes.

Mr. Bardwell is interesting, not only as a personality, but as a type of the practical, humane, idealistic New England town official.

And, the editor would add, as a poet.

* * *

James Spottiswoode Taylor, editor of the *Federal Shipbuilder*, is connected with the Federal Shipbuilding Co., at Kearny, New Jersey. **Margaret Baldwin** is to be remembered by *Atlantic* readers through her essay,

'The Road to Silence,' of all messages to the deaf, perhaps the most comfortable and healing. Elizabeth Taylor, a stowaway during the four years of war in a little upper room in the Faroe Isles, has made her way to England, and finds rest and shelter in a tiny Devon valley. Her room offers, she records, —

No desk for my ink-pot, but a chair, a suitcase, and a writing-pad make a good substitute. The cottage has a parrot, music pupils, 'trippers' who demand tea and flowers; and many motors and much dust surround us. But I can retire, when in special need of peace, to a packing-case under an apple tree.

And it was under the apple tree that these happy recollections of Hans Kristoffer's little wind-swept garden were written.

* * *

Lisa Stillman, a young poet new to the *Atlantic's* pages, remembers, among the present tranquillities of student life at Vassar, the emotions awakened by the South Seas. Margaret Prescott Montague is a familiar *Atlantic* story-writer, whose themes are her very own. Ralph Philip Boas is head of the English Department of the English High School at Springfield, Massachusetts. George Boas, of the Department of Public Speaking at the University of California, has two A.M.'s to certify to his collegiate proficiency, and a Ph.D. in the bargain. To many people, doubtless, his essays will be as satisfactory a testimonial. Margaret Wilson sends us this 'true account of a child's imaginings' from Ottawa. This is still another Margaret Wilson, who contributes now for the first time. The sequel of her tale, it seems, though unromantic, is satisfactory.

The child [she writes] did not quit the world for a better before he became a man, as he threatened, nor did he grow up a poet, as in other ways he gave us reason to expect. He is at this writing too busy providing for his small family to indulge in dreams; and to all appearances he finds the present world near enough to the Heart's Desire.

* * *

The translator of the letters of Baron Waldemar von Mengden is the American wife of the Baron's cousin, of a family that had possessed estates in Livonia since the time of the Crusaders. Her forbears on both sides bore names among the most eminent and highly respected in New Eng-

land history. Albert Kinross, novelist, served through the war in France, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. Returning, he sees his native England with fresh eyes. Elizabeth Anderson, 'neither a missionary, a nurse, nor a professional relief-worker, but just a plain American girl,' has recently returned from the Caucasus, where she worked for a year with the Near-East Relief. She was in Kars, Armenia, at the time it was captured by the Kemalists last October.

* * *

A friend of Japan attacks thus Senator Phelan's much discussed article.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR, —

Senator Phelan's article in your March issue shows again how race prejudice unfits one to discuss the question of race relations. The very title, 'The False Pride of Japan,' discloses his bias at the outset — the more so, as it has no relation whatever to the subject matter discussed.

He speaks of the ominous and menacing increase of the Japanese population in Hawaii. The United States census of 1920 shows that the Japanese population increased during the past decade from 79,675 to 109,269. This is an increase of 37.1 per cent. When, however, it is observed that the rest of the population also increased very rapidly, namely from 191,909 to 255,912 the facts take on a somewhat different color. Indeed, during the decade the Japanese population increased from 41.5 to only 42.7 per cent of the whole population, a relative increase of only 1.2 per cent. And even during the decade 1900-1910, when immigration from Japan was unrestricted, the increase of Japanese population as compared with the whole population was only from 39.7 to 41.5, or 1.8 per cent. Anti-Japanese agitators uniformly misrepresent the situation in Hawaii, alike as to figures and as to their interpretation.

Race prejudice renders one prone to accept every wild story that comes along. It deprives one of powers of discrimination and of insistent demand for verified facts. The Senator quotes the statement of Mr. Shingle, ascribed to Judge Morrow, that 'in 1927, seven years hence, the majority of the voting population of the Territory of Hawaii will be children of Japanese.'

This statement is quite contrary to fact. The Bureau of Education issued in 1920 a Bulletin (No. 16) entitled 'A Survey of Education in Hawaii.' A section of the Survey (pages 18-25) deals with this question. Statistics are given, which show that, in 1930 (nine years hence), the total electorate, excluding Japanese, will amount to 28,057, while the possible Japanese electorate will amount to 10,915. Ten years later the respective figures will be 34,907 and 30,857.

One of Senator Phelan's charges against the Japanese is their 'extraordinary birthrate.' He has not, in this article, committed himself to any

figures, though in his testimony before the House Committee on Immigration, in 1919, he charged Japanese 'picture brides' with having children 'every year.'

It may surprise him to know that in Hawaii four race-groups had higher birthrates than the Japanese. The Report of the Board of Health for June 30, 1920, gives figures for all the nationalities, of which the following are especially pertinent. Chinese, 29.2 per thousand; Hawaiian, 30.7; Japanese, 43.7; Porto Rican, 50; Caucasian-Hawaiian, 64.7; Asiatic-Hawaiian 80.5; and Spanish, 116 per thousand.

Senator Phelan refers to the 'overwhelming' vote in California for the drastic alien land law adopted November 2, 1920. It is somewhat enlightening as to the real sentiment in California toward the Japanese to know that, although 668,483 voted for it, 222,086 voted against it and that some 400,000 others, who voted for various candidates, were not sufficiently interested in the question to vote either for or against the measure.

As to the question of Americanization of Japanese in Hawaii, the Senator makes the assertion that 'it is yet to be discovered.' This merely discloses the 'blind spot in his eye,' and shows how little acquainted he is with what is actually going on in the public schools, in the churches, and in civic life. Japanese youth reared in Hawaii are, as a rule, so far Americanized that life in Japan is intolerable. Clubs of young Japanese-Americans have been organized, who glory in their American citizenship. They resent and denounce the claims upon them of the Japanese government. However earnestly Japanese parents and teachers may instruct their children to 'worship the Mikado,' that teaching is completely nullified in the vast majority of cases by the teaching in the American schools. The older children and young people, both in California and in Hawaii, rejoice in and are proud of their American citizenship.

The Senator appears to be quite ignorant of the law proposed by the Japanese last fall, and promptly adopted by the Territorial Legislature, placing Japanese language-schools and all their teachers under the jurisdiction of the Territorial Department of Public Instruction, and limiting their hours of instruction to one hour daily after the closing of the public schools.

The reckless character of the Senator's discussion is clearly seen in his alleged quotation from the writer's volume on *The American Japanese Problem*. The Senator has resorted to the common device of unscrupulous writers, who make garbled quotations to suit their own needs. He has taken one sentence from page 16 and another from page 20 of my pamphlet on *Hawaii's American Japanese Problem*, making them appear as a single sentence. The whole purpose of the pamphlet was to make suggestions as to how Japanese in Hawaii might be — because the writer thoroughly believes they can be — Americanized.

'Solved in this way,' I wrote in 1915, 'by provision for the complete Americanization of all Japanese in Hawaii, these Islands will make their important contribution to the solution of the

question on the mainland, and thus to the promotion of permanently satisfactory relations between the United States and Japan.'

The writer by no means contends that there is no Japanese-American problem in Hawaii or in California. There is, and it is a serious one. It merits the best study of the best minds. That study, however, to say nothing of its solution, is not possible with the spirit evinced by the Senator and the anti-Japanese agitators.

Whether or not Japanese in America and California are going to be loyal Americans, as the decades pass, depends very largely on the way we treat or mistreat them. Crass ignorance as to the actual situation, violent misrepresentation, seeing only the bad and utterly ignoring the good, together with discriminatory legislation, are hardly calculated to win the good-will and helpful co-operation of any group of aliens recently admitted to our shores. Such a spirit and such a method merely sow dragon's teeth.

Yours truly,

SIDNEY L. GULICK.

The whole question of the Japanese in Hawaii is so important that the *Atlantic* will make it the subject of a separate article by an authority — General William H. Carter.

* * *

In a pessimistic and disillusioned world, the only confident serenity, we notice, radiates from the unpublished (sometimes the unpublished) author. Here is a recent example of the will to be content.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am here again, with a little package this time. All my previous appearances before you have failed to make good; perhaps this one will fail also. But, anyway, this package is a manuscript called, 'A Woman As She Is,' and its contents describe her in 15 dispositions, or 16 chapters in 204 pages, written somewhat [sic] in verse. I am not such a good verseman, but I've done my best. That's about the best a fellow can do.

And this other.

For fourteen years I have sent a poem every year to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and have received it back in my self-addressed envelope, with the promptness of a return ball. I am not discouraged. I have vowed that some day I will write a poem so good that they will take it, and that, without being told that I am 'published in Anthologies, and am a member of an exclusive society of National poets,' etc., etc. I am not telling them now, for this letter is unsigned; but some day I hope to prove my point.

A READER AND A CONTRIBUTOR.

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The correspondence induced by Mr. Alger's paper has been of extraordinary interest. Unfortunately the arguments are

so detailed that it seems wiser to continue the discussion through articles in the body of the magazine, than through clipped comments. We quote this paragraph, however, from a letter sent us by Mr. Moulton B. Goff.

Few farm leaders to-day ask for themselves or their organizations anything that they are not fully willing to grant to all other classes in the community. But no one can prove that up to the present they have even had a fair opportunity to develop their business to a point of efficiency, either in their own or in the public interest. The American farmer, as an individual, has dealt with organized industry and with organized distributing agencies, and has learned his helplessness. The fallacy upon which so much of the opposition to farm-organization effort is based is the failure of the critics to realize that no other large industry in the country suffers its sales and distribution to be handled by interests entirely outside of itself. What factory could maintain any of the brilliant advertising campaigns which we see on every hand, if it allowed others to buy its goods at its own doors, and speculate, store, hoard, or dump them at will. There is no vested privilege which can be defended in the distribution system for agricultural products as it exists to-day. That it is fairly efficient is sure; but that it takes into account the welfare of the producer of foodstuffs on the one hand, or the welfare of the consumer on the other, is merely an incident and not an end of its efforts. If organized farmers believe in merchandising their production, and supplying their own holding and storage facilities, instead of allowing this service to be performed by speculators, who are in many cases the worst kind of gamblers, it should be a hopeful symptom, not a cause of alarm. Why, just because the agricultural production of a single year in this country is virtually completed in four months, should the farmers turn over to others the problem of feeding this quantity of food to the market as it can absorb it? I emphatically deny Mr. Alger's suggestion that coöperation is not more efficient than existing trade-channels, when coöperation is properly worked out. Instance after instance can be shown where, only because of large-scale coöperation, has the public been supplied at all with high-grade food-products, and many glaring cases of apparent ruin of essential agricultural producing areas have been prevented by the reaching out of co-operative enterprises to the ultimate jobber or retailer.

Leaders in agriculture are not blind to the valuable and essential services performed by the large bulk of far-sighted and efficient food-merchants; but they do not want others to be blind to the essential relation of the coöperative programme, not only to the public, but to the large share of the trade-channels as well.

To which Mrs. Goff, in another letter, adds this feminine protest.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add my own selfish protest to Mr. Alger's recent agricultural article? This is the reason. The *Atlantic* is mine; only occasionally read by my husband. Yet I have had scarcely a chance to read a dozen pages in the February number. This aforesaid husband by chance read 'The Menace of New Privilege' on the very day the magazine arrived. Since then it has traveled the length and breadth of our county, to innumerable Farm Bureau meetings, but has seldom reposed on the living-room table. It is torn; it is dog-eared; it has been rolled and unrolled; it is splashed with Ford oil and March mud. The article itself is heavily underscored; the margins carry pithy comments. One day I found the cover hanging on by scarcely a thread. I patched it up, and hoped that eventually it might hide unnoticed in my files. But it soon found its way again into my husband's overcoat pocket. He declares it the best argument he has read for the need of greater understanding between producer and consumer, and more specifically, perhaps, between Boston lawyers and Mid-West farmers. Be that as it may, at this rate I shall need a new copy soon. What I want to know is, who is going to buy it for me? Would you advise me to appeal to my husband, yourself, or the trouble-making Mr. Alger?

January 26, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Possibly some of your readers can solve this problem of New York prices, in view of the opening of the question by Mr. Sheldon.

I bought some theatre tickets at a New York hotel news-stand. The price of the seat — \$2.50 — was printed on the ticket, as was the war tax — 25 cents. On asking the price, I was told \$3.30. Expecting to pay the scalper's charge of 50 cents, I innocently asked why the 30 cents. The blonde young thing behind the counter withered me with a glance, and said, 'War tax, of course.'

The problem is — who gets the war tax and how much was it? As I am not a New Yorker, or even a regular visitor, I don't know — do you?

Faithfully,

JOHN H. GARNSEY.

The following we print with hesitation, as an example and a warning.

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As one of those who love the Hub and its people, let me offer the following to those who 'favor the dust' of her streets.

A little friend of mine, who had been studying her face in a hand-glass, remarked, 'I'm not very pretty, but how could I be? Mother's not much, and father's not much, and grandmother — well, she's the limit! But,' added little Miss, 'I'm glad we were all born in Boston.'

C. R. B.

What college students don't know, our readers probably do. Here is one answer to Professor West's conundrum.

MILWAUKEE.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When a man publishes an article whose title is a query, he must intend it as a challenge to the reading public to answer. I am therefore taking the liberty, as a college graduate whose contact with the academic world has slipped far enough into the background to afford plenty of perspective, to reply to Mr. West's hypercritical question published in the March issue of the *Atlantic*, 'What do College Students know?'

So-called mental tests of college students appear to be a new form of amusement — or, one may say, a new fad — among college professors, this being by no means the first wholesale derogation of the student mind that has appeared on the magazine pages this past year. Generally the professors' outbursts of sarcastic mirth, however, follow lists of general-information questions, which the brightest of us might decline to answer. It may be a self-gratifying form of wit, and a relief to the pent-up feelings of the long-suffering professor; but if these searching mental catechisms, applied to ourselves, teach us nothing else, they should at least teach us to be charitable. A sympathetic word is due to the much ridiculed youth of to-day.

To begin with, a college education is intended primarily as a mental training — a preparation for life, a foundation upon which to build. It was never devised to turn out a finished product — a superhuman youth, fully imbued with all the knowledge and experience of its elders. With the academic curriculum crowded as it is with daily lecture-periods, laboratory-periods, and preparation-periods involving concentrated reading of history, philosophy, Old English poets, Latin, Greek, and other subjects fully as far removed from the current life of to-day; and with that programme relieved by the equally strenuous recreational periods, full to the brim of social and athletic activities, one can readily see that those students spoke truth who said they had no time to read the papers and magazines. What contact have these young people anyway with other life than their own? They live for the time being in a charmed and self-absorbed circle, within figuratively cloistered walls. The table-talk is bound to be the effervescence of youth, not the stimulating harangue of the armchair diplomat who presides over their home table, or the rehearsed discussions of all sorts, which are brought home by the mother from her club, or by the younger children from their school. Those broadening influences of the home are for the moment crowded out of their spheres.

The leisure to read, however, and the larger contacts of life, will all be revived after the feverish rush of college days is over. How many of us stop to think that our knowledge of geography is not what we have retained from our primary books, but what we have acquired in later years of travel? Our acquaintance with Leghorns and

chameleons has come from contact and experience, — from poultry catalogues or travel-guides, — not from our schoolbooks. Our total knowledge is what we have built, day by day, on the foundation we laid way back in our college days. The process of assimilation has been so gradual, we fail to recognize that we are still learning new things every day.

What a tiresome and *blasé* person the college graduate would be if he came to us so fully equipped that he had nothing more to learn. Fortunately for him, there is still a vast world of people and things unexplored. The day he learns where Tokyo is may hold for him the biggest thrill life has in store; and the day he shakes the rafters with patriotic eloquence in an Independence Day oration may be the occasion that stamps on his mind for all time the elusive date of the battle of Lexington. If his college has taught him the fundamental meanings of things, and has given him the power to read wisely and the courage to think problems through, he has a safe foundation on which to build the weightiest kind of a superstructure of acquired information and intricate detail.

One comes to the end of Mr. West's article with a sense of his counter-question unanswered. It is the outsider's turn to ask the professor for his own reply — not to the query, 'What do college students know?' but 'What, in his opinion, should college students know?'

Yours very truly,

ALICE WRIGHT.

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We borrow the following paragraph from our beaming contemporary, the New York *Sun*.

THE WOMAN WHO SAW

WRECKAGE

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae had dined both wisely and well at the Gotham. It was close to the midnight hour, for there had been six presidents of colleges for women on the list of speakers, with *sauce piquante* in the persons of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Dr. Caroline Spurgeon. Every one of those half dozen presidents had 'done noble,' to quote an irreverent graduate of recent date.

The Woman stood on the lowest stair of the steps leading to the coat-room, waiting for the friend whose homeward way paralleled hers. Glancing down, she saw at her feet a bit of flotsam from the wreck of the evening. Yellow-brown, oblong, and substantial, the object looked familiar. She salvaged it, intent upon restoring it to the owner. Right side up, it revealed itself — a copy of the new *Atlantic Monthly*.

Where, the Woman asks her readers, where else in all the world would one have found at the midnight hour as wreckage after a banquet, such salvage? A glove, a tiny handkerchief, a withered rose, — any one of these, perhaps, of which poets sing, and novelists write. But the *Atlantic Monthly*!

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

TALKING shop is after all only a sublimated form of gossip, and half the fun of gossip is in telling the other fellow what still another fellow has told you. Now Mr. James Truslow Adams, the author of *The Founding of New England*, just issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press, has been telling us — on request, let us hasten to interject — something about himself and the point of view from which he has looked upon his undertaking; and what he says is well worth repeating.

In the first place he tells us: 'My ancestors came not only from the North and the South in the United States, but from North and South America. They were settled in the latter a half-century before the Mayflower sailed from England, and I yield to none of the Mayflower descendants in my love for America and the New World.'

Thus more American than the New Englander, though without a drop of New England blood in his veins, Mr. Adams has approached the historical study of New England from a new angle, and this is what he says about it: —

'My ambition has been to write as an American anxious to know the truth, not as a New Englander anxious to foster a tradition. I think the men of to-day, especially the young men, want to know the truth, about themselves, about the present, about the past. It is the most hopeful sign of the times. The men and women of the past were just men and women like those of to-day, and the problems of the past were not simple, but complex like those of to-day. To think of them as all of heroic mould, living a life animated solely by devotion to religion and liberty, — as those two terms are understood to-day, and in a world in which the only complications were introduced by savages and bishops, — is to picture a life and setting that never existed or could exist. In studying the New England past, I have simply tried to learn what these people who came to America were really like; why did they come? what did they do? what were really their political and religious ideas? what were their relations with the outside world, into which, willingly or unwillingly, they had of necessity to enter? In doing this, I have had no more local prejudice than if I had been treating a colony of Athens instead of England.'

In this year of the Pilgrim Tercentenary, so detached a view of New England and its people will be none too common. It is the very thing that may be counted upon to make Mr. Adams's

book much more than a 1921 model of historical writing.

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The articles on education by Edward Yeomans of Chicago, which have appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic* and are now brought together with others of the same nature, in a volume called *Shackled Youth*, must have been having their effect. Or is it simply that they express a feeling that is 'in the air'?

However that may be, we have just received from Mr. Howard Bement, of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., a letter from which these reflections have directly proceeded. It picks out another Atlantic book, of which we had never entertained a pedagogic thought, namely, *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton, and holds it up to schoolmasters as just the thing for which they have been looking. Thus he writes:

'I wonder if you realize what a godsend to the teacher of English in preparatory schools Newton's *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections* is? For boys who are to be made ready for the Comprehensive Examination the book is invaluable: it is interesting *per se*, it is well written, it gives the struggling student atmosphere and background, and, best of all, it stimulates and widens his latent feeling for things bookish. More than twenty of my students read the book last year, and I am again recommending it. The more I see of the book, and the closer my observation of boys' reaction to it, the more am I convinced that it is worth a dozen ordinary texts.'

Another book by Mr. Newton, to be called *A Magnificent Farce*, and to continue the vein of the *Amenities*, is in preparation. Wherever the *litteræ humaniores* are considered, it will repeat the appeal of his earlier book.

* * *

The results of the contest among readers of *Everyday Adventures*, by Samuel Scoville, Jr., to produce the best page for the advertising of the book are set forth earlier in this issue of the *Atlantic*. Competitions of this sort always disclose interesting points quite apart from the results. One of them, in the present instance, has been the wide distribution of the competitors, who are scattered, as by an impartial hand, throughout the United States, literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Another point has been the occasional superiority of a letter accompanying a trial advertisement to the advertisement

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

itself. This is well illustrated in a letter that says, among other things: 'I am one of those New York "cliff-dwellers," and you may imagine how precious a breath of the country is to one who dodges into a tube in the morning and "chutes" down to work—then dodges back to the tube again and "chutes" back home—home, an apartment that might be likened to one of the ancient "holes-in-the-wall" of the old cliff-dwellers in the Grand Canyon. Is n't it lovely once in a while to get hold of a book that lets you down comfortably—instead of pitching you over an intellectual cliff into an abyss of conflicting emotions?'

We make no scruple of a little boasting about a recent performance of the Atlantic Monthly Press. In the month of January Professors **Pearson** and **Rogers**, of the English Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, came to us with a book manuscript they had edited, and a tale of woe. The book was an anthology of prose and verse, *The Voice of Science in Nineteenth-Century Literature*; the tale of woe, that arrangements for the immediate publication had miscarried, and that the Institute sophomores, who were expected to take up the study of the book on March 21, might have to do without it. Could we help them out of their predicament? We talked the matter over, found the book to be one that we should be glad to add to our list of educational texts, and agreed to deliver it, a finished product, at the Technology bookstore on March 10. This promise was punctually fulfilled with the delivery of five hundred copies of a gold-stamped, gilt-top, cloth-bound book of 340 pages!

Teachers of English in other institutions have not yet learned how graphically the book reveals the literary expression of the great scientific movement of the nineteenth century. But they will.

The special 'signs of spring' in the Atlantic office are the publication of *Bird Stories*, the second volume in Miss **Edith M. Patch's** 'Little Gateways to Science,' and of an *Every-year Garden Calendar*, prepared by Mrs. **Florence Taft Eaton**, of Concord, Massachusetts. Mrs. Eaton is an enthusiastic and skillful amateur gardener, who has turned her first-hand knowledge of practical gardening to good account for readers of the *House Beautiful* and other periodicals, and now has condensed a great deal of experience in the raising of vegetables into the limits of twelve monthly calendar sheets of a liberal size. Photographs serve admirably for their illustration. For Miss Patch's *Bird Stories*, nothing else could have been so good as the pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. **Robert J. Sim**, with which the book is profusely adorned.

Though a well-behaved Christmas comes but once a year, 'Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill'—to judge from our experience with a little pamphlet bearing that title—is a perennial institution. The steady demand for it as a token of remembrance led us before last Christmas to produce three other so-called 'Christmas Prints,' to which the public has been hospitable—most of all to a little rendering of St. Francis of Assisi's 'Sermon to the Birds,' with colored designs after Maurice Denis. These have been followed by two general 'Greeting Cards,' with lines of Shakespeare printed on reproductions of decorative panels by the seventeenth-century Italian engraver, Stefano Della Bella, and by two leaflets reproducing unfamiliar designs of Albrecht Dürer, with an old English carol, 'The Seven Joys of Mary,' and an 'Ascension' of Fra Angelico, with stanzas of Henry Vaughan.

It is clear that the Atlantic circle contains many lovers of just such good things as the names that have been mentioned infallibly suggest.

One of the authors on our book-list, Miss **Catherine T. Bryce**, has the distinction of being the only woman member of the faculty at Yale University. But she won her reputation before she went to New Haven through notable work as teacher and supervisor in Eastern and Mid-Western cities, and, more recently, in the field of pageantry.

The most striking feature of the Cleveland meeting of the National Education Association a year ago was Miss Bryce's pageant, *The Light*. This we had published just previous to that notable presentation. The deep interest it aroused created a demand which has exhausted the first edition. We are accordingly republishing it in a new and enlarged form, in the belief that it will now have even a wider and stronger appeal. The text has not been changed, but the value of the second edition is significantly increased by Miss Bryce's directions for producing the pageant, and by the photographs that were taken to commemorate the first performance.

The pageant has since carried far and wide its message that liberal public support of education is the truest economy for the community.

The title, *Atlantic Usage*, under which we have been announcing a book by Mr. **George B. Ives**, of this office, has been changed to *Type, Text, and Style*, with the sub-title, 'A Compendium of Atlantic Usage.' This, we believe, defines the book at once more accurately and more broadly. Its appeal is by no means confined to editors and printers, through whose hands it is passing as these words are written. We hope to publish it before the end of May.

